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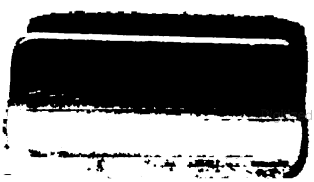

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THE

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*A Hunter's Life in South Africa.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1850.

NATURE in her various aspects and relations presents to Man, her servant and interpreter, as many fields of contemplation and action. She is also differently reflected from the inner mind of different individuals, and each investigates or deals with her in the fashion most congenial to his own disposition, tastes, and tendencies. The earth, the waters, the atmosphere, the celestial orbs, the fixed and calculable laws of inorganic matter, exercise one class of thinkers; for another the varied forms and modifiable properties of the living world have more attractions. Life, moreover, and its manifold vestments and products are studied under various conditions and circumstances—in the field, in the farm, in the museum, in the dissecting-room. One man notes the habits of the living, another scrutinises the structures of the dead; a third seeks in the animal kingdom a profitable investment of skill and labour; a fourth finds in it the coveted scope for the exercise of the old combative and destructive instincts of our race.

The naturalist of one order goes forth to the far wilderness, it may be, or the trackless forest, the denizens of which he finds in the full exercise of their faculties, unchecked by the encroachment and unmodified by the influence of civilized man. Like our author, perhaps, a very Nimrod by nature—he is daily in full exercise of his muscular powers, moves where he lists, breathes the pure air perfumed by aromatic herbs, sleeps under the canopy of the stars, wakes to the wild notes of the migrating birds that float in the upper air, or is roused by the deep and terrible music of the lions' roar; he has every energy of an adventurous and fearless spirit called forth in the chace and attack, when he matches his strength against the elephant's, his courage against the king of beasts, and his craft against the wily wolf or the watchful antelope. He sees the noblest quadrupeds in all their native beauty and vigour, displaying their characteristic attitudes and modes of motion; he hears the free utterance of their various voices; and watches the manifestations of their instincts and the

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unrestrained enjoyment of their wants. The phenomena so observed, however, are essential to the comprehension of the outward characters which the zoologist, and of the internal structures which the anatomist, may afterwards make known; and their narrative forms a valuable and the most interesting contribution to a true and philosophical history of animals.

The museum-naturalist has a narrower walk of research, but his more finished labours, again, are essentially ancillary to the other's rough draughts from living Nature. Calm and sedentary, in the close atmosphere of the cabinet he scrutinizes the dried and stuffed skins of birds and beasts, and the analogous exuviæ of other animals. If he be an ichthyologist, he counts the rays of the fins and contrasts their relative hardness or softness: if a herpetologist, he pores into the mouth of the doubtful toad or triton, to study the shape of the tongue or detect the position and numbers of the minute teeth; or he applies the pocket-lens to the lizard to determine the number of its lateral or femoral pores; or he measures the supra-cranial scales and reckons up the subcaudal scutes of the snake. The ornithologist, with his box of bird-skins before him, expands the wing and the tail, counting sedulously and comparing the length of the quill-feathers; or he notes the pattern of the scutation on the tarsus, and the position of the nostrils on the beak. The mammalogist directs his attention to the hoofs or the claws of his subject; to the number, kind, and situation of the teeth; to the shades of colour and the character of the hair or fur. And all this tedious toil is cheerfully encountered in the hope of detecting a 'new species.' For of such materials, in fact, the great basis of the zoological edifice must be built, and it is well that the labourer deems himself rewarded by the privilege which he assumes of inscribing his own name upon each specific brick that he adds to the pile.

But it must be confessed that an exclusive attachment to this contracted sphere and minute kind of research has a tendency to cramp the intellect, and to engender a self-complacent overvaluing of such labours and of the labourer himself. A species-maker is prone to underrate contributions to natural history that come in a plain English garb, unbedizened by the technical compounds he delights to manufacture; and the mere classifier is apt to look with sceptical eyes on whatever seems to contradict the precise definitions of his artificial groups, or tends to break down the word-barriers that separate in his 'system' one group of animals from another. These reflections were forced upon us by the remark with which a worthy acquaintance of that stamp threw down the second volume of the work now before us: 'Who can believe what a man writes who makes the hippopotamus spout like a whale, and figures

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figures it as if it were one of the *cétacés souffleurs* of Cuvier?' 'Softly,' we replied; 'have you ever seen the hippopotamus in the water? And may not the ideas which you have derived from that dried and shrivelled skin set on four posts in your museum, give you a more erroneous notion of the amphibious beast than the sketch taken from the life by this lion-slayer?" The truth is that now, thanks to the Viceroy of Egypt, our Zoological Society, and their active friend the Hon. C. Murray, any one may see the young hippopotamus perform on a small scale what Mr. Cumming has for the first time portrayed in the full-grown animal. As the fat 'observed of all observers' rises towards the surface of his bath, he sometimes expels the long pent-up breath by a sudden snort and erection of the nostrils, which drive up two little fountains of spray. Add, then, to the difference of size, the blood poured into the throat and nasal passages from the wounds of the bullet-smashed head of the stunned individual — the partner in the strange aquatic waltz represented in the frontispiece of the volume cited—and we find ample grounds for the feature which excited the sceptical ebullition of our technical friend. We will say more: after testing, where such test was applicable, every fact recorded by Mr. Cumming regarding the habits and actions of the living animals by what is known of their anatomical structure, we have found his statements, with one unimportant exception, to stand that test; and his very ignorance of the organization, which would suggest to the physiologist the habits and actions portrayed in the book, gives the best testimony to the accuracy of the hunter's sketches.

The author, a younger son (as we understand) of Sir W. Cumming Gordon of Altyre, Bart., appears, after abundant early Highland experience as a deer-stalker, &c., to have spent some years in military service both in India and in the Cape colony; but we gather that he had quitted the army before the adventures here described were begun. On his first expedition as a hunter and trader, he left Graham's Town in October, 1843; reached the country of the Griquà Hottentots, and crossed the Vaal river near lat. 28° south; recrossed it, and returned to Colesberg in April, 1844. Here he organised a second campaign, and amongst other things 'loaded up' with a number of common muskets 'as being the most available articles to barter for ivory with the tribes of the far interior' (vol. i. p. 220). These he afterwards turned to good account, and regretted that he did not possess ten times as many of them. He extended his wanderings to the Bamanguato country, as far north as lat. 22° south, and was again at Graham's Town by February, 1845. Allowing himself a little repose at this place, he started afresh for the Bamanguato, pushing

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westward as far as Letlocbee, where he 'bags his fiftieth elephant,' and once more sees Graham's Town in February, 1846. There, he informs us, he 'sold his ivory well'—realizing by this article and ostrich feathers somewhere about 1000*l.* Encouraged by this success, and excited rather than satiated by the murderous conditions of its attainment, he set out for the fourth time on the 11th of March, 1846; tried a short cut through the territories of Mahura, chief of the Batlapis, to the eastward of his former track, and travelling northward reached the river Limpopo, probably in the latitude of the great lake Ngami. On the Limpopo he slays many hippopotamuses and rare antelopes, and returns, crossing the Orange river, to Colesberg in February, 1848. Mr. Cumming finally started on a fifth expedition in the following month, again reached the Limpopo, shot his hundredth elephant, and after much exciting sport with the hippopotamus, &c., &c., got back in March, 1849, to Port Elizabeth, by way of Graff Reinett. At length he safely arrived in England with his valuable collection of sporting trophies and his Cape waggon, 'weighing altogether upwards of thirty tons,'—all which 'may now be seen at the Chinese Gallery, in London,' admission 1*s.*—(*Introduction*, p. viii.)

We feel bound to say that we give entire credit to the truthfulness of the book, which is assuredly one of extraordinary interest after its kind. There is an unavoidable sameness in the character of the incidents recorded, and the endless and too often useless slaughter of God's creatures will be revolting to most minds. Yet the style is so natural and fresh from the scene, the scene itself in the far interior of Africa so new, and the hazards attending the chace of the formidable beasts of those wilds so great, that it is difficult to lay the volumes down until the issue of each adventure, as they rapidly follow one another, has been ascertained. In fact, the narrative has the charm of a vivid romance—and the professed novelist may study with envy the native spring of its sinewy style. We, however, have perused the work a second time with a definite aim; that, namely, of extracting whatever seemed to throw new light on the natural history of the animals whose habits have thus been observed on so wide a theatre, and have been recorded without reference to zoological theories and classifications. And with this view we have studied the trophies brought home by the author—too often, unfortunately, selected with supreme indifference to the requirements of the scientific naturalist—and have compared them with his descriptions so as to determine the exact species which in each case had exercised the hunter's skill or tested his courage.

The great peculiarity of the zoology of South Africa is the predominance

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predominance of that particular form of the Ruminant order of Mammalia called *Antelope.* The horns of the ruminants, as most of our readers may know, are of two kinds in respect of substance. One consists of almost solid bone: such horns, or more properly 'antlers,' are peculiar to the deer tribe; they are usually branched, and are shed and renewed annually. The other kind of horn consists of a cone or core of bone covered by a sheath of true horny matter; such horns are never shed, but are increased by annual growths: the ruminants possessing them are called 'hollow-horned;' they comprise the ox, sheep, goat, and antelope—and, save the anomalously horned giraffe, no other kind of ruminants but these exist in South Africa. No species of deer, roe, stag, or elk, for example, greeted the eyes of our stalker: their place in nature is taken by the hollow-horned ruminants, and chiefly by the antelopes, which have been created in unusual numbers and variety of specific forms, constituting a series that fills up the wide hiatus between the goat and the ox, and on which the ingenuity of the 'splitting naturalist' has been, and still is exercised in the manufacture of subgenera and the imposition thereon of long and hard names. Great is the relief to turn from the toilsome investigation of the respective merits of the subgenera *Catoblepas, Aigoceros, Acronotus, Cephalopus, Eleotragus, Oreotragus, Calotragus,* &c., of a Blainville, a Smith, or a Gray, to the fresh pictures of the living habits of the beautiful and unconscious subjects of those Greek compounds, as they have been witnessed by our author on their own wooded hills and park-like plains.

The first he fell in with was the Springbok (*Antilope euchore*) —which graceful and agile species abounded in countless numbers on the fertile flats along the banks of the Brak river. It has earned its name from the extraordinary and almost perpendicular leaps which it makes when started, especially if chased by a dog:—

'They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or waggon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each performs this feat, so suspicious are

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are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to leeward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread. The accumulated masses of living creatures which the springboks exhibit on the greater migrations is utterly astounding. They have been well compared to the swarms of locusts. Like them they consume every green thing in their course, laying waste vast districts in a few hours, and ruining in a single night the fruits of the farmers' toil. The course adopted is generally such as to bring them back to their own country by a route different from that by which they set out. Thus their line of march sometimes forms something like a vast oval, or an extensive square, of which the diameter may be some hundred miles, and the time occupied in this migration may vary from six months to a year.'—vol. i. p. 70.

The fantastic Wildebeest (*Antilope Gnu*, Linn., Gmel.),* with the head and horns of a buffalo and the mane and tail of a horse, supported on agile antelopine legs, next attracted the dangerous attention of our author, and he proceeded in quest of them to the plains beyond Thebus mountain, where he was informed they abounded.

'At night I took up a position in an old shooting-hole beside the vley' (*i. e.* a fountain or spring of fresh water), 'to watch for wildebeests. Several jackals, wildebeests, quaggas, and hyænas came to drink during the night, but, not being able to see the sight of my rifle, I did not fire. Here I remained until the bright star of morning had risen far above the horizon, and day was just beginning to dawn when, gently raising my head and looking round, I saw, on one side of me, four wildebeests, and on the other side ten. They were coming to drink; slowly and suspiciously they approached the water, and, having convinced themselves that all was right, they trotted boldly up and commenced drinking. Selecting the finest bull, I fired, and sent a bullet through his shoulder, when, splashing through the water, he bounded madly forward, and, having run about a hundred yards, rolled over in the dewy grass.'—vol. i. p. 83.

In broad day-light, and when roaming over their native plains, the bearing of the black Gnus is bold, and widely different from that at the night-season when their carnivorous enemies are abroad. Unlike most other antelopes, they do not leave their ground when disturbed, unless it be by a large field of hunters:—

'Wheeling about in endless circles, and performing the most extraordinary variety of intricate evolutions, the shaggy herds of these fierce-looking animals are for ever capering and gambolling round the hunter on every side. While he is riding hard to obtain a family

* *Boselaphus* of De Blainville, *Connochaetes* of Lichtenstein, and, as if these were not enough, *Catoblepas* of Gray!! That Ælian had this South African species in view when he described his Κατωβλεπας, is more than problematical.

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shot of a herd in front of him, other herds are charging down wind on his right and left, and, having described a number of circular movements, they take up positions upon the very ground across which he rode only a few minutes before. Singly, and in small troops of four or five individuals, the old bull wildebeests may be seen stationed at intervals throughout the plains, standing motionless during a whole forenoon, coolly watching with a philosophic eye the movements of the other game, eternally uttering a loud snorting noise, and also a short, sharp cry which is peculiar to them. When the hunter approaches these old bulls, they commence whisking their long white tails in a most eccentric manner; then springing suddenly into the air, they begin prancing and capering, and pursue each other in circles at their utmost speed. Suddenly they all pull up together to overhaul the intruder, when two of the bulls will often commence fighting in the most violent manner, dropping on their knees at every shock; then quickly wheeling about, they kick up their heels, whirl their tails with a fantastic flourish, and scour across the plain enveloped in a cloud of dust.'—vol. i. p. 181.

Our author adds a remark which we do not remember to have seen in any work of natural history, viz., that the skin of the gnu has a delicious smell of the grass and wild herbs on which these animals lie and feed.

The Gemsbok (*Antilope oryx*), the hunting of which is more trying to horses than any other sport in South Africa, is remarkable for its long and sharp straight horns, with which it sometimes transfixes the lion when attacked by him. An old Boer and keen sportsman, who recollected when lions abounded in the Karroo district, near Colesberg, related to Mr. Cumming that he had seen this antelope beat off the lion, and he had also come upon the carcasses of both rotting on the plain, the body of the lion being transfixed by the long sharp horns of the gemsbok, so that it could not extract them, and thus both had perished together. Mr. Cumming regards this as one of the most beautiful and remarkable of the antelope tribe:—

'It is the animal which is supposed to have given rise to the fable of the unicorn, from its long straight horns, when seen *en profil*, so exactly covering one another as to give it the appearance of having but one. It possesses the erect mane, long, sweeping black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of an antelope. It is robust in its form, squarely and compactly built, and very noble in its bearing. Its height is about that of an ass, and in colour it slightly resembles that animal. The beautiful black bands which eccentrically adorn its head, giving it the appearance of wearing a stall-collar, together with the manner in which the rump and thighs are painted, impart to it a character peculiar to itself. The adult male measures three feet ten inches in height at the shoulder.

'The gemsbok thrives and attains high condition in barren regions, where

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where it might be imagined that a locust would not find subsistence, and, burning as is the climate, it is perfectly independent of water, which, from my own observation, and the repeated reports both of the Boers and aborigines, I am convinced it never by any chance tastes. Owing to the even nature of the ground which the oryx frequents, its shy and suspicious disposition, and the extreme distances from water to which it must be followed, it is never stalked or driven to an ambush like other antelopes, but is hunted on horseback and ridden down by a long tail-on-end chace.'—vol. i. p. 97.

But, of the animals so pursued, it is the swiftest and most enduring. The horns are equally developed in both sexes. In one chace a light-weighted Hottentot on a good horse reached the middle of a foaming herd, and dexterously turned out 'a beautiful cow with a pair of uncommonly fine long horns.' Mr. Cumming headed her.

'I obtained a fine chance, and rolled her over with two bullets in her shoulder. My thirst was intense, and, the gemsbok having a fine breast of milk, I milked her into my mouth, and obtained a drink of the sweetest beverage I ever tasted.'—vol. i. p. 102.

How long the bereaved little one vainly bleated for the lost parent, and, when its thirst grew intense, where it assuaged the torment, troubled not the destroyer, who, nevertheless, had himself drawn nourishment from a mother's breast! But the hunter seems to have stifled every principle, so imbibed, that might suggest reflections on the sufferings caused by his sport; and we may warn the reader at once, that the more he too may be able to repress such reflections, the less will be his pain in perusing many pages of this extraordinary book.

Of the fierce and grotesque antelope which is the type of the subgenus *Boselaphus* of Blainville, our author fell in with two species, the common wildebeest or black gnu, and the blue wildebeest or brindled gnu; the latter is the *Catoblepas gorgon* of Col. Hamilton Smith. Of this Mr. Cumming got a magnificent male specimen in an odd manner.

'He was found with one of his fore legs caught over his horn, so that he could not run, and they hamstrung him and cut his throat. He had probably managed to get himself into this awkward attitude while fighting with some of his fellows.'—vol. i. p. 111.

At a subsequent period our author obtained a second specimen of this rare species by the unintentional aid of some wild dogs. He had made a shooting-hole near a spring, frequented by the animals of the neighbourhood, and having passed the night watching for them until dawn, had rolled his blanket tight round him and tried to sleep.

'In this manner I had lain for about half an hour, when I was suddenly

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denly startled by a large heavy animal galloping past within six feet of me. On cautiously peeping through the stones which surrounded my hole, I had the pleasure to behold a fine bull brindled gnoo dash into the waters of the fountain within forty yards of me, and stand at bay, followed by four tearing, fierce-looking wild-dogs. All the four had their heads and shoulders covered with blood, and looked savage in the extreme. They seemed quite confident of success, and came leisurely up to the bull, passing within a few yards of me, their eyes glistening with ferocious glee. My anxiety to possess this fine old bull, and also a specimen of the wild dog, prevented my waiting to see more of the fun. I deliberated for a few seconds whether I would shoot the bull first or one of the hounds, and ended by shooting the gnoo and the largest hound right and left. The bull, on receiving the ball, bounded out of the fountain; but wheeling about, he re-entered it, and, staggering violently for a moment, subsided in its waters.'

The three remaining hounds reluctantly withdrew.

'Having summoned my men, and with considerable difficulty dragged the ponderous carcase of the old bull out of the water, we found that he had been cruelly lacerated by the hounds. It appeared to me that they had endeavoured to hamstring him. His hind legs, haunches, and belly were dreadfully torn; he had lost half his tail, and was otherwise mutilated. Poor old bull! I could not help commiserating his fate. It is melancholy to reflect that, in accordance with the laws of nature, such scenes of pain must ever be occurring; one species, whether inhabiting earth, air, or ocean, being produced to become the prey of another.'

The amiable writer's feeling of compassion, be it remembered, was never indulged at the expense of the gratification of his own instinct, nor ever suffered to contravene what he philosophically assumes to have been the purpose of creation—and the sentimental paragraph above quoted ends as follows:—'At night I watched the water, with fairish moonlight, and shot a large spotted hyæna.'—vol. i. p. 170.

In a note to this paragraph he gives some remarks on the habits and instincts of the wild hunting-dog (*Canis picta*) of South Africa, which, in the still vexed question of the origin of our domestic breeds, will not be without interest to the zoologist. The current idea that the 'bark' is a result of domestication, seems not to be quite correct. These wild dogs, he says,—

'give chace in large organised packs, varying in number from ten to sixty. Their pace is a long never-tiring gallop, and in the chace they relieve one another, the leading hounds falling to the rear when fatigued, when others, who have been husbanding their strength, come up and relieve them. Having succeeded in bringing their quarry to bay, they all surround him, and he is immediately dragged to the ground, and in a few minutes torn to pieces and consumed.'—vol. i. p. 169.

These

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These dogs, he adds, have three different kinds of cry; one of which is peculiarly soft and melodious, but distinguishable at a great distance, and serves to rally and bring together members of the pack that have been scattered in following different individuals of a troop of antelopes; a second cry, compared to a number of monkeys chattering together, is emitted at night when they are excited by any particular occurrence; their third note is 'a sharp angry bark,' usually uttered when they suddenly behold an object which they cannot make out. The havoc which these wild dogs commit on the flocks of the Boers is very great: our author considers them as forming 'a connecting link between the wolf and the hyæna;' they do not entertain much fear of man—and they once succeeded in giving the redoubted lion-slayer a fright, which he confesses he shall remember to his dying day. He had been hunting on the plains during many weary hours and had shot but one springbok, when the moon rose.

'A little after this I discharged my other barrel at a large spotted hyæna, and then I returned my rifle to its holster without loading either barrel, and presently I was asleep. I had not slept long when my light dreams were influenced by strange sounds. I dreamt that lions were rushing about in quest of me, and, the sounds increasing, I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or anything connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet as of a pack of wolves close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but savage wild-dogs. On my right and on my left, within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot. On beholding them I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them, and accordingly, springing to my feet, I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect: the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies. Upon this I snatched up my rifle and commenced loading, and before this was accomplished the entire pack had passed away.'—vol. i. p. 190.

In latitude 29° S., on the banks of the Vaal river, the Koodoo (*Antilope strepsiceros*) was first met with; this species prefers the craggy

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craggy districts to the plains, and was discovered on some hills covered with sharp angular rocks, but with abundance of excellent grass and fine green bushes. Here

'suddenly, on raising our eyes, we saw standing on the hill side, within three hundred yards of us, five buck koodoos, four of which were tearing old fellows carrying extremely fine horns; and majestic as they were, the elevated position which they occupied imparted to them a still more striking appearance. We galloped towards them, on which they bounded higher up the rocky hill, and stood for a few seconds looking at us. I had seen many sights thrilling to a sportsman, but few to surpass what I then beheld. I think an old buck koodoo, when seen standing broadside on, is decidedly one of the grandest-looking antelopes in the world. They now broke into two lots, the two finest bucks holding to the left, and to these we gave chase. They led us over the most terrific ground for horses that can be imagined. It consisted of a mass of large sharp adamantine pieces of rock; even the rock-frequenting koodoos themselves made bad weather of it.'

At last Mr. Cumming, taking a short cut, got within range of a fine specimen, and with a single ball rolled him over in the dust. 'He was a first-rate old buck, and carried a pair of ponderous, long, wide-set spiral horns' (vol. i. p. 154). The speed and endurance of the koodoo is inferior to that of the oryx, and they are easily ridden down on level ground; but in the hilly and rocky places which they frequent, they are more usually obtained by stalking. The skin of the koodoo, though thin, is extremely tough, and is much prized by the colonists for ox-waggon whip-lashes.

A larger and rarer species of antelope is that which our author calls the 'Roan,' or 'bastard gemsbok,' and characterises in the catalogue of his collection as the most daring of the tribe. It is the *Antilope equina* of Geoffroy. It also was first fallen in with on the banks of the Vaal.

Mr. Cumming next bent his course towards the land of the Blesboks (*Antilope albifrons*), a large and beautiful violet-coloured species, which is found, together with black wildebeests and springboks, in countless thousands on the vast green plains of short, crisp, sour grass, situated about a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of the scene of the slaughter of the roan antelope, and occupying a central position in Southern Africa. Cattle and horses refuse to pasture on the grassy products of these plains, which afford sustenance to such myriads of this antelope. Its skin emits a most delicious and powerful perfume of flowers and sweet-smelling herbs. A secretion issues from between its hoofs, which has likewise a pleasing odour. Several murders among this beautiful tribe are detailed with the most impenitent gusto.

The giant amongst the antelopes is that species which the Dutch

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Dutch Boers call 'Eland,' meaning elk—(the *Antilope oreas* of Pallas). Mr. Cumming first got sight of it near an old forest, grey with age, beyond the valley of Bahatla, in lat. 24° S. It was a fine male, standing about six feet high at the shoulder:—

'Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees which lay across his path; but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot. Spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he very nearly escaped me; but at length, the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek grey coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain that the eland's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered for a moment and subsided in the dust. This magnificent animal is by far the largest of all the antelope tribe, exceeding a large ox in size. It also attains an extraordinary condition, being often burthened with a very large amount of fat. Its flesh is most excellent, and is justly esteemed above all others. It has a peculiar sweetness, and is tender and fit for use the moment the animal is killed. Like the gemsbok, the eland is independent of water, and frequents the borders of the great Kalahari desert in herds varying from ten to a hundred. The old males may often be found consorting together apart from the females, and a troop of these, when in full condition, may be likened to a herd of stall-fed oxen. The eland has lest speed than any other variety of antelope; and, by judicious riding, they may be driven to camp from a great distance. In this manner I have often ridden the best bull out of the herd, and brought him within gunshot of my waggons, where I could more conveniently cut up and preserve the flesh, without the trouble of sending men and pack-oxen to fetch it. I have repeatedly seen an eland drop down dead at the end of a severe chace, owing to his plethoric habit. The skin of the eland I had just shot emitted, like most other antelopes, the most delicious perfume of trees and grass.'—vol. i. p. 252.

The power of the ruminating animals to endure thirst or abstain from water varies greatly in the different species, and depends upon the organization of the second cavity of their complex stomach, called by anatomists the 'reticulum,' and by agriculturists the 'honey-comb-bag.' In some the cells are extremely shallow, and form a mere pattern of hexagons by raised lines on the surface; in other species these lines rise into walls, and the cells are deep; in others the deep cells are subdivided into smaller ones; in the camel tribe they are expanded into bags: and in proportion to their capacity for retaining fluid is the ruminant's power of

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of abstinence from drinking. The Sassayby, the Water-buck, and the Pallah, have shallow cells; the Gemsbok, the Duiker, and the Eland have deep cells. We doubt, however, whether any of the long-abstaining kinds of antelope 'never drink;' we know that is not the case with the eland, although the dew-drops collected in the early morning's grazing may suffice, when stored up in the cells of the reticulum, for the day. The differences noted by Mr. Cumming in the habits of South African antelopes in regard to their independence of water accords with the anatomical differences above defined; and circumstances occurred in which he turned that knowledge to good account. He was desirous of penetrating from Baquaine and Booby, in lat. 24° S., northward to the Bamangwato country. The Baquaines were equally bent upon leading him eastward to their chief Sichely, and endeavoured to effect this by false guides, who, under the pretence of accompanying him to Bamangwato, were instructed to turn him in the wrong direction. The attempted deceit was soon detected by means of the compass, which our author described to them as 'medicine which would enable him to discover the way without their assistance.' They next endeavoured to arrest his progress by false averments of the utter want of water, and other difficulties opposing a northward course; and when, in spite of these, he determined on proceeding in that course, notwithstanding the apparent confirmation of their statements and the gradual loss of cattle and horses from thirst, his guides finally deserted him, and his own men began to show a faltering and mutinous spirit. 'I remonstrated with them, and told them that if I did not bring them to water next day before the sun was under, they might turn the oxen on their spoor.' Ordering his men to remain quiet with the waggons and oxen, and to listen for shots, he then rode forwards, accompanied by a single Hottentot attendant, in a direction N.N.E., through thick forest. 'I saw one duiker, but these antelopes are met with in the desert, and are independent of water. For miles we continued our search, until my hopes sank to a very low ebb, and Kleinboy swore that we should never regain the waggons. At length I perceived a sassayby walking before me: this antelope drinks every day, and "fresh vigour with the hope returned."' In fact, the observation of this species and the knowledge of its habits gave assurance to the wanderer that he must be within one day's journey of water. Nor was he deceived. Other zoological signs of the proximity of the indispensable element presented themselves to his acute eyes; and first, 'vleys,' or springs that had recently contained water, were discovered—by and bye a large pool of excellent water, enough

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enough to supply the cattle for several days. The result was a successful progress with oxen, waggons, and baggage to the Bamangwato territory. But before we notice the severer conflicts which there awaited the hunter, let us wind up our report as to his antelopes. These beautiful animals are noticed in his book under their vernacular colonial names, and with these only are their remains at the Chinese Gallery labelled. We have been at the pains to compare its specimens with those in the British Museum, and with the figures and descriptions of the best authors, with a view to determine the actual species which fell under the rifle of the collector.

The 'sassayby,' then, is the *Antilope lunata*, the type of the sub-genus *Acronotus* of Hamilton Smith. The 'duiker' (ducker), or 'duikerbok,' is the *Antilope mergens;* it is so called from the readiness with which it takes to the water, and the facility with which, when pursued, it dives or dashes through any river. It is quite a distinct species from the waterbuck, *Antilope ellipsiprymnus*, which is a much finer and rarer antelope. Mr. Cumming first saw the *waterbuck* on the banks of the Ngotwani, in lat. 23° S., and, in chasing it, met with an accident which had well nigh arrested his hunting career:—

'The buck appeared ascending a rocky pyramidal hill down the river side, with the agility of a chamois, and only one dog, Boxer, my best, at his heels. I then galloped down the river-side at top speed to meet him, but was too late: I however fired a long shot to encourage Boxer. Next moment, in ascending the opposite bank of the Ngotwani, my horse fell and rolled down the bank very nearly on the top of me. One of the barrels of my favourite ball-gun was thereby stove, by coming in violent contact with a piece of rock.'—vol. ii. p. 134.

Nothing daunted, he continued the chace on foot, brought the buck to bay, and—

'put a bullet between his two shoulder-blades, which dropped him dead on the spot. He died as a waterbuck ought, in the deep water. My success with this noble and very beautiful antelope gave me most sincere pleasure.'—vol. ii. p. 134.

Of the Hartebeeste (*Antilope caama*) he records little save its being the subject of a successful stalk after the most approved Highland fashion. A herd of Pallahs (*Antilope melampus*) was seen in a romantic pass of the high mountains in which the Kouloubeng, a tributary of the Ngotwani, takes its rise. And as the hunter ascended a lofty range to the westward of this pass, he fell in with large colonies of baboons, and a few Klipspringers (*Antilope saltatrix*). The Bechuana Hottentots have a superstition that the voices of these rock-loving antelopes attract rain; they take them alive, and parade them round the kraal, while the

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the 'rainmaker,' by pinching and tormenting them, induces them to scream.

The Rhoose-rheebok is the *Antilope capreolus* of Lichtenstein, and the Vaal-rheebok is the *Antilope villosa* of Burchell; they are probably varieties of one species. The Reitbok is the *Antilope reduncа* of Smith. The foregoing species are included in the sub-genus *Eleotragus*. The Ourebi, which is reputed to be the swiftest of antelopes, is the *Antilope scoparia*. The Bleik-steinbok is the *Antilope rupestris*; the Chresh-steinbok is the *A. tragulus;* but these may be varieties of the same species. Some combine them with the ourebi, in the sub-genus *Oreotragus:* others assign the steinboks to a separate section under the name of *Calotragus*. The Bleubok, which is the smallest of the South African antelopes, is the *A. cærulea* of H. Smith, or *Cephalophus cæruleus* of the sub-generists. The Grysbok is the *Antilope* (*tragulus*) *melanotis*. The Bontebok is the *Antilope* (*gazella*) *pygarga*. The Bushbok is the *Antilope sylvatica*—and nearly allied to, if not a variety of this species is the rare Serolomootlooque, discovered by Mr. Cumming on the banks of the Limpopo, in the Bakalahari district, in lat. 21° S.

He had been baffled by an old waterbuck, and he writes,—

'I was slowly returning to my camp, in anything but good humour at my want of success with the game I had just been after, when, behold, an antelope of the most exquisite beauty, and utterly unknown to sportsmen or naturalists, stood broadside in my path, looking me full in the face. It was a princely old buck of the serolomootlooque of the Bakalahari, or bush-buck of the Limpopo. He carried a very fine wide-set pair of horns. On beholding him I was struck with wonder and delight. My heart beat with excitement. I sprang from my saddle, but before I could fire a shot this gem of beauty bounded into the reeds, and was lost to my sight. At that moment I would have given half what I possessed in this world for a broadside at that lovely antelope, and I at once resolved not to proceed farther on my expedition until I had captured him, although it should cost me the labour of a month.'

A few hours of sound tactics served, however, to prostrate the unique specimen:—

'I was not a little gratified at my good fortune in securing this novel and valuable trophy: he was one of the most perfect antelopes I had ever beheld, both in symmetry and colour. I had him immediately conveyed to camp, where I took his measurement and wrote out a correct description of him for the benefit of naturalists.'—vol. ii. p. 165.

For anything that appears in the volumes before us the promised benefit is still due. Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming merely proposes a specific name, and with a characteristic dauntless indifference

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indifference to etymology, and the usual custom of zoological discoverers, he calls it after himself the *Antilopus Roualeynei*. We have searched in vain amongst the trophies in the Chinese Gallery for any other evidence of the species than the skull (No. 85) and the dried skin of the head with the horns (No. 84); and we recommend their comparison by the more practised mammalogist with Nos. 86 and 87, and other specimens of the bush-buck (*Antilope sylvatica*).

There appears to be no other species of the vast tribe of antelopes observed by Mr. Cumming in his different journeys through fourteen degrees of latitude, in their metropolis, South Africa, about which any doubt exists as to their identity with species previously described by the scientific explorers who preceded him; but their discoveries have received a satisfactory confirmation from the unprejudiced eye of the daring sportsman, who has thus borne testimony to the completeness and success of the researches of Lichtenstein, Burchell, Smith, and Harris. That noble species, the *Antilope* [*Aigoceros*] *niger*—the discovery and naming of which were reserved for the latter explorer—a kindred spirit—naturally excited a peculiar longing; and Mr. Cumming, who calls it the *Potaquaine*, at length got sight of it in 1844 at Mangmaluky, in the Bamanguato country, lat. 22° south.

'Cantering along through the forest, I came suddenly in full view of one of the loveliest animals which grace this fair creation. This was an old buck of the *sable antelope*, the rarest and most beautiful animal in Africa. It is large and powerful, partaking considerably of the nature of the ibex. Its back and sides are of glossy black, beautifully contrasting with the belly, which is white as driven snow. The horns are upwards of three feet in length, and bend strongly back with a bold sweep, reaching nearly to the haunches. It was the first I had seen. I shall never forget the sensations I experienced on beholding a sight so thrilling to the sportsman's eye.'

This beauty escaped: but in 1846 Mr. Cumming had better luck with the sable antelope on Mount Guapa. Both males and females have horns, those of the female being somewhat shorter and less curved than the male's. Here he shot a splendid doe with a perfect pair of wide-set horns,—

'putting two bullets through her fore-quarters. She, however, took two more balls before she lay, when I put a fifth bullet into her to stop her kicking, as she was injuring her horns on the rocky ground. By this time the sun was under and the moon shone bright. Highly gratified at my success, I now cut off this magnificent antelope's head, and descended the mountain with a slow and careful step.'

We derive from this and many other narratives incidental testimony

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mony to the extraordinary tenacity of life in the wild antelopes—it is remarkably exemplified in the 'stalk' described in pp. 258-262 of vol. ii., when, in virtue of their power of endurance of rifle-ball wounds, our author lost a noble specimen of the male Potaquaine.

The tall Giraffe, contemplated in its native groves of picturesque palm-like acacias, impresses Mr. Cumming with its beauty and the dignified grace of its movements, and he ascribes the idea which some have been led to entertain of the awkwardness of its gait and proportions to their having seen it only in confinement. The giraffe, he says,

'is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weather-beaten trunks and stems occur. I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spyglass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail, at one time mistaking these dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest.'

They congregate in herds, averaging sixteen in number, from the young animal of nine or ten feet in height to the dark chestnut-coloured old male, towering to a height of upwards of eighteen feet.

We could have wished that their admirer had repressed his instinct to destroy, at least in the case of these harmless, unresisting, and beautiful creatures. They could afford him neither tusks for his traffic nor antlers for his trophies. In fact the only part of these victims that he cared to preserve was the long tufted tail. But to see with him was to slay: no manifestation of brute-life met his eyes without the desire to quench it. Wild animals were made to be killed—he to kill them—that is, according to the Clan-Cumming catechism, the 'chief end and whole duty of man.' Here is his narrative of the adventure on 'the memorable day, the first on which I saw and slew the lofty graceful-looking giraffe or camelopard, with which during many years of my life I had longed to form an acquaintance:'—

'The giraffes stood looking at the waggons until I was within sixty yards of them, when, galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a troop of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

'The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything that I had before experienced during a long sporting career.

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My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swingeing gallop I was in the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a watercourse, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it she reared high on her hind legs and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.

'I had little time to contemplate the prize I had won. Night was fast setting in, and it was very questionable if I should succeed in regaining my waggons; so, having cut off the tail of the giraffe, which was adorned with a bushy tuft of flowing black hair, I took "one last fond look," and rode hard for the spoor of the waggons, which I succeeded in reaching just as it was dark.

'No pen nor words can convey to a sportsman what it is to ride in the midst of a troop of gigantic giraffes: it must be experienced to be understood. They emitted a powerful perfume, which in the chace came hot in my face, reminding me of the smell of a hive of heather honey in September.'—vol. i. p. 266.

The wild Buffalo (*Bos Caffer*, Sparrman) is a nobler object of chace: he has not only weapons of defence, but knows how to use them, and is apt to anticipate the onset and convert his broad-based, sharp-pointed horns, into deadly weapons of attack. The natives, therefore, dread the buffalo more than they do the lion, and

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and even Mr. Cumming was more than once imperilled and baffled by this bold ruminant. One old bull, after a sore, panting chace, had recourse to a bit of stratagem:—

'Doubling round some thick bushes, he found himself beside a small pool of rain-water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and, facing about, lay gently down and awaited our oncoming, with nothing but his old grey face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from view by rank overhanging herbage. Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spoor, and thus we rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when, springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after Ruyter, uttering a low stifled roar peculiar to buffaloes (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion), and hurled horse and rider to the earth with fearful violence. His horn laid the poor horse's haunch open to the bone, making the most fearful ragged wound. In an instant Ruyter regained his feet, and ran for his life; which the buffalo observing, gave chace, but most fortunately came down with a tremendous somersault in the mud, his feet slipping from under him: thus the Bushman escaped certain destruction. The buffalo rose much discomfited, and, the wounded horse first catching his eye, he went a second time after him, but he got out of the way. At this moment I managed to send one of my patent pacificating pills into his shoulder, when he instantly quitted the field of action, and sought shelter in the dense cover on the mountain side, whither I deemed it imprudent to follow him.'

On another occasion, in which, after a narrow escape of one of his servants who fell from his horse right in the path of the infuriated buffaloes, Mr. Cumming succeeded in killing two bulls, he says: 'Each of them in dying repeatedly uttered a very striking, low, deep moan. This I subsequently ascertained the buffalo invariably utters when in the act of expiring.'

The charge of the heavy Rhinoceros, though equally determined, is less formidable, because it is more easily eluded. Not fewer than four species of rhinoceros, the *chukuroo* of the Hottentots, came within the rifle-shot of the indefatigable sportsman, and contributed their horns to his series of trophies. Zoologists may now see and compare at the Chinese Gallery the horns (No. 13) of the '*muchocho* or white rhinoceros,' which is the *Rhinoceros simus*, if we mistake not, of Burchell; those (No. 12) of the *borele*, or black rhinoceros, which is the old *Rhinoceros africanus* of Linnæus; those (No. 15) of Smith's *Rhinoceros Keitloa;* and in No. 15*a* the horns of that species of which Dr. Smith received information from the natives, who call it *kobaoba*, and described it as having a single horn, owing to the very superior length of the front horn, which projects more forwards than in the other species. Mr. Cumming surmises that this animal is the Unicorn of antiquity; but in that case what becomes of his hypothesis of

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the Oryx in profile? The largest species is the *Muchocho*, the fiercest is the *Borele*. Our author revels in the reminiscences of his encounters with the black rhinoceros. The whites (*Rh. simus* and *Rh. Kobaoba*) are larger, but less swift. They feed on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh, according to our author, is preferable to beef. They generally carry their heads low, whereas the Borele, when disturbed, carries his high, with a saucy independent air. They are usually in pairs; once only did our author see as many as a dozen congregated together on some young grass. Both of the black kinds (*Rh. africanus* and *Rh. Keitloa*) are much smaller, fiercer, and more active than the white: a horse with a rider on his back can rarely overtake them. They are extremely dangerous, and are apt to rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They feed almost entirely upon the thorny branches of the species of mimosa waggishly termed by the Boers 'vyacht um bige,' *i. e.* 'wait-a-bit' thorns: they never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough. Their horns are shorter than those of the white species. Mr. Cumming shot a variety of the Borélé with three horns. The specimen is in the Chinese Gallery (No. 150). In all the rhinoceroses the horn is attached to the skin and periosteum only, and can be detached from the bone by means of a sharp knife: it is solid throughout, and consists of a mass of agglutinated fibres, but so compact as to be susceptible of a fine polish:—

'The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated by bullets hardened with solder. During the day the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger. The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often ploughing up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces.'—vol. i. p. 250.

Gilbert White, in the Observations on Birds appended to his Natural History of Selborne, writes:—'While the cows are feeding in moist low pastures, broods of wagtails, white and gray, run round them close up to their noses and under their very bellies, availing themselves of the flies that settle on their legs, and probably

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probably finding worms and larvæ that are roused by the trampling of their feet. Nature is such an economist that the most incongruous animals can avail themselves of each other! Interest makes strange friendships.' Starlings and magpies very often sit on the backs of sheep and deer to pick out their ticks. Similar attentions supposed to be paid to the goat by the fern-owl have procured for it the name of 'goat-sucker' and the generic appellative *Caprimulgus*. Most will remember the old story in Herodotus of the little bird that attends upon the crocodile of the Nile, and warns it against an approaching enemy. The savans of Buonaparte's Egyptian expedition confirmed the long-doubted fact, determined the species of bird, found that it actually attended the crocodile and was admitted within the deadly circle of its fangs in order to pick off the leeches that attach themselves to its gums and throat, and that it was always dismissed scatheless from the grim gape of the carnivorous reptile. Mr. Curzon, as the readers of his delightful book on the Levant Monasteries must remember, lost his shot at a crocodile through the friendly warning given by this bird to its huge, cold-blooded, heavy-mailed ally. Mr. Cumming brings to our knowledge a similar instinctive relation between the rhinoceros and a little bird in S. Africa:—

'On the forenoon of the 23rd a native came and informed me that he had discovered a white rhinoceros lying asleep in thick cover to the south. I accordingly accompanied him to the spot and commenced stalking in upon the vast Muchocho. He was lying asleep beneath a shady tree, and his appearance reminded me of an enormous hog, which in shape he slightly resembles. He kept constantly flapping his ears, which they invariably do when sleeping. Before I could reach the proper distance to fire, several "rhinoceros-birds," by which he was attended, warned him of his impending danger by sticking their bills into his ear, and uttering their harsh, grating cry. Thus aroused, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and crashed away through the jungle at a rapid trot, and I saw no more of him. Many a time have these ever-watchful birds disappointed me in my stalk, and tempted me to invoke an anathema upon their devoted heads. They are the best friends the rhinoceros has, and rarely fail to awaken him even in his soundest nap. Chukuroo perfectly understands their warning, and, springing to his feet, he generally first looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chace of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chace several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros, they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed,

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passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I having often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from his deep sleep.'

The spoor or foot-print of the *Hippopotamus* was first observed by Mr. Cumming on the banks of the Limpopo, in lat. 23° S., and a few days after he beheld this notable quadruped in its native stream:—

'When the sun went down the sea-cows commenced a march up the river. They passed along opposite to my camp, making the most extraordinary sounds—blowing, snorting, and roaring, sometimes crashing through the reeds, and sometimes swimming gently, and splashing and sporting through the water. There being a little moonlight, I went down with my man Carey, and sat some time on the river's bank contemplating these wonderful monsters of the river. It was a truly grand and very extraordinary scene; the opposite bank of the stream was clad with trees of gigantic size and great beauty, which added greatly to the interest of the picture.'

To hit these huge creatures was comparatively easy — the difficulty was to bag them. In his endeavour to overcome this Mr. Cumming narrates the following adventure, which, be it remembered, took place in a river abounding with crocodiles. He had tracked three cows and an old bull to a broad part of it with a sandy bottom: they stood in the middle, where the water came halfway up to their sides—and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger:—

'I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would be lost; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower. As I approached Behemoth her eye looked very wicked. I halted

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halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rheim from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead. By moonlight we took down a span of select oxen and a pair of rheim chains, and succeeded in dragging the sea-cow high and dry. We were all astonished at her enormous size; she appeared to be about five feet broad across the belly. I could see much beauty in the animal, which Nature has admirably formed for the amphibious life it was destined to pursue.—She was extremely fat, more resembling a pig than a cow or a horse.'

This remark of our author's is in accordance with the true affinities and place in nature of the miscalled river-horse or *hippopotamus*. The resemblance of some of the snorting noises made by it to a neigh, its mode of lifting its head out of water, and its erect quick-moving ears, added to its size, may have suggested the name in the first instance. The gyratory movements of the animal after its stunning wounds in the head may recall to the physiologist the analogous movements by which the dog or rabbit, under the hands of a Majendie, discloses to the gaping students the success of one of his horrid experiments upon the brain of his victim. It was a common phenomenon after the hippopotamus had received a shot in the brain-case. Mr. Cumming notes that one huge cow remained under water for ten minutes at a time, then 'just showing her face for a second, making a blowing like a whale, and returning to the bottom' (vol. ii. p. 181). We have already adverted to the apparent 'spouting' of the hippopotamus, and the similitude to the cetaceous order was forced upon the observer and slayer of the amphibious pachyderm on more than one occasion. After repeatedly wounding another large cow, Mr. Cumming remarks, 'this last shot set her in motion once more, and she commenced struggling in the water in the most extraordinary manner, disappearing

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pearing for a few seconds and then coming up like a great whale, setting the whole river in an uproar.'

The bald result of many hippopotamuses slain, and of more grievously wounded, was the addition of a few skulls to the collection of sporting trophies. The flesh of the slaughtered beasts was, however, greedily devoured by the Hottentot 'tail' which followed the fortunes of the adventurous Highlander, and he himself pronounces it to be excellent.

Mr. Cumming probably may never have read Ælian 'On the Peculiarities of Animals,' and was without doubt quite unconscious of the pains which it has cost the modern naturalist to determine the reality and nature of the animal which the credulous Roman collector of strange stories calls the *horned hog*. 'No. 96. Skull of the Wild Boar of the plains of South Africa,' in the Chinese Gallery, is a specimen of this animal; or proves, at least, that a species of the remarkable genus *Phacochœrus*, or Wart-hog, which is distributed over Africa from Nubia to the Cape, was the subject of the following sport:—

'In the afternoon we continued our journey to the northward, through a country of increasing loveliness. Beautifully wooded hills and valleys, captivating to the sportsman's eye, stretched away on every side, with rivulets of crystal waters in the valleys and the spoor of large game very abundant. On the march my dogs dashed up the wind, and in two minutes the peaceful forest was disturbed by their united voices, angrily barking around some animal which they had brought to bay. Snatching up my rifle, I rushed to the scene of conflict, and found them actively baying a fierce and grisly boar, whose foaming jaws were adorned with a pair of tusks so enormous as to resemble horns, each of them being upwards of a foot in length. It was some time before I could obtain a clear shot, owing to the eagerness of my dogs, but at length an opening occurred, when I dropped the grim boar with a bullet in the heart. Night had scarcely set in when lions commenced to roar in concert on every side of us, and continued their deep and awful music until the sun rose next day.'—vol. i. p. 258.

The great Wart-hogs of Africa are quite distinct from the ordinary wild boars of Asia and Europe. In their dentition they much more nearly correspond with the elephant, and their enormous horn-like tusks take a polish like ivory. Two young specimens of Phacochœrus have been recently added to the Menagerie in the Regent's Park. The animal had never before been exhibited in Europe.

In the course of his encounters with the various large herbivorous quadrupeds, Mr. Cumming frequently fell in with the carnivorous king of beasts, to whom is mainly assigned the task of checking the undue increase of the vegetable feeders in South Africa;

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Africa; and, thanks to the dauntless bearing with which he availed himself of all the opportunities of observing and encountering the lion in his native haunts, science is indebted to him for the rectification of some current errors in the natural history of that noble feline. He modestly apologises (p. 193) for offering the result of his experience; but we can assure him that, so far as our zoological reading extends, we know of no other account of the habits of the lion so true to the known organization of the beast—none penned more ably. His grand victim is not to be omitted. His shooting one day had been interrupted by a tropical thunder-storm, which had had its usual effect in taming the large herds of wildebeests, springboks, blesboks, and quaggas that roamed on every side, and, as he rode slowly along through the midst of them, would scarcely move out of rifle-range. A lioness, taking advantage of the sedative effect of the storm, had secured a blesbok, and was disturbed by our author at that most aggravating moment to biped or quadruped carnivore, whilst she was busily dining:—

'She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, "I see the lion;" to which they replied, "Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;" and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, "We have not yet placed caps on our rifles." This was true; but while this short conversation was passing the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die.

'The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having thus sat for half a minute, as

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as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their rheims, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them.

'Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over I felt that it was a very awful situation and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely.

'When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back to her

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her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.'—vol. i. p. 206.

The safety of the hunter in many similar encounters may be ascribed to the general unwillingness of the lion to attack a man, and its preference, when roused to resistance, for falling upon any quadruped which may be at hand. We are sorely tempted by the exciting character of many of these adventures, some of which are illustrated by life-like sketches; but we must refrain. The zoologist will find a graphic summary of the habits and external characters of the South African variety of the *Felis Leo* (*Tao* of the Hottentots) in vol. i. pp. 192—201.

In these and Mr. Cumming's other observations, fresh from nature, there are important rectifications of errors relative to their subject which, having crept into the pages of some of the best and most original authors on the Animal Kingdom, have been handed down from work to work unquestioned by the compilers. For example, the celebrated John Hunter, in his Account of an Extraordinary Pheasant, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1780, remarks upon certain sexual changes which happen at a particular period 'like to what is observed of the horns of the stag, which differ at different ages; or to the mane of the lion, which does not grow till after his fifth year.' But whoever has studied the African lions at the Zoological Gardens must be satisfied of the accuracy of Mr. Cumming's remark that the mane is distinctly developed *at the third year;* and that it acquires its full size at the fourth year. Again, nothing seemed more certain in the habits of the lion than that which has been repeated by writer after writer as to the solitary grandeur in which the king of beasts always stalked forth in quest of prey. It has furnished allusions to the poet and illustrations to the metaphysician; and a lamented Wit, in his posthumous 'Sketches of Moral Philosophy,' characteristically avails himself of it. Treating of the conditions of man's supremacy, Sydney Smith says:—

'His gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress.'

Mr. Cumming, however, assures us that it is not uncommon

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to find three or four full-grown male lions associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; nay, that a troop will meet, like Hullah's classes, for the purpose of roaring in concert, having their leader, and taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch (vol. i. p. 196); a practice which we had believed to be peculiar to that philosophical variety of *Felis Leo* known in genial circles of the learned, both here and on the Continent, by the name of the Red Lions.* The Reverend Sydney goes on to say, that

'If lions would consort together, and growl out the observations they have made about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve.'

We learn from Mr. Cumming that they actually do so consort; but not having acquired the art of transmitting their experience to their progeny, they remain at that stage of advanced instinct which is sometimes exemplified by a pair of hungry greyhounds or crafty colleys in our own rabbit-warrens. With regard, indeed, to zebras or antelopes, the lion has no need, of course, to resort to the preconcerted aid of another of his kind; but when the bold and formidable buffalo is to be attacked, he avails himself of that very association from which the facetious moralist deduces the superiority of his own species. Hear at least what the lion-slayer recounts on this point:—

'The next morning was cold and windy, and I lay in my waggon longer than usual. My Hottentots had thought proper to leave their charge, and go in quest of honey under the guidance of a garrulous honey-bird. I had lain about twenty minutes in my waggon after they had all started, and was occupied in reading a book, when suddenly I heard the oxen come trotting along in front of the waggons, as if sharply driven. On raising my head from my pillow I perceived a lioness following within twenty yards of them, and next moment her mate, a venerable-looking lion, with a shaggy mane which swept the ground, appeared in the yellow grass in front of the oxen, waiting for her to put them to flight. The plot had evidently been preconcerted between them, this being the usual manner in which the lion attacks the buffaloes. Fortunately the oxen would not run for them, and the lions seemed surprised at the confidence of their game. On springing to my feet and shouting to them, they joined one another, and stood together beneath a shady tree within a hundred and twenty yards of the waggons.'

We refer the reader to p. 261 of vol. i. for the rest of the adventure, which ended fatally for the fine lion; and to p. 93 for a

* An eminently vocal, poetical, astronomical, anatomical, zoological, physiological, and geological set of Symposiacs, rejoicing in the style, firm, and description above set forth.

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similar instance of the instinct of association, in which three lions were combined in a chace of buffaloes, and interfered with some sportsmen on a similar quest.

The uniform tawny colour of the lion's coat is not only well adapted, as Mr. Cumming justly remarks, to conceal him from observation in the night-season, but has a relation to the more open plains or deserts which form the habitual theatre of his prowlings and watchings in the African continent. It harmonizes with the parched grass or with the yellow sand along which he steals towards, or on which he lies in wait to spring upon, a passing prey. And a like relation to the place in which other large feline animals carry on their predatory pursuits may be traced in their different and characteristic markings. The Royal tiger, for instance, which stalks or lurks in the jungles of richly wooded India, is less likely to be discerned as he glides among the straight stems of the underwood, by having the tawny ground-colour of his coat variegated by dark vertical stripes, than if it were uniform like the lion's. The leopard and panther, again, which await the approach of their prey, crouching on the outstretched branch of some tree, derive a similar advantage by having their tawny ground-colour broken by dark spots, like the leaves about them. But amidst all this variety, in which may be traced the principle of adaptation to special ends, there is a certain unity of plan, the differences not being established from the beginning; thus the young lion is spotted during its first year with dark spots on its lighter ground, and transitorily shows the livery that is most common in the genus. Just as the red-deer at the same early period of existence shows light spots on a dark ground, like the adults of the axis and fallow, and many other small species of deer.

It is not to be supposed that a creature endowed with so much agility and muscular strength, and such deadly weapons as the lion, should be uniformly vanquished even by a hunter so reckless of danger and cool in his attack as Mr. Cumming. He was occasionally baffled and put in bodily fear, bereft of his cattle and horses, and robbed, moreover, of the very game which he had shot. But we must make room for a still more serious occurrence.

'I worked till near sundown at one side of our enclosure with Hendrick, my first waggon-driver—I cutting down the trees with my axe, and he dragging them in. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the waggons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around

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around our sitting-place for the evening. The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine: they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river; and once or twice I strode away into the darkness some distance from the fireside, to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a bloodthirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity. About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek *The lion! the lion!*—still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, *The lion! the lion!* He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could. My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

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'It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade. As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh, God! men, help me!"' —vol. ii. p. 211.

It was a poor satisfaction for the horrors of that evening and the loss of the most active and obliging of his waggon-drivers that Mr. Cumming succeeded in shooting the 'man-eater' the next day. Its hide (No. 137) forms a conspicuous feature at the exhibition-room.

To the zoologist the most valuable parts of the hunter's record of his life in South Africa are the summaries which he occasionally gives of his extensive observations of the rare and interesting animals of the interior of that little-known land: that which relates to the Elephant (vol. i. p. 307) will especially repay attention. The elephants which about twenty-five years ago frequented in large herds the district of Albany between Grahamstown and Cradock, along the banks of the Great Fish River, have now migrated to far distant regions in the north-east; but a small remnant, with a few buffaloes, koodoos, and one solitary black rhinoceros, are stated to have found shelter in the vast jungles of the Zuurberg and the Addo bush as late as the commencement of 1849. The footpaths formed through successive ages by the feet of these mighty animals on the sides of the forest-clad hills—a feature, by the way, which our geologists should bear in mind—and the bleached skulls and bones in the ravines, chiefly attest the former numbers of the elephant in Lower Albany.

In the Bamangwato chain of mountains, in lat. 23° S., whither Mr. Cumming followed the retreating proboscidians, he met with them in all their pristine numbers and freedom of forest-life. They are widely diffused through these vast forests.

On one occasion it was noticed that the weary and wounded elephant repeatedly cooled his person with large quantities of water, which he ejected from his trunk over his back and sides. This observation agrees with the structure of the stomach as recorded by Camper and other comparative anatomists, who have shown that the left or cardiac end of that huge receptacle in the elephant is adapted by several wide folds of the lining membrane to serve as a reservoir of water. Again, the contracted base

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base of the long, projecting sockets of the tusk is a character of the skull of the elephant which prepares the comparative anatomist to read without surprise the circumstance which our sportsman graphically describes in the finishing scene of a large male:—

'Just as the pangs of death came over him, he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his bloody mouth until he died, when he pitched heavily forward with the whole weight of his fore-quarters resting on the points of his tusks. A most singular occurrence now took place. He lay in this posture for several seconds, but the amazing pressure of the carcase was more than the head was able to support. He had fallen with his head so short under him, that the tusks received little assistance from his legs. Something must give way. The strain on the mighty tusks was fair; they did not, therefore, yield; but the portion of his head in which the tusk was imbedded, extending a long way above the eye, yielded and burst with a muffled crash. The tusk was thus free, and turned right round in his head, so that a man could draw it out, and the carcase fell over and rested on its side. This was a very first-rate elephant, and the tusks he carried were long and perfect.'

The energies of our author were particularly elicited in behalf of the elephant on account of the value of the tusks; and his adventurous attacks and hair-breadth escapes in this occupation furnish some of the most exciting pages of his journal: they are stained, however, by the recital of the sufferings of the poor beasts, occasioned by the number of wounds usually required in order to batter the life out of their colossal organisms. In some of the narratives, we beg leave to add, the nature of the slayer stands out in no very favourable contrast with that of his victim. For example—

'We followed the spoor through level forest, and at length came in full view of the tallest and largest bull elephant I had ever seen. He stood broadside to me, at upwards of one hundred yards, and his attention seemed occupied with the dogs that were rushing past him:—the old fellow seemed to gaze at their unwonted appearance with surprise. Halting my horse, I fired at his shoulder, and secured him with a single shot. The ball caught him high upon the shoulder-blade, rendering him instantly dead lame; and before the echo of the bullet could reach my ear, I plainly saw that the elephant was mine. The dogs now came up and barked around him, but, finding himself incapacitated, the old fellow seemed determined to take it easy, and, limping slowly to a neighbouring tree, he remained stationary, eyeing his pursuers with a resigned and philosophic air.

'I resolved to devote a short time to the contemplation of this noble elephant before I should lay him low; accordingly, having off-saddled the horses beneath a shady tree which was to be my quarters for the night and ensuing day, I quickly kindled a fire and put on the kettle, and

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and in a very few minutes my coffee was prepared. There I sat in my forest home, *coolly sipping my coffee*, with one of the finest elephants in Africa *awaiting my pleasure* beside a neighbouring tree. It was, indeed, a striking scene; and as I gazed upon the stupendous veteran of the forest, I thought of the red deer which I loved to follow in my native land, and felt that, though the Fates had driven me to follow a more daring and arduous avocation in a distant land, it was a good exchange which I had made, for I was now a chief over boundless forests, which yielded unspeakably more noble and exciting sport.

'Having admired the elephant for a considerable time, I resolved *to make experiments for vulnerable points*, and, approaching very near, I fired several bullets at different parts of his enormous skull. These did not seem to affect him in the slightest; he only acknowledged the shots by a *salaam-like movement of his trunk*, with the point of which he gently touched the wound with a striking and peculiar action. Surprised and *shocked* to find that I was only tormenting and prolonging the sufferings of the noble beast, which bore his trials with such dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceeding with all possible despatch; accordingly I opened fire upon him from the left side, aiming behind the shoulder; but even there it was long before my bullets seemed to take effect. I first fired six shots with the two-grooved, which must have eventually proved mortal, but as yet he evinced no visible distress; after which I fired three shots at the same part with the Dutch six-pounder. Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame quivered convulsively, and, falling on his side, he expired. The tusks of this elephant were beautifully arched, and were the heaviest I had yet met with, averaging 90 lbs. weight apiece.'—vol. ii. p. 7.

Did Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming find in the forty or fifty pounds sterling which these tusks fetched in the Cape market, a compensation for the unwonted shock which his feelings received in the course of their acquisition? Or has the knowledge he gained by his experiment justified it to his calmer reflections? Seriously let us ask this gentleman whether he is at all conscious that the proceeding which he narrates will excite in the breast of almost every reader of his book feelings of unmitigated indignation and disgust? Or, are we to suppose that he regards the opinions of his fellow-countrymen at home with the same cool indifference as he did the protracted pangs of his fellow-creatures in the wilds of Africa? In picturing to ourselves the badly wounded sagacious giant, resignedly contemplating his pigmy pest, who, 'coolly sipping his coffee,' after delivering the disabling shot, sat enjoying the spectacle of the agonised ruin he had made 'for a considerable time;'—when, after sufficiently feasting his eyes on the throes of the incapacitated elephant thus

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'awaiting his *pleasure*,' we see the man, by means of the instrument which better spirits of his kind had invented for him, deliberately set about a course of 'experiments for vulnerable points'—that is, send ball after ball crashing through the most sensitive structures of the much-enduring large-brained beast, who patiently expresses by the 'salaam-like movements of his trunk' a mute and respectful remonstrance, making appeal by gestures so true and touching as actually to excite a transient compunction in the breast of the tormentor;—when finally we contrast the quivering sufferer, dropping large tears from its once sagacious and now dimmed eyes, with the executioner exulting in his calculated gains upon 'the beautifully arched tusks, averaging 90 lbs. weight apiece;'—the biped sinks lamentably in the scale of comparison, and few will doubt that he was regarded by his huge victim as some more erect variety of baboon gifted with a devilish apparatus of murder.

For the honour of human nature we might have wished that a veil had been thrown over some of these scenes; but for a knowledge of human nature their narration is not without its use; and we must, at least, give the author credit for the Pepysian simplicity with which he lays bare his own, as coarsened and marred by five years' unlimited indulgence in the *torture* of harmless animals among their native wildernesses. We are not vegetarians, nor do we sympathise with that sentimental kindness to the brute creation, which would virtually lead to abdication of the sovereignty that God has given to man over the beasts that perish; but their sacrifice in subserviency to our wants, our safety, or our health, ought to be conducted, whether Lord Mayors and conservators of Smithfield Markets know it or not, with the least possible infliction of suffering. Nor will it avail Mr. Gordon Cumming to throw the experimental physiologist in our teeth. When HARVEY laid open the living snake and showed his sceptical contemporaries the heart 'moving like a worm' for more than an hour—when he directed their attention to the effects of compressing the great *vena cava*, how 'the part that intervened between the fingers and the heart almost immediately became empty, the blood being exhausted by the action of the heart, which then become smaller, wanting blood:' how, on the contrary, when the great artery was tied 'the part between the ligature and the heart, and the heart itself, became inordinately distended, and assumed a deep purple colour; but the obstacle removed, all things immediately returned to their pristine state;' and when, rightly reasoning on these and analogous experiments, the sage demonstrated the 'circulation of the blood,' although

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although the envious railed with a pharisaical assumption of tenderness, the most scrupulous among the honest on-lookers must have acknowledged that, if the beasts of the field may be habitually slaughtered for human food, a few animals may be occasionally sacrificed to the advancement of the science by which human life is lengthened and kept in health. So also a BELL may be justified when, with a reluctance which he most feelingly expresses, he resorts to a painful but indispensable experiment in order to demonstrate the motory function of the anterior roots of the nerves. But the result once gained, and confirmed by a certain latitude of repetition allowed to other physiologists, further and indiscriminate perpetration of the experiment is unjustifiable. This was felt and admitted by JOHN HUNTER, one of the most exact of experimental physiologists. 'I think,' he says, 'we may set it down as an axiom that experiments should not be often repeated which tend merely to establish a principle already known and admitted; but that the next step should be the application of that principle.'* On the other hand, when a MAJENDIE, not content with narrating the induction established, shows off his dexterity to his class, and each succeeding session sacrifices under torments a score of hapless dogs and rabbits in order merely to display the phenomena discovered by the original experimenter, he degrades his lecture-room to the level of the place of question in the Inquisition, and his procedures are on a par with those which we have felt it necessary to animadvert upon in the narrative under review. But the horrible example was never copied by British lecturers generally, and we hope and believe we may assert that it has at present no followers in this country.

Having discharged a painful duty, we again cordially acknowledge that for the vivid and, as we believe, faithful transcript of various natural phenomena which presented themselves to Mr. Cumming during his five years' wanderings, Science owes him great obligations; the philosophical zoologist may draw from the volumes of the hunter interesting materials for a history of a wide range of the animal kingdom. We may refer to pages 113, 126, and 160 in the first volume for information respecting the ostrich and its mode of incubation; to p. 233 for an interesting notice of the Social Grosbeak (*Colius gregarius*); contributions to the history of the Manis or scaly lizard will be found at p. 247; to that of the porcupine at p. 115; and the great rock-snake (*Python Sebæ*) is introduced to us in vol. ii. p. 128, with a picture which would make the fortune of a travelling

* Observations on Digestion, in the 'Animal Economy,' 4to.

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caravan, and with an adventure on a par with any of Waterton's. There are notices also of some of the Siluroid fishes, vol. ii. p. 278; and the phenomena of the great locust-flights are graphically described; as, *e.g.*, in vol. i. pp. 162, 228, 235; nor was our author's stud exempted from the deadly effects of the pernicious 'tsetse' fly—a pest new, we believe, to our entomologists. A few encounters with the leopard are narrated (vol. ii. p. 136 and p. 321), in one of which Mr. Orpen, a fellow-sportsman, was severely wounded. The size and habitats of the baboons are occasionally adverted to (vol. i. p. 274); and the reader will find a series of sketches of the different races of the human species, including the two extremes in regard to capacity and intelligence, such as a Blumenbach or a Prichard would have studied with extreme interest.

The diminutive Bosjesman, or Bushman, first appears on the lowest step of the series—his average stature four feet six inches. Equalled in size by the smaller variety and surpassed by the larger variety of Chimpanzee, and with as little prominence of the nasal organ as in those highest of the *Simiæ*, he nevertheless walks erect, and, by the equal and uninterrupted series of his comparatively small teeth, by his well-developed great toe and the large opposable thumb, by his plantigrade foot and prehensile hand, he vindicates his claim to the *Bimanous* order, and the genus *Homo*. The Bushmen appear to be the oldest among the existing human inhabitants of South Africa. The Gricha and Bechuana Hottentots associate and dwell in villages, cultivate the adjoining grounds, and breed cattle. But the Bushmen think one hole in the hillside as good as another; neither breed nor sow; and, impervious to example, have no idea of any resource, if their own hunting-fields are bare, save in the plunder of their more advanced neighbours.

Our author has shrewdly studied those better-developed Æthiopians, the Hottentots—*e.g.*:—

'The Griquas constitute a tribe, little interfered with by the whites. They speak the language of the Dutch Boers, and have embraced Christianity. Their houses resemble a colony of ant-hills, consisting of boughs of trees stuck in the ground in a circular form and lashed down across one another so as to form a framework, on which they spread large mats formed of reeds. They have various cooking and dairy utensils, their wealth consisting in flocks and herds of goats, sheep, and cattle. They are lively and intelligent, but rather cowardly; *are skilful traders, but prone to lie and cheat; and given to gross superstitions, which the painstaking missionary strives to abate and to extirpate by the education of his children.*'

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The men chiefly hunt; the women till the soil.

'Polygamy is allowed, and any man may keep as many wives as he pleases: the wife, however, has in the first instance to be purchased. Among tribes possessed of cattle the price of a wife is ten head of cattle; but among the poorer tribes a wife may be obtained for a few spades. These spades are fastened in the end of a long shaft, and are used as our labourers use the hoe. Rows of women may be seen digging together in the fields singing songs, to which they keep time with their spades.

'The Bakatlas work a great deal in iron. The ore is smelted in crucibles, a great deal of the metal being wasted, and only the best and purest preserved. They use a sort of double bellows, consisting of two bags of skin, by which the air is forced through the long tapering tubes of the two horns of the oryx. The person using the bellows squats between the two bags. Their hammer and anvil consist of two stones. They nevertheless contrive to turn very neat workmanship out of their hands, such as spears, battle-axes, assagais, knives, sewing-needles, &c.'

The next specimen of human-kind exemplified in the volumes before us is sprung from a different race, and has been reared in a hardier clime; he displays higher energies both physical and psychical, but exerts them from motives so similar as to illustrate the unity of their specific nature and the true brotherhood which exists beneath the contrast of feature and complexion. The gratification of self is the beginning and end of each day's activities; the instincts of overcoming and destroying are to be satisfied at all hazards and at whatever price: and the contrast which the Celto-Teuton presents to the Æthiopian is most marked in the perfection of his lethal implements, and the intrepid skill with which they are wielded. The elephant succumbs to thirty or forty rifle-balls, instead of to the still more lingering torments of a hundred rankling assagais. Tao, the terror of the Hottentot, whose darts would be shaken harmless from his majestic mane, if even the trembling black dared to fling them in face of the lightning of those fierce eyes and thundering roar, becomes the sport of the stalwart stranger who gathers coolness of aim with each new triumph of the sharper flash and surer bolt of his weapon. In every *chef-d'œuvre* of his craft which he manifests before the crowd of gazers who follow humbly in his track to feast upon the cast-off remnants of his spoil, he astoundingly stands their superior: when he has slain the man-eating lion—the decimator of the kraal—the women dance about him with awful joy, and call him *their father* (vol. ii. p. 218). He is to these poor Æthiopians the veritable *hero*—and his authority, were it exercised to rebuke their vices, to expose their superstitions,

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stitions, to exemplify the virtues of fair-dealing and truth-speaking, to teach them new arts of agriculture and domestic life, might be of incalculable value. If we could suppose a tribe of blacks to be progressively raised in the social scale by the influence of such an individual so directed, whose example and precepts would be traditionally handed down until they acquired the force of successive ages of reverential belief, their author and his feats would then assume a supernatural character, and he would be to such a nation what Manco-Capac was to the Peruvians and Hercules to the Greeks, a demigod. But our specimen of the Celto-Teutonic variety feels no such mission: his business in the far distant land of the Bechuanas and Bakalahari is to kill their game, to make them useful, as far as may be, in the chace, to take advantage of their gross superstition, and, 'skilful traders' though they be, to get the better of them in traffic.

Thus, he finds (vol. ii. p. 289) that the drift of the chief of the Batlapis is to get one of his double rifles in exchange for two fine bull-elephant tusks; but he has provided himself with a kind of article for the barter which will leave him a thousand-fold profit over and above the exchange made on the basis of the black chief's tariff. And he is willing to lose time and submit to inconvenience, and perhaps worse, on account of the enormous percentage he should realize:—

'The price I had paid for the muskets was 16*l.* for each case containing twenty muskets; and the value of the ivory I required for each musket was upwards of 30*l.*, being 3000 per cent.'

It is no business of our astute dealer, as such, to explain the difference between the sixteen-shilling musket of the wholesale invoice and the double-barrelled rifle by Dixon or Purdey. But we may be permitted to doubt whether a difference of colour between the contracting parties quite entitles the white, when he had brought the black to the point of offering him 'a large bull-elephant's tusk for each of his muskets,' to reply, 'that the muskets cost many teeth in his own country' (vol. i. p. 322), and thereupon, 'maintaining a firm and independent manner, treating him at the same time with the utmost affability,' to demand 'four large bull-elephant's teeth for each musket.' The worst feature, however, in this transaction is the use made of the missionary's name, who had kindly aided and guided the hunter in his travels. 'I told him (the Hottentot chief) that other men feared to come so far to trade with him, but that his friend Dr. Livingstone had directed me to come, and had sent him a present by me.' With what feelings, we may ask, did

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did the poor black contemplate his bloody hand, *minus* three fingers and a thumb, blown off by the bursting of the Brummagem gun, 'that cost many teeth, &c.,' the first time he raised it to his shoulder? And what must his notions have been of the 'morale' of the white tradesman of whose prowess he had seen so much, and of the brother white who introduced him, of whose preachings and denunciations of sin and superstition he might also have heard something? But here let us interpose a word for Dr. Livingstone —or rather let us copy from Mr. Cumming himself another of these episodes, with its closing statement.

The Griqua Hottentots, taking advantage of the more ignorant Bechuanas, had obtained from their chief several valuable karosses (prepared skins) in barter for a little sulphur, which they represented as a most effectual medicine for guns, affirming that, if rubbed on the hands before shooting, the piece would assuredly hit. Hearing of this, Mr. Cumming engages the king of the Bechuanas in a shooting-match :—

'The king staked a couple of valuable karosses against a large measure filled with my gunpowder, and we then at once proceeded to the waggon, where the match was to come off, followed by a number of the tribe. Whilst Sichely was loading his gun, I repaired to the fore-chest of the waggon, where, observing that I was watched by several of the natives, I proceeded to rub my hands with sulphur, which was instantly reported to the chief, who directly joined me, and, clapping me on the back, entreated me to give him a little of my medicine for his gun, which I of course told him he must purchase. Our target being set up, we commenced firing; it was a small piece of wood six inches long by four in breadth, and was placed on the stump of a tree at the distance of one hundred paces. Sichely fired the first shot, and very naturally missed it, upon which I let fly and split it through the middle. It was then set up again, when Sichely and his brothers continued firing, without once touching it, till night setting in put an end to their proceedings. This of course was solely attributed by all present to the power of the medicine I had used.

'*When Dr. Livingstone was informed of the circumstance he was very much shocked, declaring that in future the natives would fail to believe him when he denounced supernatural agency, having now seen it practised by his own countryman.*'—vol. ii. p. 72.

And how, indeed, were the Hottentots to give credence or allow any weight to the words of a man who kept but one wife, who killed no wildebeests, condescended to teach the children, and occupied himself in those mean labours of culture which they leave exclusively to their women; when the hero whom no dangers, nor Tao himself could daunt, whom the whole kraal which he had delivered of their dread devourer hailed as 'Father,' practically

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tically adopted the belief which the less formidable European spent his life in denouncing?

This unlooked-for antagonism is the more grievous when, as the fatal futility of pouring men fresh from Europe into the Niger or Gambia becomes more manifest after each ill-starred expedition, the conviction grows upon us that the regeneration of the blacks is to be effected by the slow but sure extension northward of that wave of civilization expanded and pushed on by the ceaseless efforts of the missions in South Africa. The chief difficulty which the missionary has to overcome is the deep-rooted belief of the Hottentots in charms and magical superstitions, against which argument and reasoning avail little. Could the teacher greatly excel in any of those achievements that the Hottentot reveres, he might be listened to, and one bold shot laying low the lion or disabling the elephant would have more weight with them than a score of sermons. But this advantage was thrown away by the hunter, who condescended even to practise the magic which he despised. And if faith in the supernatural agency of charms be excusable when sincere, and held in ignorance of better light, what are we to say to him who assumes it and encourages it for some paltry gain? But let the white man again speak for himself:—

'In the forenoon Matsaca arrived from the carcase of the borèlé: he brought with him a very fine leopard's skin kaross, and an elephant's tooth; these were for me, in return for which I was to cut him to make him shoot well. This I did in the following manner: opening a large book of natural history, containing prints of all the chief quadrupeds, I placed his forefinger successively on several of the prints of the commonest of the South African quadrupeds, and as I placed his finger on each I repeated some absurd sentence and anointed him with turpentine. When this was accomplished I made four cuts on his arm with a lancet, and then anointing the bleeding wounds with gunpowder and turpentine, I told him that his gun had power over each of the animals which his finger had touched, provided he held it straight. Matsaca and his retinue seemed highly gratified, and presently took leave and departed: I afterwards trekked up the river till sundown.'—vol. ii. p. 274.

And again, at p. 324, where, after the same mummery,

'and looking him most seriously in the face, I said, in his own language, "Slay the game well; let the course of thy bullet be through the hearts of the wild beasts; let thine hand and heart be strong against the lion, against the great elephant, against the rhinoceros, against the buffalo!" ' &c.

It is a relief to turn from this picture of the use of superior knowledge and power to another one. The Anglo-Saxon missionary voluntarily expatriates himself and takes up his abode permanently

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nently in those remote wildernesses, where to spend a few 'sporting seasons' is a rude trial for the strong-blooded enthusiast of the chace. Here the homely Moravian or despised Methodist, bent to achieve the conquest over himself, a victory far above any that can be attained over the brute beasts, tasks himself with all those duties that may tend in any measure to the dispersion of the dense mist of ignorance and superstition which has long clouded the minds of his dark brethren around him. He shows them better methods of cultivating the soil (vol. i. p. 225); he laboriously studies their dialect, and reduces it to writing (*ib.* p. 226); he teaches the young—sows the good seed of humane principles and charities in their fresh minds (*ib.* p. 225)—and working at his humble printing-press, diffuses the same principles wherever he has prepared the ground by the art of reading; he hastens to the relief of the wayward wanderer, who may have thwarted his best endeavours (vol. ii. p. 280); in a word, his daily practice exemplifies the precepts which he specially inculcates on the Christian Sabbath, the Divine Author of which he feels himself commissioned to make known to those who have never before had preached to them the gospel of peace;—and all this Mr. Cumming relates, without apparently one surmise of the inevitable deduction.

ART. II. — *History of Greece.* By George Grote, Esq. Vols. vii. and viii. 1850.

EVERY reader of history knows those solemn pauses which from time to time interrupt the course of events and leave a breathing space both to the actors and narrators to look back over the period they have traversed. Such an epoch is furnished by the close of the Peloponnesian war, where we parted company with Mr. Grote in our Number for last March. It is not merely that the long struggle between the contending states is brought to an end, but that the eminent men who have borne their part in it are themselves called away from the scene. It is the 'Morte of heroes,' which in fiction shapes itself into the beautiful legends of Regillus, of Roncesvalles, and of Avalon; but of which history also furnishes examples, not the less poetical from their truth. Every one of the great statesmen of Athens had passed away by the close of the fifth century before the Christian era; and not the statesmen only, but the great poets also, whose career had run

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run parallel to the tragedy of actual life, more heart-stirring even than the scenes which they themselves had pourtrayed. Euripides—whose description of the yet unbroken peace and beauty of the plains of Attica marks the beginning of the war, as the allusion by his great rival to the ravages of the hostile spear in every part except the sacred olive-grove marks its close—had already met a fate stranger than that of his own Pentheus in the hunting-grounds of his royal patron in Macedonia. Sophocles in the fulness of years had been called away from the midst of his labours and his honours by an end as peaceful and as glorious as that of his own Coloncan Œdipus. One man there still remained to close this funeral procession—he whose death alone of all the characters of Greek history is an epoch in the history not only of Greece but of the world.

All Greek historians avail themselves of the pause which we have just indicated to dwell on the career of Socrates. And well they may. For, with the mention of that name we seem to pass at once from the student's chamber into the walks of every-day life. He, and he alone, of the characters of Grecian history, finds a place in the Fathers of Christian, as well as in the moralists of Pagan, antiquity; in the proverbs of modern Europe, as well as in the oracles of classical Greece. Yet, familiar as the life of Socrates seems to be, we cannot help feeling that before the publication of Mr. Grote's last volumes it was comparatively unknown. On the other great careers which were closed within this period modern experience throws its usual light. Even in the very year which is now passing there are not wanting events which recall unbidden the life or death of some of those eminent men whom Athens mourned in her hour of need. The long and serene old age of the venerable poet who sleeps under the yews of Grasmere-churchyard suggests, by no unworthy association, the gentle close of the life of Sophocles. The void left by the death of Pericles may be realized, though imperfectly, by the national mourning over the great statesman, who, through the same period of forty years' public service, had won his way to that peculiar eminence which now remains untenanted. But with Socrates it is otherwise. A life and character in its main points so singular, and so remote from modern associations, can be reproduced by no ordinary effort of historical imagination. This is our apology for again entering so soon on the field of Mr. Grote's labours, and introducing our readers as best we can to the chapter which in originality of conception and excellence of execution will generally be hailed as the masterpiece of his work.

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To enter upon the whole extent of the career of Socrates and of its effects on after ages, would be to open more questions than our limits allow. To exhibit him in his aspect as the 'parens philosophiæ,' to represent the relation in which he stood to the speculations of his own and subsequent times, would lead us too far away from the period on which we have taken our stand, and could be fitly discussed only when Mr. Grote has finished those chapters on Plato and Aristotle without which the whole subject is essentially incomplete. But there is already before us the simpler and humbler aspect of the position of Socrates as a man—as a living, historical character at the close of the Peloponnesian war—and to this we propose to confine ourselves. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Grote's exposition of his philosophy, there can, we think, be no question of the light thrown in these volumes upon his life; and we will venture to claim for such an historical representation of his life an importance greater than that which is commonly ascribed to it. Even with respect to the two great disciples of Socrates, we feel that we have never been confronted as we might have been with the actual men themselves, if we would rightly understand, we will not say their abstract speculations, but at least the outward form in which those speculations clothed themselves. How little do we ordinarily realize the hostile position which Plato took up against the whole framework of Athenian society—that position which awakened in Niebuhr an almost personal dislike against him as 'a thoroughly bad citizen,' and which gives a directly practical bias even to his most ideal theories. How little do we think of Aristotle as the tutor of the Macedonian prince, as belonging to the time when Athenian freedom had expired, and the age of criticism was creeping over the whole face of the intellectual world in advances parallel with those by which the sway of Alexander extended itself over the world of Grecian politics. How much of the outward differences between the animated dialogues of the one and the calm treatises of the other would be illustrated by their respective positions in Greek society; how much of the otherwise unaccountable misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the earlier by the later philosopher would be explained by an attentive consideration of the difference between the stirring age of Isocrates and Demosthenes which witnessed the career of Plato, and the chilling though tranquillizing effect of the Macedonian empire which sheltered the rise of Aristotle. And if the contemplation of their history is necessary to the appreciation of their philosophy, much more is it in the case of their great master, whose career is far more intimately

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intimately interwoven with the interests of his time, and who lived in a time when those interests were far more lively than at any later period.

It is not in the public course of Greek events that Socrates is most familiar to us. Yet for that very reason there is a peculiar interest in first approaching him, as in a purely historical point of view we must approach him, on the larger and more complex sphere of war and politics, which forms the chief topic of Grecian history. And every student knows the gratification of meeting such characters at moments where one least expects to find them, especially (as in this case) on occasions which illustrate and call forth some of their most remarkable qualities. It is the surprise of encountering a friend in a strange country—it is the instruction of seeing a character which we have long known and admired in private put to a public test, and coming through the trial triumphantly. In the winter campaign at Potidæa, when the Athenian army was struck down by the severity of the Thracian frosts, we start with a thrill of pleasure as we recognise in the one soldier, whose spirits and strength continued unbroken by the hardship of that northern climate, the iron frame and constitution of the great philosopher. We survey with renewed interest the confused flight from the field of Delium, when we remember that from that flight the youthful Xenophon was borne away on the broad shoulders of his illustrious friend. In the trial of the ten generals—but Mr. Grote must relate for himself the most memorable incident of that exciting drama—when

'the Prytanes were so intimidated by the incensed manifestations of the assembly that all of them, except one, relinquished their opposition and agreed to put the question. That single obstinate Prytanis, whose refusal no menace could subdue, was a man whose name we read with peculiar interest, and in whom an impregnable adherence to law and duty was only one amongst many titles to honour. It was the philosopher Sokratês—on this trying occasion, once throughout a life of seventy years discharging a political office among the fifty senators taken by lot from the tribe Antiochis.'

Once, or it may be twice again was he allowed to exhibit to the world that most touching and instructive of historical lessons—a good man, not in the vehemence of political excitement, but in the simple performance of his duty, setting at defiance unjust or tyrannical enactments. We must transport ourselves to the Athenian Reign of Terror, the domination of the thirty tyrants, after the oligarchical revolution of Lysander. Here again Mr. Grote must show how forcibly the situation of affairs illustrates and is illustrated by the character of Socrates.

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'Pursuant to their general plan of implicating unwilling citizens in their misdeeds, the Thirty sent for five citizens to the tholus or government-house, and ordered them, with terrible menaces, to cross over to Salamis, and bring back Leon as prisoner. Four out of the five obeyed: the fifth was the philosopher Sokratês, who refused all concurrence, and returned to his own house, while the other four went to Salamis, and took part in the seizure of Leon. Though he thus braved all the wrath of the Thirty, it appears that they thought it expedient to leave him untouched. But the fact that they singled him out for such an atrocity—an old man of tried virtue, both private and public, and intellectually commanding, though at the same time intellectually unpopular—shows to what an extent they carried their system of forcing unwilling participants; while the farther circumstance that he was the only person who had the courage to refuse, among four others who yielded to intimidation, shows that the policy was for the most part successful.'—vol. viii. p. 332.

This was the last time that the philosopher appeared in the political transactions of his country, unless we may believe the later traditions which represent him as present at that 'most striking and tragical scene,' when Theramenes sprang on the sacred hearth of the Athenian senate-house for protection against his murderers, and when, as we are told, Socrates and two of his friends alone stood forward to protect him, as Satyrus, the Santerre of this Athenian terrorism, dragged him by main force from the altar.

Such was the political life of Socrates—important in a high degree as proving that, unlike many eminent teachers, his character stood the test of public no less than of private morality—as exemplifying also the principle on which a good man may save the state not by going out of his way to seek for trials of his strength, but by being fully prepared to meet them when they come. Had nothing more been handed down to us of his life but these comparatively trifling incidents, we should still have dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the scenes in which his name occurs, as, in fact, amidst 'the naughty world' of Grecian politics we dwell on 'the good deeds' of the humane Nicomachus, or of the noble Callicratidas; we should still have desired to know something more of the general character and pursuits of so honest and fearless a citizen.

That desire, as all the world knows, is gratified beyond all other example in the ancient world, by what is left us of the individual life of Socrates, which even in his own time made him the best known Athenian of his day, and in later times has so completely thrown his political acts into the shade, that not one in ten thousand of those to whom his name is a household word, has any knowledge

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knowledge whatever of these few passages—few and far between—in which he crossed the path of the statesman or the soldier.

It is not often that the personal appearance of a great man has been so faithfully preserved. In the famous picture of the School of Athens we look round on the faces of the other philosophers, and detect them only by their likeness to some ideal model which the painter has imagined to himself. But the Socrates of Raphael is the true historical Socrates of Xenophon and Aristophanes. Could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian market-place during the Peloponnesian war, we should at once recognise one familiar figure, standing with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amidst the groupe of handsome youths, or aged sophists, eager to hear, to learn, and to refute. We should see the Silenus features of that memorable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes—the mark of a thousand jests from friends and foes. We should laugh at the protuberance of the Falstaff stomach, which no necessary hardships, no voluntary exercise, could bring down. We should perceive the strong-built frame, the full development of health and strength, which never sickened in the winter campaign of Potidæa, nor yet in the long plague and stifling heats of the blockade of Athens; which could enter alike into the jovial revelry of the religious festivities of Xenophon and Plato, or sustain the austerities, the scanty clothing, the bare feet, and the coarse fare of his ordinary life. The strong common sense, the humour, the courage of the man, were conspicuous on his very first appearance. And every one knows the story of the physiognomist who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper which for the most part he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it as absolutely terrible, overleaping both in act and language every barrier of the ordinary decorum of Grecian manners.*

But we must go back into his inner life, and into his earlier youth, before we can apprehend the feelings with which the Athenians must have regarded this strange apparition among them. He was still young, perhaps still in his father's workshop, labouring at his group of Graces, and seeking inspirations from the ancient founder of his house, the hero-artist Dædalus, when the first intimation of his mission dawned upon him. Without presuming fully to explain what is at best but imperfectly known to us, it is evident that Socrates partook largely of that enthusiastic temperament which is so often the basis of a great character, but which is rarely united with a mind so remarkable for its healthy

* See Fragments of Aristoxenus, 27, 28, as quoted by Mr. Grote, vol. viii. p. 548.

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and vigorous tone in all other respects. One striking indication of this eccentric state he shared in common with two men, in their respective spheres hardly less eminent than himself. We are reminded by a recent biographer of Archimedes how that wonderful mechanician 'resembled Newton and Socrates in his habit of complete abstraction from outward things, when reflecting on subjects which made considerable demands on his mental powers.' At such times 'Archimedes would forget to eat his meals and require compulsion to take him to the bath.' In such a moment of abstraction it was that he rushed out of the bath into the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming, *Eureka! Eureka!** In such another moment he fell a victim to the sword of the Roman soldier, too intent on his problem to return the answer which would have saved his life. In such a mood it was that our own great astronomer sat half-dressed on his bed for many hours in the day while composing the Principia. And so we are told of Socrates, that he would suddenly fall into a reverie, and then remain motionless and regardless of all attempts to interrupt or call him away. On one such occasion, when in the camp at Potidæa, he was observed to stand thus transfixed at the early dawn of a long summer day. One after another the soldiers gathered round him, but he continued in the same posture, undisturbed by their astonishment, or by the noonday heat which had begun to beat upon his head. Evening drew on, and still he was to be seen in the same position, and the inquisitive Ionians in the camp took their evening meal by his side, and drew out their pallets from their tents to watch him. And the cold dews of the Thracian night came on, and still he remained unmoved, till at last the sun rose above Mount Athos, and still found him on the same spot where he had been since the previous morning. Then at last he started from his trance, offered his morning prayer to the Sun-god, and retired.†

Abstraction from the outer world so profound as this would of itself prepare us for the extraordinary disclosures which he has himself left of that '*divine sign*,' which by later writers was called his 'dæmon,' but which he himself (as is well remarked by Mr. Grote) calls by the simpler name of 'his prophetic or supernatural voice.' It is impossible not to be reminded by it of those 'voices' (the very same expression was used) ‡ by which the Maid of Orleans described herself to be actuated in her great task of delivering France from the English yoke. As in her case, so in

* Life of Archimedes, by Professor Donkin, in that very valuable work, Smith's Classical Biographical Dictionary.

† Plato, Symp. pp. 175 B, 220 C.

‡ See Quarterly Review, vol. lxix., pp. 285, 322, 324.

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his, this mysterious monitor began to address him when he was a child, long before the consciousness of his powers or the conception of his mission had been realized in his mind, and continued down to the very close of his life; so that even his conduct on his trial was distinctly based upon its intimations:—

'He was accustomed not only to obey it implicitly, but to speak of it publicly and familiarly to others, so that the fact was well known both to his friends and to his enemies. It had always forbidden him to enter on public life: it forbade him, when the indictment was hanging over him, to take any thought for a prepared defence: and so completely did he march with a consciousness of this bridle in his mouth, that when he felt no check, he assumed that the turning which he was about to take was the right one. Though his persuasion on the subject was unquestionably sincere, and his obedience constant—yet he never dwelt upon it himself as anything grand, or awful, or entitling him to peculiar deference; but spoke of it often in his usual strain of familiar playfulness. To his friends generally, it seems to have constituted one of his titles to reverence, though neither Plato nor Xenophon scruple to talk of it in that jesting way which doubtless they caught from himself.'—*Ibid.* 559.

Another mode which Socrates seemed to himself to enjoy, of intercommunion with the invisible world, was by dreams. 'Often and often' (so he related one such instance in his last hours), 'have I been haunted by a vision in the course of my past life; now coming in one form, now in another, but always with the same words—*Socrates! let* music *be thy work and labour.*' How he endeavoured literally to comply with this injunction by endeavouring even at that solemn moment to versify the fables of Æsop, is known to every reader of the Phædo.

But the most important preternatural influence—more important even than the restraining voice of his familiar spirit—was that which acted upon him, in common with the rest of his countrymen, the oracle of Delphi. Who that has ever seen or read of that sacred spot—the twin cliffs overhanging the sloping terraces which descend to the deep ravine of the Plistus—terraces now bare and untenanted, but then crowned by temples, rising tier above tier with a magnificence the more striking from the wild scenery around—can fail to enter in some degree into the reverence paid to the mysterious voice which issued from beneath those ancient rocks? It was a remarkable proof of the sincere belief which the Greek world reposed in the oracle, that it was consulted not only for state purposes, but to solve the perplexity or curiosity which was felt with regard to individual characters. Even so late as the time of Cicero this belief continued. We are told that when the Roman orator, as a young man, went to

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to Rhodes to complete his education, and consulted the oracle about his life, the Pythia advised him to live for himself, and not to value the opinion of others as his guide. 'If this be an invention,' says Niebuhr, in relating the incident with his usual liveliness, 'it was certainly made by one who saw very deep, and perceived the real cause of all Cicero's sufferings. If the Pythia did give such an answer, then this is one of the oracles which might tempt one to believe in an actual inspiration of the priestess.' This is one instance, and assuredly another is the answer made to the faithful disciple who went to inquire whether any one was wiser than the son of Sophroniscus. The priestess replied, and Chærephon brought back the reply, that Socrates was the wisest of men. It was this oracle—according to Mr. Grote, who has brought out its bearing on his character in striking relief—which was the turning-point of the life of Socrates.

It would be curious, had we the materials, to delineate the struggles of that hour, to trace the homely common sense of the young statuary, confounded by the words of the response, contrary to all that he knew of his own wisdom, as he then counted wisdom, yet backed by what he believed to be an infallible authority, and pressed upon him, doubtless, by all the enthusiasm of his ardent friend. He resolved to put the oracle to the test by examining into the wisdom of others; and from this seemingly trivial incident began that extraordinary life, which, in the words of Mr. Grote, is 'without parallel among contemporaries or successors.'

He was in middle age when this call came upon him, and at once, and with a devotion of which the Pagan world can give no other example, he arose and followed it. From that time for thirty years he applied himself to 'the self-imposed task of teacher, excluding all other business, public or private, and neglecting all means of fortune.' For thirty years—for those thirty years which extend through the whole period of the Peloponnesian war—in the crowded streets and squares, when all Attica was congregated within the walls of Athens to escape the Spartan invasions—during the horrors of the plague—amidst the excitements of the various vicissitudes of Pylus, of Syracuse, of the revolution of the Four Hundred, of Ægospotami, of the tyranny of the Thirty, of the restoration of the democracy, Socrates was ever at his post, by his presence, by his voice, by his example, restraining, attracting, repelling every class of his excitable countrymen:—

'Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction: he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables, where goods were

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exposed for sale: his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by: not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked upon the same general topics to all.'—*Ibid.* p. 554.

Under any circumstances such an apparition would have struck astonishment into a Grecian city. All other teachers both before and afterwards 'either took money for their lessons, or at least gave them apart from the multitude in a private house to special pupils, with admissions or rejections at their own pleasure.' The *Academus*-grove of Plato, the *Garden* of Epicurus, the *Porch* or cloister of Zeno, the *Lyceum* or sanctuary with the *Peripatetic* shades of Aristotle, all indicate the prevailing practice. The philosophy of Socrates alone was in every sense the philosophy of the market-place. Very rarely he might be found under the shade of the plane-tree * or the cavernèd rocks of the Ilissus, enjoying the grassy slope of its banks and the little pools of water that collect in the corners of its torrent bed, and the white and purple flowers of its agnus castus shrubs. But ordinarily, whether in the city, in the dusty road between the Long Walls, or in the busy mart of Piræus, his place was amongst men, and with men, in every vocation of life, living not for himself, but for them, rejecting all pay, contented in poverty. Whatever could be added to the singularity of this spectacle was added by the singularity of his outward appearance. What that appearance was has been already indicated. Amidst the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colours of an Athenian multitude and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the naked feet, the rough, threadbare attire of the philosopher must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. And if to this we add the occasional trance, the eye fixed on vacancy, the total abstraction from outward things—or again, the momentary outbursts of violent temper—or lastly (what we are told at times actually took place) the sudden irruptions of his wife Xanthippe to carry off her eccentric husband to his forsaken home—we shall not wonder at the universal celebrity which he acquired, even irrespectively of his great powers or of his peculiar objects. Every one knows the attention which an unusual diction or even an unusual dress secures for a teacher so soon as he has once secured a hearing. A Quaker at court, or a Latter-day Prophet speaking in the language of Mr. Carlyle, has, other things considered, a better chance of being listened to than

* Plato, Phædrus, c. 9. The exact spot described in this dialogue may still be verified.

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a man in ordinary costume and of ordinary address. And such in an eminent degree was Socrates. It was (so his disciples described it)* as if one of the marble satyrs which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptors' shops at Athens, had left his seat of stone, and walked into the plane-tree avenue or the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke of the tanners, and the smiths, and the drovers, who were plying their trades about him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased—the crowd thickened—the gay youth whom nothing else could tame stood transfixed and awestruck in his presence—there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great Mother of the Gods—the head swam, the heart leaped at the sound—tears rushed from their eyes; and they felt that, unless they tore themselves away from that fascinated circle, they should sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvellous music of this second Marsyas.

But the excitement occasioned by his appearance was increased tenfold by the purpose which he had set before him, when, to use the expressive comparison of his pupils, he cast away his rough satyr's skin and disclosed the divine image which that rude exterior had covered. The object to which he thus devoted himself with the zeal 'not simply of a philosopher, but of a religious missionary doing the work of a philosopher,' was to convince men of all classes, but especially the most distinguished, that they had the 'conceit of knowledge without the reality.' His own words, as translated by Mr. Grote from his defence on his trial, are too striking to be omitted in any account of this part of his life:—

'Should you even now offer to acquit me, on condition of my 'renouncing this duty, I should tell you, with all respect and 'affection, that I will obey the god rather than you, and that I will 'persist until my dying day, in cross-questioning you, exposing 'your want of wisdom and virtue, and reproaching you until the 'defect be remedied. My mission as your monitor is a mark of 'the special favour of the god to you; and if you condemn me, it 'will be your loss; for you will find none other such. Perhaps 'you will ask me, Why cannot you go away, Socrates, and live 'among us in peace and silence? This is the hardest of all ques-

* Plato, Symp., c. 39.

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'tions for me to answer to your satisfaction. If I tell you that 'silence on my part would be disobedience to the god, you will 'think me in jest, and not believe me. You will believe me still 'less, if I tell you that the greatest blessing which can happen to 'man is, to carry on discussions every day about virtue and those 'other matters which you hear me canvassing when I cross-'examine myself as well as others—and that life without such 'examination is no life at all. Nevertheless so stands the fact, 'incredible as it may seem to you.'

In what way he pursued this object must be described by Mr. Grote:—

'To him the precept, inscribed in the Delphian temple—*Know thyself*—was the holiest of all texts, which he constantly cited, and strenuously enforced upon his hearers; interpreting it to mean, Know what sort of a man thou art, and what are thy capacities, in reference to human use. His manner of enforcing it was alike original and effective, and though he was dexterous in varying his topics and queries according to the individual person with whom he had to deal, it was his first object to bring the hearer to take just measure of his own real knowledge or real ignorance. To preach, to exhort, even to confute particular errors, appeared to Sokratês useless, so long as the mind lay wrapped up in its habitual mist, or illusion of wisdom: such mist must be dissipated before any new light could enter. Accordingly, the hearer being usually forward in announcing positive declarations on those general doctrines, and explanations of those terms, to which he was most attached, and in which he had the most implicit confidence, Sokratês took them to pieces, and showed that they involved contradiction and inconsistency; professing himself to be without any positive opinion, nor ever advancing any until the hearer's mind had undergone the proper purifying cross-examination.

'It was this indirect and negative proceeding which, though only a part of the whole, stood out as his most original and most conspicuous characteristic, and determined his reputation with a large number of persons who took no trouble to know anything else about him. It was an exposure no less painful than surprising to the person questioned, and produced upon several of them an effect of permanent alienation, so that they never came near him again, but reverted to their former state of mind without any permanent change. But on the other hand, the ingenuity and novelty of the process was highly interesting to hearers, especially youthful hearers, sons of rich men, and enjoying leisure, who not only carried away with them a lofty admiration of Sokratês, but were fond of trying to copy his negative polemics. Probably men like Alkibiadês and Kritias frequented his society chiefly for this purpose of acquiring a quality which they might turn to some account in their political career. His constant habit of never suffering a general term to remain undetermined, but applying it at once to particulars—the homely and effective instances of which he made choice—the string of interrogatories each advancing towards a result, yet

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yet a result not foreseen by any one—the indirect and circuitous manner whereby the subject was turned round, and at last approached and laid open by a totally different face—all this constituted a sort of prerogative in Sokratês, which no one else seems to have approached. Its effect was enhanced by a voice and manner highly plausible and captivating—and to a certain extent, by the very eccentricity of his Silenic physiognomy. What is termed his *irony*—or assumption of the character of an ignorant learner asking information from one who knew better than himself—while it was essential as an excuse for his practice as a questioner, contributed also to add zest and novelty to his conversation; and totally banished from it both didactic pedantry and seeming bias as an advocate, which, to one who talked so much, was of no small advantage.'—viii. p. 605.

That a life of thirty years so spent should have created enmities—that statesmen, poets, and lawyers should have thought him 'an intolerable bore'—that the regular teachers (whom the Greeks called Sophists*) should have hated the man whose disinterested pursuance of his vocation without pay seemed to cast a slur upon their profession—that the multitude should have regarded partly with dislike, partly with awe, a man whose aims were so lofty, whose life so pure, and yet whose eccentricities seemed to indicate something wild and preternatural, was only too obvious; and we cannot be surprised that 'so violent was the enmity which he occasionally provoked, that there were instances in which he was struck or maltreated, and very frequently laughed to scorn.'

'In truth, the mission of Sokratês, as he himself describes it, could not but prove eminently unpopular and obnoxious. To convince a man that—of matters which he felt confident of knowing, and had never thought of questioning or even of studying—he is really profoundly ignorant, insomuch that he cannot reply to a few pertinent

* An apology may seem due to Mr. Grote for the brevity with which we have passed over his chapter on the Sophists. On no portion of his work has he expended more labour and more energy, and, if his view be correct, on none ought the reader to bestow more attention and thought. We have, however, abstained from dwelling upon it because, as we have observed with respect to the Greek philosophy in general, it is premature to discuss a subject confessedly incomplete. It is enough here to state, as briefly as possible, the contrast between this writer's view and the popular representation of the Sophists. According to the common notion they were a sect; according to him they were a class or profession. According to the common view they were the propagators of demoralizing doctrines, and (what from them are termed) 'sophistical' argumentations. According to Mr. Grote, they were the regular teachers of Greek morality, neither above nor below the standard of the age. According to the common view, Socrates was the great opponent of the Sophists, and Plato his natural successor in the same combat. According to Mr. Grote, Socrates was the great representative of the Sophists, distinguished from them only by his higher eminence and by the peculiarity of his mode of life and teaching. According to the common view, Plato and his followers were the authorized teachers, the established clergy of the Greek nation, and the Sophists the dissenters. According to Mr. Grote, the Sophists were the established clergy, and Plato was the dissenter—the Socialist, who attacked the Sophists (as he attacked the poets and the statesmen), not as a particular sect, but as one of the existing orders of society.

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queries without involving himself in flagrant contradictions, is an operation highly salutary, often necessary, to his future improvement; but an operation of painful surgery, in which indeed the temporary pain experienced is one of the conditions almost indispensable to the future beneficial results. It is one which few men can endure without hating the operator at the time; although doubtless such hatred would not only disappear, but be exchanged for esteem and admiration, if they persevered until the full ulterior consequences of the operation developed themselves. But we know (from the express statement of Xenophon) that many who underwent this first pungent thrust of his dialectics, never came near him again: he disregarded them as laggards, but their voices did not the less count in the hostile chorus. What made that chorus the more formidable, was the high quality and position of its leaders. For Sokratês himself tells us that the men whom he chiefly and expressly sought out to cross-examine, were the men of celebrity as statesmen, rhetors, poets, or artisans; those, at once, most sensitive to such humiliation, and most capable of making their enmity effective.'

We may therefore justly share in Mr. Grote's wonder, not that the thirty years' 'public, notorious, and efficacious discoursing' was interrupted at last, but that it was not interrupted long before. And we may also justly join in the fine tribute which he takes occasion to deduce from this fact to the character of his favourite democracy.

'The truth is, that as history presents to us only one man who ever devoted his life to prosecute this duty of an elenchic or cross-examining missionary; so there was but one city, in the ancient world at least, wherein he would have been allowed to prosecute it for twenty-five years with safety and impunity, and that city was Athens. . . . At Sparta, at Thebes, at Argos, Milêtus, or Syracuse, his blameless life would have been insufficient as a shield, and his irresistible dialectic power would have caused him to be only the more speedily silenced.'—p. 634.

Why then it may be asked did he fall at last? Why should he have been prosecuted at seventy years of age for persevering in an occupation precisely the same in manner and in substance as he had followed for so many years preceding? The answer is to be found in the general history of Athens at that time, and the general character of the Athenian people. We have arrived, it must be remembered, at the end of the Peloponnesian war. The most galling tyranny to which Athens had ever been exposed —a tyranny far more resembling that of the Revolutionary Tribunal in France than anything which Greek history presents— had just been overthrown. A restoration of the old democracy had just been effected, under circumstances singularly trying; and in the reaction against that tyranny, in the jubilee of that restoration, the whole people of Athens were absorbed with an intensity of

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of interest which we can but faintly realise, by conceiving a combination of the feelings which in France were produced by the 9th of Thermidor, and in England by the 29th of May. Every association with the dreadful period of the eight months' dominion of the Thirty was now viewed with the darkest suspicion. Every old institution was now cherished with double affection, reminding them, as it did, of the free and happy days which those eight months had suspended, securing them, as it did, from the return of the lawless cruelty and self-indulgence which had been established in the interval. All the suspicions, excitements, enmities, which Thucydides describes with such a master hand, as the result of the mere traditional recollections of the tyranny of the Pisistratides, were now let loose with so much the greater force from the freshness of the recollections of the tyranny of Critias and his associates. All the undefined, mysterious panic, which Mr. Grote has so well described throughout the city after the mutilation of the Hermes-busts, was now, although in a less concentrated form, afloat again to vindicate the majesty of the ancient institutions of their forefathers so unexpectedly, so providentially restored to them.

It was in this state of public feeling that on the walls of the portico of the King Archon—that ancient vestige of primeval usage, which long preserved at Athens the recollection of the Gate of Judgment, in which the Kings of the East have administered justice from Abraham and David down to the Sublime Porte at Constantinople and La Torre de Justicia in the Alhambra—there appeared in the presence of the Athenian people the fatal indictment, memorable for all future ages.

'Socrates is guilty of crime, first, for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own; next, for corrupting the youth. The penalty due is—death.'

These two accusations at once concentrated upon Socrates all the indefinite odium which had perhaps for years, but certainly for months past, been gathering in the minds of the people. Three men only had spoken, Melitus, Anytus, and Lycon; but they spoke the feeling of hundreds. The charge of innovation on the national religion, as it was one which, especially at this moment of intense reaction, roused the 'too much superstition' of that sensitive populace almost to madness, was one to which, however unjustly, his manner—his conversation—even those eccentricities which most belonged to his religious temperament, eminently exposed him. It recalled, too, and Melitus the poet would not suffer the recollection to sleep, the great spectacle which twenty-four years ago had been exhibited in the Dionysiac Theatre, when Socrates had been held up to ridicule and detestation

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testation as the representative of the Sophist school in the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes; and although many who had sat on the tiers of the theatre at that time were now in their graves, and possibly the long and blameless course which had followed might have cleared away some misunderstandings, yet the very appearance of Socrates would suggest the laughter which that hideous mask had called forth—the very words of the charge would bring before their minds the most striking of the Aristophanic scenes.

Still more sharply was the second count in the indictment, pointed by the events of the time,—'He has corrupted the youth.' Two men, the most distinguished of the pupils of his earlier years, had just been cut off in the very height of their fame and of their crimes. The two most hateful names at Athens at this moment were Alcibiades and Critias—Alcibiades, both for his individual licentiousness and insolence, and also for the public treason, which more than any one cause had precipitated the fatal termination of the war—Critias, as 'the chief director of the unnatural spoliations and atrocities committed by the Thirty.' And yet both these dreadful characters—for so they must have been regarded—had in former times been seen hanging on the lips of Socrates in public and in private; for Alcibiades his affection had been stronger than he had felt to any other man; of Critias it was enough to say that he was the uncle of the philosopher's most admiring disciple, Plato. And the odium which would be incurred by this connexion must have been enhanced by the presence of his accuser Anytus. Anytus had suffered with Thrasybulus during the late usurpation—with him had taken refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Phyle—with him had shared the danger and the glory of the return. As the aged accuser and the aged plaintiff stood before the Athenian court, the judges could hardly fail to be reminded that in one they saw the faithful supporter, through evil report and good report, of their greatest benefactor—in the other, the master and friend of the arch-traitor and the arch-tyrant.

It was to feelings such as these, added to the long-accumulated jealousy and suspicion which intellectual and moral eminence, when accompanied either by eccentricity or by hostility to existing opinions or practice, always provokes, that we must ascribe the unfavourable attitude assumed by the Judicial Assembly of Athens towards Socrates. Amongst the five hundred and fifty men of whom that assembly was composed there must have been ample room for the entrance of all those irregular and accidental influences to which a numerous court of justice in such a case must always be exposed—there must have been many who had formerly

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formerly smarted under his questions in the market-place—many who had been disturbed by the consciousness of something beyond their ordinary powers of understanding or appreciation. Those who reflect on the feelings under which a judicial body of equal numbers has in our own time twice pronounced a verdict on the charge of heresy within one of our own universities—those who have trembled at the prospect of submitting to the judgment of a synod or convocation such questions as have lately agitated the public mind in England at large, may form some conception of the mercy which, in times of intense religious and political excitement, even the most illustrious of Athenian teachers was likely to receive at the hands of a hostile tribunal of more than five hundred citizens, drawn at hazard from all classes of society.

It is due alike to him and to them to remember, that by 276 out of that number he was acquitted. A majority of six turned the scale in the most momentous trial which up to that time the world had witnessed. There was still, however, a chance of escape. The penalty for which the Athenians had called was death. But according to the practice of the Athenian judicature, it was always in the power of the accused, after the verdict had been pronounced, to suggest some lesser penalty than had been proposed, such as fine, imprisonment, or exile. Had Socrates done this simply and purely, the very small majority by which the condemnation had been pronounced, affords sufficient proof that the judges were not inclined to sanction the extreme penalty against him. But the lofty tone which he had assumed in the previous part of the trial, and which to many of the judges would 'appear to betray an insolence not without analogy to Alcibiades or Critias with whom his accuser had compared him,' now rose to a still higher pitch. His own words must be given, as alone conveying an impression of the effect which must have been produced.

'What counter proposition shall I make to you,' he said, 'as a substitute for the penalty of Melitus? Shall I name to you the treatment which I think I deserve at your hands? In that case, my proposition would be, that I should be rewarded with a subsistence at the public expense in the Prytaneum; for that is what I really deserve as a public benefactor,—one who has neglected all thought of his own affairs, and embraced voluntary poverty, in order to devote himself to your best interests, and to admonish you individually on the serious necessity of mental and moral improvement. Assuredly I cannot admit that I have deserved from you any evil whatever; nor would it be reasonable in me to propose exile or imprisonment, which I know to be certain and considerable evils, in place of death, which may perhaps be not an evil but a good. I might indeed propose to you a pecuniary fine; for the payment of *that* would be no evil. But I am poor,

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poor, and have no money: all that I could muster might perhaps amount to a mina; and I therefore propose to you a fine of one mina, as punishment on myself.—Plato and my other friends near me desire me to increase this sum to thirty minæ, and they engage to pay it for me. A fine of thirty minæ, therefore, is the counter-penalty which I submit for your judgment.'

It is easy to conceive the indignation with which this challenge must have been received by the judges, as a direct insult to the court,—the bitter grief and disappointment with which it must have been heard by his friends, as throwing away the last chance of preserving a life to them so inestimably precious. To us, it invests the character of Socrates with that heroic dignity which would else perhaps have been wanting to his career, from its very simplicity and homely usefulness. At the same time it has a further and peculiar interest in enabling us to form a distinct conception of that determined disregard of time, and place, and consequences, which constitutes so remarkable a feature of Socrates' individual character, and harmonizing so completely with the religious susceptibility, and we may add, the physical temperament with which he was endowed. It is the same intent devotion to his one object of life, as appeared when he remained transfixed in the camp at Potidæa—as when he looked back with calm majesty on his pursuers at Delium—as when he argued through long days and months in the public places of Athens—as when he refused in the raging assembly after the battle of Arginusæ to be turned one hair's breadth from the strict rule of law and duty.

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory—on the affecting farewell to the judges—on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict—on the playful equanimity and unabated interest in his habitual objects of life amidst the uncontrollable emotions of his companions, after they knew of the return of the sacred ship, whose absence had up to that moment suspended his fate—on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand*—on the entrance of the fatal hemlock—the immoveable countenance—the firm hand—the wonted 'scowl' of stern defiance at the executioner†—the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as with his habitual 'ease and cheerfulness' he drained the cup to its dregs;‡ then the solemn silence enjoined by himself—the pacing to and fro—the cold palsy of the hemlock creeping

* ἀλλ' οἶμαι ἔτι ἥλιον εἶναι ἐπὶ τοῖς ὄρεσι καὶ οὔπω δεδυκέναι. Phædo, c. 151.
† ὃς περ εἰώθει ταυρηδὸν ὑποβλέψας. *Ib.*, c. 152.
‡ μάλα εὐχερῶς καὶ εὐκόλως ἐξέπιε. *Ib.*, c. 153.

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from the extremities to the heart, and the gradual torpor ending in death. But we must forbear. It is a story which, having been once told, can never be repeated—and in this case more especially, it would be almost an insult to our readers to enter into details on which Mr. Grote has modestly declined to dwell, as if unwilling to trust himself to the handling of so great a subject. It is enough to be reminded of some of those little incidents which so strikingly illustrate the general character of Socrates, and which in Mr. Grote's narrative are for the first time fully brought out in this connexion—how to the end his ruling passion strong in death suggested to him the consolation, as natural to him as it seems strange to us, that when in the world beyond the grave he should, as he hoped, encounter the heroes of the Trojan war, he should then 'pursue with them the business of mutual cross-examination, and debate on ethical progress and perfection'—how he confidently (but as the event proved, mistakenly) believed, that his removal would be the signal 'for numerous apostles putting forth with increased energy that process of interrogatory test and spur to which he had devoted his life, and was doubtless to him far dearer and more sacred than his life'—how his escape from prison was only prevented by his own decided refusal to become a 'party in any breach of the law, a resolution which we should expect as a matter of course after the line he had taken in his defence'—how deliberately, and with matter of fact precision, he satisfied himself with the result of the verdict, by reflecting that the divine voice of his earlier years had 'never manifested itself once to him during the whole day of the trial; neither when he came thither at first, nor at any one point during his whole discourse'—how his 'strong religious persuasions were attested by his last words addressed to his friend immediately before he passed into a state of insensibility'—'Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius—discharge the debt, and by no means forget it.'

Perhaps in Mr. Grote's narrative—perhaps in our own as condensed from it, the readers of ancient history, as it has hitherto been familiar to us, will have felt something like a jar against the solemn and majestic associations with which the life and death of Socrates have always been invested. To a great extent this is merely the inevitable result of the sudden exhibition, in its true historical light, of a great character up to this time regarded with almost ideal indistinctness. It is very seldom that the first sight of an eminent man exactly corresponds to our preconceived impression—and the disturbance of that impression, especially if the impression had partaken of the nature of moral or religious reverence, has the effect of disappointment and depreciation beyond what

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what is justified by the facts of the case. Such possibly may be the result of Mr. Grote's representation of Socrates and of his judges. We shrink from thinking that Socrates was a man like ourselves—from thinking that there is anything to be said by way of excuse for the Athenians. But on second thoughts we shall recognize, as in other matters, so in this, that truth and reality, so far from being inconsistent with a just reverence, tend to promote it. We know better than we did in what the greatness of Socrates consisted, and we are therefore the better able truly to honour, and, so far as in us lies, to imitate it. We know better than we did wherein lay the true secret of his condemnation, and we are therefore the better able not merely to compassionate, but to take warning by the error of his judges.

Thus far Mr. Grote's judgment of the case appears to us only so far to differ from the common view, in that it is a more lively, a more truthful, and therefore a less familiar treatment of a well known subject. Whatever there may be of attack or defence in his argument, is the effect of his having to fight his way to his conclusion through a host not of opposing enemies, but of indistinct and illusive phantoms.

In one point of view, however, perhaps from inadvertence, his representation may leave an impression too much at variance with what is at once the popular and the just consideration of the whole matter. 'The fact of the death of Socrates stands recorded,' he observes, 'as one amongst the thousand misdeeds of intolerance, religious and political. . . . . The condemnation ought to count as one of the least gloomy items in an essentially gloomy catalogue.' Now making every allowance for the force of the motives which he has described as operating on the Athenian mind, there is still a dark shade left on the verdict which has not been fairly removed, and which gives to it (we think) not a subordinate, but a pre-eminent place amongst those misdeeds to which Mr. Grote refers. If the character of Socrates were what Mr. Grote has proved it to be—if his long life had been not merely virtuous and self-denying, but virtuous and self-denying beyond all parallel in the ancient world—if it had produced upon two minds as different as those of Xenophon and Plato an impression so profound, and excited in their hearts an affection and a devotion so intense, then the circumstance 'that such a man with so great a presumption in his favour should be tried and found guilty as a corrupter of youth —the most undefined of all imaginable charges'—is not only 'a grave and melancholy fact in the history of mankind,' but it stamps with a peculiar disgrace the court and the people who were so blinded by political and religious prejudice as to be insensible to such commanding excellence. It proves (what Mr. Grote has

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has by implication well observed in his account of the Athenian overestimate of Nicias) that there was something essentially defective in the moral conceptions which could allow the mass of an highly sensitive and intellectual nation to witness unmoved such a spectacle—vouchsafed only once in many centuries, and then vouchsafed in its general manifestations for a long course of thirty years, and in its most striking manifestation at the very moment of the trial itself. They admired Nicias because he came up to the level of their own ideal; they condemned Socrates because he passed so far beyond it that they were unable even to understand him. And if, as Mr. Grote believes, the Athenian people never repented of their act, still the almost contemporary protests of Plato and Xenophon justify the usual light in which that act has been regarded by the accordant voice of posterity.

Although to speak of Socrates and omit his philosophy may almost seem like acting Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, we have already said that the fit handling of this great subject belongs to the history of Greek philosophy as a whole, and that till Mr. Grote has brought us to its close, it is hardly fair to him or to our readers to exhibit an isolated portion, however important. It is sufficient to remember that, although the hope of successors in his peculiar method, which sustained Socrates in his last hours, was never realized, yet the impulse which he gave was never lost. The revolution which he had effected is still in operation in every part of the civilized world—

'Whatever may have been the success of Protagoras or any other among the sophists, the mighty originality of Sokratês achieved results not only equal at the time, but incomparably grander and more lasting in reference to the future. Out of his intellectual school sprang not merely Plato (himself a host) but all the other leaders of Grecian speculation for the next half-century, and all those who continued the great line of speculative philosophy down to later times. Eukleidês and the Megaric school of philosophers—Aristippus and the Kyrenaic—Antisthenês and Diogenês, the first of those called the Cynics—all emanated more or less directly from the stimulus imparted by Sokratês, though each followed a different vein of thought. Ethics continue to be what Sokratês had first made them, a distinct branch of philosophy, alongside of which politics, rhetoric, logic, and other speculations relating to man and society, gradually arranged themselves; all of them more popular, as well as more keenly controverted, than physics, which at that time presented comparatively little charm, and still less of attainable certainty. There can be no doubt that the individual influence of Sokratês permanently enlarged the horizon, improved the method, and multiplied the ascendent minds of the Grecian speculative world, in a manner never since paralleled. Subsequent philosophers

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philosophers may have had a more elaborate doctrine, and a larger number of disciples who imbibed their ideas; but none of them applied the same stimulating method with the same efficacy—none of them struck out of other minds that fire which sets light to original thought—none of them either produced in others the pains of intellectual pregnancy, or extracted from others the fresh and unborrowed offspring of a really parturient mind.'—viii. p. 621.

But although declining for the present to follow Mr. Grote on this track, we cannot part with him without resting for a few moments on some of those more general reflexions which his treatment of the invididual life of Socrates suggests.

There is one point of view in which the career of Socrates has always possessed an interest, perhaps too sacred to be dwelt upon in these pages, but to which Mr. Grote's representation almost of necessity invites the thoughtful reader. We have always felt, and he has made us feel more strongly than ever, that, in studying the character and life of Socrates, we are studying the most remarkable moral phenomenon in the ancient world. We are conscious of having climbed the highest point of the ascent of heathen virtue and wisdom; we find ourselves in a presence which invests with an interest approaching to sublimity all that relates to it. We feel that here alone, or almost alone, in the Grecian world, we are breathing an atmosphere, not merely moral, but religious, not merely religious (it may be a strong expression, yet we are borne out by the authority of the earliest Fathers of the Church*), not merely religious, but Christian. Difficult as it was to escape from these associations under any circumstances, the language of Mr. Grote has now rendered it all but impossible. The startling phrases which he uses, as alone adequate to the occasion, are dictated by the necessity of the case; and when we are told that Socrates was 'a cross-examining *missionary*'—that 'he spent his life in public *apostolic* dialectics'—that he was habitually actuated by 'his persuasion of a special *religious* mission,' we are at once carried forward from the age of Socrates himself to that more sacred age, from which these expressions are borrowed, and by which alone we are enabled fully to appreciate and recognize what Socrates was and did.

Of those comparisons which have again and again been instituted between the life and death of the Athenian sage, and that Divine life and death which admits of no equal or parallel, it has indeed been truly said, 'If Christ were no more than Socrates, then a Socrates he was not.' To compare is in such a case to misconceive relations which are in fact incommensurable. Still

* See Justin Martyr.

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we cannot wonder that such comparisons should have been suggested, and, if viewed aright, there are few more remarkable illustrations of the reality of the Gospel history, than the light which, by way of contrast or likeness, is thrown upon it by the highest example of Greek antiquity. It is instructive to observe that there alone—on no lower level before or since—in that climax and crisis of the human development of ancient times is to be found the only career which, at however remote a distance, suggests whether to friends or enemies any real illustration of the One Life, which is the turning point of the history of the whole world. When we contemplate the contented poverty, the self-devotion, the publicity, of the career of Socrates, we feel that we can understand better than before the outward aspect at least of that Sacred Presence which moved on the busy shores of the sea of Galilee, and in the streets and courts of Jerusalem. When we read the last conversations of the prisoner in the Athenian dungeon, our thoughts almost insensibly rise to the parting discourses in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, and we remember with gratitude and reverential awe the uncertainty—the wavering—the dark future of the philosophic speculations, when contrasted with the unbroken repose and confidence which pervades every word of the Divine assurances. Or (to turn to another side) when we are perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the narrative of the three first Evangelists, with the altered tone of the fourth, it is at least a step towards the solution of that difficulty to remember that there is here a parallel diversity of narrative, which so far from destroying the historical truth of the whole representation, has rather confirmed it; the Socrates of Xenophon is widely different from the Socrates of Plato, and yet no one has been tempted by that diversity to doubt the substantial identity—the true character—much less the historical existence of the master whom they both profess to describe. Nor when we think of the total silence of Josephus, or of other contemporary writers, respecting the events which we now regard as the greatest in the history of mankind, is it altogether irrelevant to reflect that for the whole thirty years which Thucydides comprises in his work, Socrates was not only living, but acting a more public part, and, for all the future history of Greece, an incomparably more important part than any other Athenian citizen; and yet that so able and so thoughtful an observer as Thucydides has never once noticed him directly or indirectly. There is no stronger proof of the weakness of the argument from omission, especially in the case of ancient history which, unlike our own, contained within its range of vision no more than was immediately before it for the moment.

If we descend from this higher ground to those lower but still lofty

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lofty regions of Christian history, to which perhaps Mr. Grote's language more naturally and irresistibly leads us, the illustrations supplied by the life of Socrates are still more apposite and instructive. When we are reminded of the 'apostolic' self-devotion of Socrates a new light seems to break on the character and career of him from whose life that expression is especially derived; and the glowing language in which Mr. Grote describes the energy and the enthusiasm of the Athenian missionary enables us to realize with greater force than ever 'the pureness, and knowledge, and love unfeigned' of the missionary of a far higher cause, who stood and argued in the very market-place where Socrates had conversed 450 years before, and was, like him, accused of being 'a vain babbler' and 'a setter-forth of strange gods.' And even in minute detail there is nothing which more forcibly illustrates some of the passages of the Apostle's life than the corresponding features in the career of the philosopher. How much more vividly, for example, do we understand the relation of St. Paul, himself a rabbi, to the teachers of his time, at once belonging to them and distinct from them, when we contemplate in Mr. Grote's representations the like relation of Socrates to the Sophists! How striking is the coincidence between the indignant refusal of St. Paul in these very cities of Athens and Corinth to receive remuneration for his labours, and the similar protest of Socrates, by precept and example, against the paid teaching of the great mass of the philosophers of his own time! And lastly, how remarkably is the vulgar feeling of the Roman world towards the Apostles and their converts illustrated by the vulgar feeling of the Athenian world towards Socrates and his pupils. In the attack which was made at two distinct periods on Alcibiades and on Socrates, we see the union of the great mass of Athenian society, both democratical and aristocratical, against what they conceived to be revolutionary, and against men both of whom were obnoxious because they towered above their age. As in the alleged plot of the mutilation of the Hermæ, Thessalus, the son of the aristocratic Cimon, and Androcles, the demagogue, both united against Alcibiades in the charge of overthrowing the constitution and establishing a tyranny—so Aristophanes, the poet of the aristocracy, and Anytus, the companion of the exiled leader of the popular party, combined in bringing against Socrates the charge of overthrowing mythology and establishing atheism. In each case there was a real movement to be discovered—if the prosecutors could have discovered it. Alcibiades was at work on designs which might have dissolved the existing bonds of society at Athens, and perhaps made him its ruler and tyrant. Socrates was at work on designs which would ultimately

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ultimately tend to place the religion and morality of Greece on a totally new foundation. They failed to convict Alcibiades, because his plans were not yet fully developed; they failed to convict Socrates justly, because his design was one which none but the noblest minds could understand. So far there was a resemblance between the two cases—a resemblance of which the enemies of Socrates made the most. But, as every one now recognizes, the difference was far wider. Alcibiades was really what he was taken to be, the representative of all that was worst in the teaching of the Sophists—of all that was most hostile to morality and religion. Socrates, whilst formally belonging to the Sophists, was really the champion of all that was most true and most holy; and he fell a victim to the blindness which in all great movements has again and again confounded two elements most dissimilar because they both happened to be opposed to the prevailing opinion of the time.

We have reminded our readers of this juxta-position because there is no passage in history which more happily illustrates the position which was taken up against the Christian apostles and missionaries of the first and second centuries—a position which has not unfrequently been overlooked or misapprehended. 'Christianity,' as has been well remarked, 'shared the common lot of every great moral change which has ever taken place in human society, by containing amongst its supporters men who were morally the extreme opposites of each other.' No careful reader of the Epistles can fail to perceive the constant struggle which the Apostles had to maintain, not only against the Jew and the heathen external to the Christian society, but against the wild and licentious heresies which took shelter within it. The same confusion which had taken place in the Athenian mind in the case of Socrates and Alcibiades, took place in the first century of the Christian era with regard to the Apostles and the heresiarchs of the Christian Church. St. Paul and Hymenæus were to all outward appearance on the same side, both equally bent on revolutionizing the existing order of civil society. As Aristophanes could not distinguish between the licentious arguments of the wilder class of sophists and the elevating and inspiring philosophy of Socrates, so Tacitus could not distinguish between the anarchists whom St. Paul and St. Peter were labouring to repress, and the pure morality and faith which they were labouring to propagate. He regarded them both as belonging to 'an execrable race,' 'hateful for their abominable crimes;' and as the Greek poet could see nothing but an atheist in Socrates, so the Roman historian would have joined in the cry, 'Away with the atheists,' which was raised against the first Christians. In each case the

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next generation judged more wisely and more justly. Socrates was in the age of Plato and Aristotle more fully appreciated, and the gross mistake which Tacitus had made with regard to Christianity in the reign of Nero we learn from the milder tone of the younger Pliny to have passed away in the reign of Trajan. But the warnings are not less instructive for every age; and it is because the two cases, amidst infinite diversity, tend to explain each other, that we have thus ventured to bring them together.

Thus much has been suggested by those pregnant expressions of Mr. Grote which connect the individual history of Socrates with those passages in the history of the world, which all acknowledge to possess a universal interest and significance. But there are some direct lessons from this remarkable life which Mr. Grote has pointed out, of still more general application, and capable of being described apart from the more philosophical inquiries with which they are connected.

We are told that we are living in an age of scepticism; that religious belief is becoming more and more widely separated from common sense and vigorous inquiry; that one or the other must be given up as useless or as dangerous. If this be so, it is a satisfaction to find any great example to the contrary, even though at the distance of more than two thousand years, and in the streets of Pagan Athens:—

'Sokratês,' so speaks the impartial voice of the modern historian, 'was the reverse of a sceptic: no man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye: no man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was travelling: no man over combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resource, and the generalising comprehension of a philosopher.'— viii. p. 669.

Such a union of genuine religious feeling with genuine common sense and profound philosophy may be rare; but amidst the controversies of modern times it is an inexpressible satisfaction to feel that the union is not impossible—to know at the same time that the boldest philosophical enterprise ever undertaken was conceived, executed, and completed, in and through a spirit of intense and sincere devotion. The clash between religion and science was discerned by him, no less clearly than by us—his course was far more difficult than ours, in proportion as Paganism is more difficult than Christianity—yet to the end he retained his hold equally on both; and no faithful history can claim his witness to the one, without acknowledging his witness to the other also.

Once more. We all acknowledge Socrates to have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of merely human teachers. Yet

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Yet he founded no school—he left no disciples—he refused the title of master. No definite system of opinions or of doctrines can be traced to his instructions. Some of his chief admirers fell into courses of life or adopted theories of philosophy which he would have highly disapproved. Yet his influence over the whole subsequent history of European speculation is not disputed: he stands at the very fountain-head of philosophical thought. The evil tendencies, whatever they might be, of the Sophist schools were withered by him, never in full force to revive. The greatest men of later times owed their intellectual birth to his genius, if not to his direct instruction. It is needless to draw the moral of this example. There is no age of the world in which it would not have been useful. Most of all, perhaps, may it be contemplated with advantage in an age like our own, where, to found a party or to join a party in theology or in philosophy, is the virtue which covers a multitude of sins—where, to do neither is to be exposed to attacks as mistaken and as eager in kind, though happily not in degree, as those which were levelled against the character and ultimately against the life of Socrates.

Lastly, there is the especial, the singular prerogative of Socrates—his faculty, his mission, his life, of cross-examination. The points which we have just enumerated have been shared with him by others; but in this his own favourite, life-long method of pursuing or suggesting truth—

'Where are we to look for a parallel to Sokratês, either in or out of the Grecian world? The cross-examining Elenchus, which he not only first struck out, but wielded with such matchless effect and to such noble purposes, has been mute ever since his last conversation in the prison; for even his great successor Plato was a writer and lecturer, not a colloquial dialectician. No man has ever been found strong enough to bend his bow; much less, sure enough to use it as he did. His life remains as the only evidence, but a very satisfactory evidence, how much can be done by this sort of intelligent interrogation; how powerful is the interest which it can be made to inspire; how energetic the stimulus which it can apply in awakening dormant reason and generating new mental power.'—viii. p. 664.

True it is that the re-appearance of such a man is, in the present state of society, impossible. Our privacy of domestic life, our established order of social intercourse, our mode of communication through books rather than through speech, render that perpetual dialogue wholly impracticable, which in the open, out-of-door life of Greece needed only courage and resolution to be adequately sustained. But though the remedy is impossible, the need for it cannot be said to have diminished:—

'However little that instrument may have been applied since the death of its inventor, the necessity and use of it neither have disappeared,

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peared, nor ever can disappear. There are few men whose minds are not more or less in that state of sham knowledge against which Sokratês made war: there is no man whose notions have not been first got together by spontaneous, unexamined, unconscious, uncertified association, resting upon forgotten particulars, blending together disparates or inconsistencies, and leaving in his mind old and familiar phrases, and oracular propositions, of which he has never rendered to himself account: there is no man, who, if he be destined for vigorous and profitable scientific effort, has not found it a necessary branch of self-education, to break up, disentangle, analyse, and reconstruct, these ancient mental compounds—and who has not been driven to do it by his own lame and solitary efforts, since the giant of the colloquial Elenchus no longer stands in the market-place to lend him help and stimulus.'—p. 670.

He no longer stands amongst us. Yet we can fancy what would result were he now to visit us—were he once more to appear with that Silenic physiognomy, with that eccentric manner, with that indomitable resolution, with that captivating voice, with that homely humour, with that solemn earnestness, with that siege of questions—among the crowded parties of our metropolis, under the groves and cloisters of our universities, in the midst of our political, our ecclesiastical, our religious meetings, on the floor of our legislative assemblies, at the foot of the pulpits of our well-filled churches. How often, in a conversation, in a book, in a debate, in a speech, in a sermon, have we longed for the doors to open, and for the son of Sophroniscus to enter—how often, in the tempest of pamphlets, in the heat of angry accusations, in the discourses that have darkened counsel by words without knowledge, during the theological controversies of the past year, have we been tempted to exclaim, 'O for one hour of Socrates!' O for one hour of that voice which should by its searching cross-examination make men see what they knew, and what they did not know—what they meant, and what they only thought they meant—what they believed in truth, and what they only believed in name—wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed. Differences, doubtless, would still remain, but they would be the differences of serious and thinking men, not the watchwords of angry disputants. The voice of the great Cross-examiner himself is indeed silent, but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice, more sacred than the divine monitor of Socrates himself, can still make itself heard; that voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us—'both hearing and asking questions.' It tells us that with all those imaginary troubles wherewith we vex ourselves without inquiry, 'it shall be like as a dream when one awaketh,

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so shall their image be made to vanish out of the city.' It tells us also that for that fancied repose, which self-inquiry disturbs, we shall be more than compensated by the real repose which it gives instead. 'A wise questioning' is indeed 'the half of knowledge.' 'A life without cross-examination is no life at all.'

ART. III.—1. *Corpus Ignatianum: a complete Collection of the Ignatian Epistles, genuine, interpolated, and spurious; together with numerous Extracts from them, as quoted by Ecclesiastical Writers down to the Tenth Century; in Syriac, Greek, and Latin: an English Translation of the Syriac Text, copious Notes and Introduction.* By William Cureton, M.A., F.R.S., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. 1849.

2.—*S. Ignatii Patris Apostolici quæ feruntur Epistolæ una cum ejusdem Martyrio: Collatis Edd. Græcis Versionibusque Syriaca, Armeniaca, Latinis: denuo recensuit Notasque criticas adjecit* Jul. Henr. Petermann. Lipsiæ. 1849.

THE first twenty years of the 2nd century had not passed away, when Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, 'the angel of the Church of Smyrna,' addressed an epistle to the Church at Philippi. His fellow disciple Ignatius, condemned by Trajan at Antioch, had been transported (as we learn from the most ancient acts of his martyrdom) to Seleucia, where he had embarked for Smyrna, and having there been met by the bishops and deacons of the neighbouring churches with such greeting as a hearer of St. John hastening to his martyrdom might expect, had been hurried once more by sea through Troas to Neapolis. From thence he had travelled by land to Philippi, had crossed Macedonia, and again embarking at Epidamnus had sailed round the promontory of Italy and arrived at Rome just before the conclusion of the Games—where, with admirable constancy, he underwent the execution of his sentence, being exposed to wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The epistle of Polycarp—described by Irenæus as 'setting forth the character of his faith and the preaching of the truth,' and publicly read, as St. Jerome tells us, even in his time, *in conventu Asiæ*—contains a request to the Philippians that they would communicate to him 'what they knew of Ignatius and of those who were with him:'—some of their own clergy, as may be inferred from the beginning of Polycarp's epistle, having attended him from Philippi to Rome. It also supplies the following sentence:—'The Epistles of Ignatius which he wrote unto us, together with his other letters which have

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have come to our hands, we have sent to you according to your order, subjoined to this epistle: and ye may be greatly profited by them, for they treat of faith and patience, and of all things that pertain to edification in the Lord Jesus.'

The letters thus collected by Polycarp were quoted by his disciple Irenæus, as we learn from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, who relates that Irenæus 'makes mention of Justin Martyr and Ignatius, and cites testimonies taken from their writings;' and in another place affirms that 'the martyrdom of Ignatius was known to Irenæus, who refers to his letters in the following passage: *A certain Christian, being condemned to the beasts for his confession of faith*, said, *I am the wheat of God, and am ground by the teeth of beasts, that I may be found the pure bread of God.*' The passage is still extant in the old Latin version of Irenæus, which alone has come down to us.

Origen, in the third century, twice quotes Ignatius by name: he tells us that it was written in an epistle of Ignatius that 'the virginity of Mary was hidden from the prince of this world;' and that 'one of the saints, Ignatius by name, had said of Christ, *My love is crucified.*' The latter of these two sentences is also quoted as from an epistle of Ignatius (γράφει δὲ καὶ ὁ θεῖος Ἰγνάτιος) by the author of the writings which bear the name of Dionysius the Areopagite—and which are ascribed by Bishop Pearson to the beginning of the fourth century. But the testimony of Eusebius, who had seen many of the disciples of Origen, is, as might be expected from the plan of his work, far fuller and more important than that of any of those yet mentioned. He relates, that while Polycarp flourished at Smyrna, and Papias at Hierapolis,—

'Ignatius, who is *celebrated among many* (παρὰ πλείστοις διαβόητος) even to the present time, had obtained the episcopate, being second in the succession from Peter at Antioch. Of whom it is related that being sent from Syria to the city of Rome, he was devoured by wild beasts on account of his confession of Christ. And passing through Asia under the vigilant guard of his keepers, confirming the dioceses, as he stayed at each city, by verbal discourses and exhortations, he charged them most especially to beware of the heresies then first springing up and beginning to abound, and exhorted them to maintain resolutely the tradition of the apostles, which for the more security he thought it necessary to set forth in writing also, thus confirming it by his own testimony. Having therefore arrived at Smyrna where Polycarp was, he writes one epistle to the Church at Ephesus mentioning its pastor Onesimus; another to that at Magnesia on the Mæander, in which again he makes mention of their bishop, Damas; and another to that in Tralles, mentioning Polybius as then being its ruler. Besides these, he writes to the Church of the Romans; to whom he addresses an entreaty

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entreaty that they would not disappoint him of his hope and desire by interceding for the remission of his sentence. From this last Epistle it is worth while to make a very short extract in confirmation of what we have related. He writes literally (κατὰ λέξιν) thus:—*From Syria even to Rome I fight with beasts, by land and sea, by night and day, being bound to ten leopards; that is a band of soldiers, who become only the more savage for being treated with kindness. By their injuries I am the more instructed, yet am I not hereby justified. May I have joy in the beasts which are ready for me; and I pray that ready for me they may be found, and I will encourage them to devour me at once, that it may not be with me as with some whom through fear they refused to touch. Nay, if they should be unwilling, I will use force to provoke them. Grant me indulgence in this: I know what is profitable for me. Now I begin to be a disciple. Let nothing visible or invisible seek to hinder me from attaining to Jesus Christ. Let fire and the cross, troops of wild beasts, scatterings of the bones, tearings of the limbs, crushing of the whole body, tortures of the devil come upon me, only so that I may attain to Jesus Christ.*—These things he wrote from the city above mentioned unto the Churches we have enumerated; and after he had set forth from Smyrna, he wrote again from Troas to the Philadelphians, and to the Church of the Smyrnæans, and particularly to Polycarp its president: to whom—forasmuch as he well knew him to be an apostolical man—like a true and good shepherd he committed his flock at Antioch, entreating him diligently to take the charge of it. Moreover in his epistle to the Smyrnæans he reports a saying, I know not whence derived, speaking in this manner concerning Christ:—*But I know and believe Him to have been in the flesh, even after his resurrection. And when He came to Peter and the rest, He said unto them: Take hold, handle Me, and see that I am not a spirit without body—And immediately they touched Him and believed.*'

Eusebius then proceeds to quote the passages already given from Irenæus and Polycarp. In the *Quæstiones ad Stephanum* he also quotes the following passage from *the holy Ignatius, the second bishop of Antioch after the apostles*:—'And the virginity of Mary was hidden from the prince of this world, and in like manner her childbirth, and the death of Christ; three mysteries most spoken of throughout the world, which were brought to pass in secret by God.' In the beginning of the fourth century, therefore, Ignatius was still widely celebrated, and seven epistles received as his were known to Eusebius. About 30 years afterwards S. Athanasius wrote an epistle concerning the Councils of Ariminum and Seleucia, in which the following passage is found:—'Ignatius, for instance, who was appointed bishop in Antioch after the apostles, and became a martyr of Christ, writes concerning the Lord thus: *There is one Physician, fleshly and spiritual, generate and ingenerate, God in man, true life in death, both from Mary and from God.*'

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Later in the same century S. Chrysostom delivered at Antioch a panegyric on Ignatius, in which he ascribes to him the saying *May I have joy in those beasts;* and in another oration he relates that 'Ignatius, writing to a certain priest, said: *Let nothing be done without thy will, neither do thou anything without the will of God.*' To the same century belongs the testimony of S. Jerome, who has given in his Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers an abridgment of the account of Eusebius. In his treatise against Helvidius he ranks Ignatius with 'Polycarp, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and many other apostolical and eloquent men, who had written volumes full of wisdom against Ebion and Theodotus of Byzantium and Valentinus, the maintainers of the same' heresies which he charged upon his opponent. In his Commentary on St. Matthew he refers to Ignatius for 'a fourth reason why our Lord was conceived by one who was betrothed—*ut partus, inquiens, ejus celaretur diabolo.*' This passage was previously quoted by Eusebius. S. Jerome also attributes, erroneously, to Ignatius a few words which are found in the epistle of Barnabas.

In the middle of the fifth century Theodoret quotes in one of his Dialogues three passages from the epistle of Ignatius to the Smyrnæans (though erroneously referring them to the epistle to the Romans), three from the epistle to the Ephesians (the last of which is that previously cited by Athanasius), and one from the epistle to the Trallians. In another Dialogue, two passages from the epistle to the Smyrnæans (one of which is the passage preserved by Eusebius); and in a third Dialogue another passage from the same epistle is given. Towards the end of the same century Gelasius, bishop of Rome, cites two passages from the epistle to the Ephesians; one of them being that formerly quoted by Athanasius and Theodoret.

Bishop Pearson remarks that Theodoret and Gelasius not only speak for themselves, but set forth the judgment of the whole Christian body in the fifth century, and consequently that the authority of the epistles of Ignatius was then admitted both by Catholics and heretics. For it appears from Socrates, Sozomen, and others, that the heretics who lived at the end of the fourth century refused to admit the united testimony of the ancient fathers; but that those who lived in the fifth and following centuries admitted the decisions of the fathers who had written before the division, that is, the origin and secession of each heresy. Accordingly the heretical disputant in the Dialogues of Theodoret professes his willingness to receive the testimony of Ignatius (Pearson, *Vind.* i. 13).

To these may now be added numerous extracts, quoted by name

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name from all the seven Eusebian epistles, which Mr. Cureton has discovered in the Syriac MSS. recently acquired for the British Museum. Several of the MSS. in which they are contained are stated to be as early as the sixth century; the passages are found in the writings of Severus of Antioch, Timotheus of Alexandria, and other Monophysites of the fifth and following centuries, and therefore strongly confirm the remark just quoted from Pearson on the testimony of Theodoret. It is to be noted that although the works of Severus are probably translated from the Greek (as were most of those from which Mr. Cureton's extracts are taken), they show us what was at that time the received text at Antioch, the city of Ignatius and metropolis of the East.

If we now inquire by what MSS. these epistles are still exhibited to us, the inquiry is attended with some difficulty.

I. We have two Greek MSS., containing seven epistles, answering in their titles to those specified by Eusebius, but containing in addition five others of which we find no notice in ancient history. From one of these MSS. preserved at Augsburg an edition was published in 1557; from the other, belonging to Caspar à Nydpryck, an edition was published in 1559 at Zurich. Several MSS. contain a Latin version corresponding to this text. The order of the epistles in these is as follows:—1. to *Mary of Cassobolis* (to which in the Augsburg MS. was prefixed an epistle from Mary to Ignatius); 2. to the Trallians; 3. to the Magnesians; 4. to the *Tarsians;* 5. to the *Philippians;* 6. to the Philadelphians; 7. to the Smyrnæans; 8. to Polycarp; 9. to the *Antiochians;* 10. to *Hero;* 11. to the Ephesians; 12. to the Romans. (*Ussher's Dissertation*, cap. xix.)—To these must be added a Greek MS. formerly in the possession of Bishop Pearson, containing the same text, but omitting the five additional epistles. It seems almost certain that this was the MS. (then belonging to John Berry, master of the school at Market Harboro', *Harburiæ Leicestriæ*) from which a copy, now in the Bodleian, was taken for Bishop Fell in 1673.*

II. A Greek MS., ascribed by Bandini to the eleventh century, is preserved in the library at Florence, and was published by Voss in 1646. It contains—1. the Epistle to the Smyrnæans; 2. to Polycarp; 3. to the Ephesians; 4. to the Magnesians; 5. to the Philadelphians; 6. to the Trallians; 7. Mary of Cassobolis to Ignatius; 8. Ignatius to *Mary of Cassobolis;* 9. part of the epistle to the *Tarsians.* The MS.

* Pearson quotes various readings from Codex Anglicanus, *Vind.*, ii. 119, 121; and from Cod. Leicestrensis, *Minor Theol. Works*, ii. 443; also in one of his notes in Dr. Smith's edition of Ignatius, p. 15.

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is mutilated at the end, and may therefore have originally contained the epistle to the Romans. The Eusebian collection is, however, completed by an ancient MS. in the national library at Paris, which contains the acts of the martyrdom of Ignatius, in which, as is usual, his epistle to the Romans is inserted.

To this Greek text there is a corresponding Latin version, of which two MSS. were known to Ussher; one of these is in the library of Caius College, and was considered by Dr. Smith when he wrote the preface to his edition of Ignatius (1709) to be about 400 years old. According to Ussher the epistles came in the same order in both MSS. After the nine epistles of the Florentine MS. came 10. to the *Antiochians;* 11. to *Hero;* 12. the Martyrdom of Ignatius, containing his epistle to the Romans; 13. 14. to S. John the Evangelist; 15. to the Blessed Virgin; 16. the answer of the Blessed Virgin. The epistle to the *Philippians* was not contained in these MSS. The other MS. belonged to Bishop Montagu of Norwich, but could not be found when Smith published his edition of Ignatius. It is probable that Ussher's edition (1644) was printed from it—some of the differences between that edition and the Caius MS. being plainly not accidental: moreover Ussher ascribed to it a much greater antiquity—conjecturing from some marginal notes, which betrayed the hand of an English scholar acquainted with Greek, that it had been in the possession of Bishop Grosstete of Lincoln—himself the translator of some Greek authors in an age when a knowledge of that language was rare—and therefore that the MS. was not later than the middle of the thirteenth century.

To these must be added the Armenian version, made, not immediately from the Greek, but from a Syriac translation, and printed at Constantinople in 1783, containing—1. the epistle to the Smyrnæans; 2. to Polycarp; 3. to the Ephesians; 4. to the Magnesians; 5. to the Trallians; 6. to the Philadelphians; 7. to the Romans; 8. to the *Antiochians;* 9. Mary of Cassobolis to Ignatius; 10. to *Mary of Cassobolis;* 11. to the *Tarsians;* 12. to *Urion* or *Hero;* 13. to the *Philippians.* It is said to have been printed from a comparison of five MSS., and the version is reported to be as early as the fifth century. It exhibits a text agreeing with the Florentine MS., 'non absimilem ei quem Codex Medicæus Græcus exhibet' (Petermann, *Præf. in epp. Ign.*, p. vi. viii.).

III. Three Syriac MSS. have been found by Mr. Cureton in the collection recently purchased from the monastery in the desert of Nitria, and deposited in the British Museum. One of these volumes, which Mr. Cureton considers to be of about the date 550 A.D., contains among other writings 'the epistle of Mar Ignatius

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Ignatius the bishop;' this is the epistle to Polycarp. Another, imperfect at the beginning and end, but ascribed by Mr. Cureton to the seventh or eighth century, contains, along with a letter of Gregory Theologus, sermons, &c., 'three epistles of Ignatius the bishop.' These are the epistles to Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and to the Romans. The third MS. came into the possession of the monastery A.D. 931, but is thought by Mr. Cureton to have been written three or four centuries earlier. It contains various extracts, letters, and sermons, among which are the same three epistles of Ignatius. From these MSS. Mr. Cureton has published two editions of the Ignatian epistles.

If now—omitting the consideration of the five additional epistles not mentioned by Eusebius nor by any writer of the first five centuries, and of the three Latin epistles which seem to be of still later origin—we proceed to compare the texts of these three classes of MSS., we find, in the first place, that of the Florentine MS. (which may be called the received text) expanded in some epistles to double its length in the other Greek MSS. partly by paraphrases and explanatory glosses,* but principally by texts of Scripture and examples of Scripture characters added in confirmation of the writer's statements. Next, comparing the received text with the Syriac, we find that the epistle to Polycarp in the latter is reduced to about three-fourths of its dimensions by the almost entire omission of the last two chapters; that only about one-fourth of the epistle to the Ephesians appears in the Syriac; that more than one-third of the epistle to the Romans is similarly wanting in the Syriac, but that a passage from the epistle to the Trallians is introduced into the conclusion of that epistle. How are we to determine which of these three recensions comes the nearest to the epistles which Ignatius wrote —and Polycarp sent to Philippi—and Eusebius enumerated in his history?

The longer Greek was the first printed, and so far had possession of the field, though generally suspected of interpolation. It was very soon observed (Chemnitz seems first to have noticed the fact) that the citations made by Theodoret and Gelasius did not agree with the printed text. Ussher remarked that ecclesiastical writers much later than Theodoret continued to quote the epistles of Ignatius in the same manner that he had done; and having observed that three English writers in the middle ages had so quoted them, he inferred that a text differing from the current one must have existed in England,

* See Pearson, Vind., pt. ii. p. 27, on the manner in which it is interpolated.

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land, and might still be found. The result of his investigation was that he discovered the two Latin MSS. above mentioned, which gave a text very much shorter than the printed epistles, corresponding closely with the quotations made by the ancient fathers, and omitting the passages or expressions which clearly referred to events or heresies later than the time of Ignatius. Two years after Ussher had published this version, accompanied by a Greek text corrected in accordance with it, Isaac Voss printed the text of the Florentine MS., with which on the whole Ussher's version was perceived to agree very closely. These remarkable coincidences did not however produce a universal acquiescence in the genuineness of the text of the epistles. Grotius writes to Gerard Voss that Blondel would not receive the epistles of Ignatius brought by his son from Italy, and free from everything that had hitherto made them suspected by the learned, because they bore a clear testimony to the antiquity of episcopacy: and Ussher declared that he wondered extremely that such men as Salmasius and Blondel should rely so much upon their own conjectures, and pronounce with the utmost confidence that some impostor had forged the letters which bear the name of Ignatius—for these critics admitted the genuineness of the letter of Polycarp, and acknowledged that the epistles, as they stood in the Florentine MS. free from modern interpolations, were the same which were current in the time of Eusebius.* In the latter half of the seventeenth century the controversy passed from the hands of Salmasius and Blondel on the one side, and Ussher and Hammond on the other, to those of the French Protestant Daillé, and of Bishop Pearson, whose profound erudition and solid judgment have almost passed into a proverb among us. (*The most excellent Bishop Pearson, the very dust of whose writings is gold*—was Bentley's testimony to his worth.) Daillé was a practised controversialist—but his captious and often frivolous objections, and his bold and ungrounded assertions, are very unfavourably contrasted with the close reasoning and the accurate and abundant learning of his adversary. It seems hardly possible to read the two works attentively without being convinced that Pearson has accomplished his task: 'Cum magnâ diligentiâ usus sit vir doctissimus, ut nihil ageret; ego non minori mihi utendum puto, ut eum nihil egisse omnibus appareat.'† The controversy did not altogether expire with these disputants: few important controversies are ever allowed to become extinct; but Pearson's work is still the storehouse in which nearly all the arguments on behalf of these epistles are laid up. A writer in

* Pearson, Vind., Introd., pp. 16, 17.

† Vindiciæ, pt. i. p. 91.

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the Edinburgh Review (July, 1849) has said that 'the two redoubted champions left the matter nearly as uncertain as they found it;' and he intimates that 'this was in fact the opinion of Ussher himself, who delivers his verdict in the following terms'—that is, in a passage of the 'Dissertation' which he published in 1644. It is not easy to see how Ussher, who died in 1656, can have given any verdict on the comparative merits of Daillé's work, which was published in 1666, and of Pearson's answer, which came out in 1672: but we have the judgment of the most learned English prelate who has lived since Bishop Pearson both on the Vindiciæ Epistolarum S. Ignatii, and on the answer which was attempted by Larroque:—

'Genuinas esse epistolas septem Eusebio memoratas . . . ab eruditissimo Isaaco Vossio e Medicæo codice (exceptâ tantum ad Romanos epistolâ) Græce editas, contra Blondellum satis probarunt Vossius ille et Hammondus: adversus Dallæum vero ita copiosissime et evidentissime demonstravit, quem superius commemoravi, episcopus Cestriensis, ut apud æquos arbitros lis illa de Ignatianis et controversia tota jam definita videatur. Neque enim quenquam φιλαληθῆ, qui in hoc literarum genere vel mediocriter versatus sit, de epistolis illis tantillum dubitare facient sophisticæ Observationes quas in Pearsonum auctor anonymus anno 1674 Rothomagi edidit. Frustra omnino vir ille dispersos ac profligatos Dallæi sui ordines restituere atque instaurare nititur.'—(Bull. *Def. Fid. Nic.* i. 2. 7.)*

But the controversy has revived in consequence of the discovery and publication of the Syriac MSS., which form our third class of documents. Mr. Cureton—whose unwearied diligence in transcribing and editing these venerable and interesting remains deserves every praise †—considers that these ancient MSS. exhibit the only text of Ignatius on which we can depend—the received text as well as the longer Epistles being, as he thinks, largely interpolated. His publication of the Syriac text was shortly followed by an edition (Hamburgh. 1847) under the title of—*The Three Genuine and the Four Spurious Epistles of Ignatius of Antioch, with Notes, by C. C. J. Bunsen*—and by seven letters to Neander from the same writer, with the title—*Ignatius of Antioch and his Time.* The Chevalier Bunsen supposes that the received text was in existence as early as the time of Tertullian, and that the four Epistles which have not yet been found in a Syriac version are entirely forged, and were the work of the same hand by which the other three were interpolated. He concludes that this discovery must put to silence

* Bishop Beverege was of the same opinion. Cod. Can. Vind., c. 1.

† 'Vir de literis orientalibus optime meritus.'—*Petermann.* 'Dessen Verdienste um die Herausgabe orientalischer Denkmäler unsterblich sein werden.'—*Denzinger.*

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'*not only the Roman papacy, but also the strict Episcopalians in the Protestant churches, Puseyism, the new school of Tubingen, and even the modern dogmatizers of the old church, the adherents of Schleiermacher and Nitzsch.*' But oftentimes the confidence of a writer does not prove a true measure of the conviction which he produces in others. Baur, a writer of this new Tubingen school (which rejects altogether the Epistles of Ignatius, taking them to have been written after the middle of the second century), published in the following year an answer to M. Bunsen, under the title of *The Ignatian Epistles and their latest Critics*, in which it is his object to prove that the connexion between the parts retained and those omitted is so close that they must stand or fall together. In this essay he exposes the 'diplomatic criticism' of M. Bunsen—who would employ the new text in order to exercise just so much destructive criticism as should serve to give him an advantage over the Catholics and old Protestants, and retain so much conservative criticism as was requisite to preserve him from the necessity of conceding too largely to the new school of Tubingen.* In the past year a valuable critical edition of the Epistles of Ignatius has been published by Professor Petermann at Leipsic, containing in the notes a collation of the received text with the longer Greek, the Latin, Syriac, and Armenian versions: and an excellent essay *On the Genuineness of the received Text* is the work of Professor Denzinger (Wurzburg, 1849), in which, though very many of the arguments are to be found in Pearson's *Vindiciæ*, such remarks have been added as the new objections were thought to require.

The question which we have now to determine is this. Is the Syriac an epitome, or is the Greek largely interpolated? It needs no proof that, if the Syriac be taken to represent the text, the additions of the Greek cannot all be accounted for as marginal references and glosses copied into the text by later transcribers; and that, if the Greek be the true text, it is not carelessness but design which has caused so many omissions. But it is a critical rather than a theological question. It is true that the passages which are wanting in the Syriac are for the most part either such as assert the divine nature of our Lord in definite and emphatic terms, or such as urge the duty of unity in the Church and adherence to the divine constitution of the Church under the three orders as the means of unity. But the Syriac Epistles also assert the divinity of Christ and the duty of submission to the three orders of the clergy. The evidence which the Syriac text

* Denzinger, Ueber die Aechtheit des bisherigen Textes der Ignatianischen Briefe, pp. 5, 8, 102.

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affords upon these two great points is the same in kind, though much less abundant than in the Greek.

Mr. Cureton summarily rejects the supposition that we have in the Syriac a mere abridgment of the original: stating that in any case, as he thinks, the respect due to these Epistles would have preserved them from such a process, but adding, that in fact, he knows of no instances in which early Christian writers have been subjected to it.* It has not been shown in what manner reverence for S. Ignatius would prevent the epitomizing of his Epistles, any more than it prevented the transcriber of the earliest MS. from *omitting* all the Epistles save that to Polycarp †—or the various authors whom Mr. Cureton has quoted from making *extracts* from them in their controversial works. But as regards the want of precedent for the process exactly in question, it is not always safe to draw inferences from our own stock of knowledge. Not to mention the arbitrary mutilations of books of canonical scripture by ancient heretics—who rejected the introductory or final chapters, because opposed to their own heresies—the Diatessaron of Tatian, on which S. Ephraem Syrus wrote commentaries (Assem. B. O. i. 57, 58), appears to have been current as a *compendium* of the Gospel history. If the compiler was influenced in his construction of this abridgment by heretical prepossessions, the fact that Theodoret found 200 copies of it in use among the orthodox of his own diocese proves that a compendium was not an unknown or reprobated work among the Eastern Christians at the time when our earliest Syriac MSS. were written. Again, if we refer to S. Jerome's Catalogue of ecclesiastical writers we find that Lactantius wrote, besides other works, 'Institutionum Divinarum adversus Gentes libros septem, et ἐπιτόμην ejusdem operis in libro uno ἀκεφάλῳ:' and the former work has come down to us—together with a portion of the Epitome corresponding to the latter half of the fifth, and the sixth and seventh books. But the MSS. with which we are now concerned are Syriac, brought from a monastery in the desert of Nitria; let us look, therefore, to the catalogues of MSS. which Asseman has drawn up at the end of the first volume of the *Bibliotheca Orientalis*. In the catalogue of Codices Nitrienses, the volume numbered xvii. contains among others, 'Evagrii *caput* de Acidia, *ex* tractatu de septem vitiosis cogitationibus.'‡ The extraction of a chapter from a work is a process not very unlike

* Corpus Ignatianum, Pref., p. ix.; Introd., pp. xxxiv., xli., xlii.

† If this MS. alone had reached England, Mr. Cureton would probably have discovered plain marks of forgery in portions of the epistles to the Romans and Ephesians, which he now zealously defends because we possess them in a Syriac version.

‡ B. O. i. 567, cf. num. xviii. xix.

abridgment.

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abridgment. Among the Greek MSS. belonging to the Maronite Abraham Massad is a volume containing 'Theophanis Medorum episcopi Enchiridion adversus Judæos, *ex homiliis Joannis Chrysostomi elaboratum*' (B. O., i. 600). But in the catalogue headed 'Codices Syriaci quos Auctor ex Oriente advexit,' volume iii. contains 'Joannis Chrysostomi expositio in Epistolas Pauli, et in quatuor Evangelia *in compendium redacta*:' written, adds Asseman to his table of contents for the volume, *anno Græcorum* 1172 (= 861 A.D.). The volume xiv. contains 'Joannis Grammatici Alexandrini, cognomento Philoponi, Diathetis, (*sic*) hoc est Arbiter, de Verbi incarnatione: Ejusdem eadem Diathetis, *in compendium redacta*:' &c. &c.* It is clear, then, that in the country and at the period to which our newly-acquired MSS. belong, men were not insensible of the saving of labour both to the scribe and to the student which might result from a compendium. Indeed one of the very MSS. which Mr. Cureton describes (*Corp. Ign.* p. 352) contains, among other works, 'A Summary of Heresies by Epiphanius'—probably the summary of the Panarion, of which the Greek original is given in the printed editions. Lastly, a passage from another of these MSS., printed by Mr. Cureton (*C. I.* p. 201), and referred by him to the eleventh or twelfth century, is itself *an abridgment of the Ignatian Epistles*. It consists of passages from the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Magnesians, Smyrnæans, and to Hero. There is no reason to doubt that this long passage, written upon the cover and fly-leaf of a Syriac MS. volume (*C. I.* p. 348), was compiled from a *Syriac version* containing all those Epistles, and probably therefore coinciding with the Florentine MS. It omits some considerable passages found in Mr. Cureton's Syriac text, but retains some *which that text omits*; where the passages retained are the same in both, the discrepancies are either mere transpositions of the same words or manifest errors of the transcriber. It is very observable that the Armenian version, which is ascribed to the fifth century, and which was certainly made not from the Greek but from a Syriac copy, agrees with this abridgment in two of the erroneous readings:† they have been caused by the

* B. O. i. 607, 613. The Διαιτητὴς, or Arbiter, of John Philoponus, written towards the end of the sixth century, appears to have survived only in this translation. If the Syriac version of the *Epitome* had *alone* been preserved, the extent of the original could not have been safely argued from it.

† In Rom. chap. v., τί μοι συμφέρει is correctly rendered in the Syriac text ܡܐ ܕܢܗܘܐ ܠܝ, but in the other abridgment ܡܐ ܕܗܘܐ ܠܝ, *quid mandatum sit mihi*, with which the Armenian agrees. In Rom. chap. vi., ὁ τοκετός is translated in the Syriac text ܒܟܝܐ ܕܝܠܕܐ, *dolores partus*, but in the other abridgment

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the similarity of the Syriac words which are substituted for the true readings. It must be remarked, that the great antiquity of the Syriac MSS. has no bearing whatever upon the question which we have to determine. The Epitome—if Epitome it be—might have been made in the sixth century, just as readily as in the sixteenth.

Neither do the very few and brief quotations preserved by the fathers of the second and third centuries assist in deciding the question. For the case is not parallel to that which Pearson and Ussher argued, where ancient citations were found to differ from the first printed text and to agree with the Florentine MS. and old Latin version. Mr. Cureton says of S. Chrysostom, 'His testimony, so far as it goes, applies solely to the Recension exhibited in the three Syriac epistles.'* This expression is extremely incorrect; the few words quoted by Chrysostom, like those in the earlier fathers, are found in the Greek no less than in the Syriac, and therefore cannot establish the authority of one recension more than of the other. On the other hand Eusebius, in the passage which he quotes from the epistle to the Romans, agrees more nearly with the Greek than with the Syriac recension: for though, like the latter, he omits the words ἀνατομαὶ, διαιρέσεις, in the enumeration of threatened tortures, he retains the sentence νῦν ἄρχομαι μαθητὴς εἶναι, which has been omitted in the Syriac version. And numerous passages quoted by Athanasius, Theodoret, Gelasius, Severus, and Timotheus, are found in the Greek recension (with such discrepancies as commonly exist among MSS. of the same recension), but they have nothing answering to them in the Syriac version. Mr. Cureton argues against the genuineness of these passages, on the ground that, if they had existed, they must certainly have been quoted before.† Daillé, whom he here follows, had asked how it was that Irenæus had never urged these passages of Ignatius against the Docetæ and Gnostics, at whom they were originally aimed, while Athanasius and Theodoret quoted them so freely against the later heresies of the Arians and Eutychians; and had inferred, that the epistles of Ignatius, such as we possess them, were necessarily unknown to Irenæus. But Pearson replied, that even Athanasius never quoted them in

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abridgment ܐܠܡ ܕܡܘܬܐ, *dolores mortis*, with which the Armenian again agrees (Corp. Ign. 50, 201; Petermann, 159, 165). The Extract from Timotheus has simply ܝܠܕ, *partus*, followed by a different verb. (C. I., 211.) Numerous minor variations in the Armenian—to be accounted for, like these, by the similarity in the Syriac of the characters interchanged—leave no doubt that the Armenian translator had only a Syriac version before him.

* Corp. Ign., Introd., p. lxvi. Similar statements are repeated in p. lxxiv.

† Corp. Ign., Introd., p. lxx. lxxvi. lxxvii.

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controversy with the Arians, but only in a friendly epistle, which he wrote 'tanquam frater ad fratres' to those who agreed with the definitions of the Council of Nice, and only scrupled at the use of the word ὁμοούσιος: and that the difference which is observable in this respect between the fathers of the fifth and those of preceding centuries, is to be ascribed to another cause altogether, namely to the different plan which they had adopted in their controversies:—

'Nos autem ante docuimus circa finem quarti sæculi primum ex longâ experientiâ observatum esse, hæreses et schismata disputationibus tolli non potuisse; et certissimum remedium fore τὰς ἐκδόσεις τῶν παλαιῶν in testimonium adductas. Quod Theodosio et Nectario primus omnium Sisinnius persuasit. Post igitur severam Theodosii legem contra Hæreticos latam, illi paulo sapientiores facti, administerunt eorum Patrum testimonia qui ante divisionem ortam scripserant, et celebres in Ecclesiâ fuerant. Ante hanc ætatem non videmus ecclesiasticos scriptores catalogos Patrum texentes, et confertas sententias ex eorum scriptis contra hæreticos promentes. Quinto demum sæculo hoc factum, et a Theodoreto inter primos; ante illud tempus parcius et obiter; ætate autem Irenæi id fieri nullo jure potuit. Hæretici enim contra quos ille scripsit vetustioribus Catholicis nihil tribuebant; omnia eorum scripta flocci faciebant; libros quamplurimos Apocryphos a suis compositos, suisque tantum notos, sub Antiquorum nomine proferebant; plurima etiam Evangelistarum et Apostolorum scripta respuebant, multaque commenti sunt contra quæ nemo Veterum quicquam disseruerat.'—*Vindiciæ*, P. I. 95, 96.*

But Mr. Cureton strangely misrepresents the answer of Pearson to Daillé on this point; of course not intentionally, but not therefore the less thoroughly. The epistle to the Magnesians contains the words, ὃς ἐστιν αὐτοῦ λόγος ἀΐδιος, οὐκ ἀπὸ σιγῆς προελθών. Mr. Cureton says,—

'See *Vindiciæ*, part ii. p. 30. Nothing can be more weak and defective than the learned bishop's argument in this place. He begs the whole question, and assumes that Irenæus was acquainted with this epistle to the Magnesians, and that the words abovementioned cannot therefore refer to the heresy of Valentinus, because he has not so applied them.'—*C. I.*, Intr. lxi.

Pearson does nothing of the sort: he was the last man in the world to desire or need to beg a question which Daillé had raised: and in this place his argument is actually the reverse of what Mr. Cureton supposes; that Irenæus had not so applied the

* See *Ibid.*, pp. 91-102 on the practice of Irenæus; p. 132 of Chrysostom; p. 147 of Nazianzene; pp. 195-198 of Epiphanius. Mr. Cureton seems not to have been aware how completely Pearson had anticipated his argument; yet we have in the midst of his objections (Corp. Ign., Introd., lxx.) his own curious admission concerning Athanasius: 'I do not find that he has quoted upon any occasion the authority of Clemens Rom., or of Polycarp, or of Justin Mart., Irenæus, Origen, &c.'

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words because they did not refer to the heresy of Valentinus. Pearson considered that the context proved the Ebionites and not the Gnostics to be the parties aimed at in this epistle of Ignatius; that σιγή was simply *silence*, and had no reference to the so-named Gnostic Æon, but was only an explanatory addition to show the eternity of the Word (pt. ii. pp. 33, 34); that Valentinus had never taught that the Logos proceeded from the Æon Sige, but from Aletheia or Ecclesia, and therefore that his heresy could not be referred to (p. 44); and that if any one thought it necessary to seek in the Gnostic theogonies for an explanation of the passage in Ignatius, they might find it in the heresies of the apostolic age, in the words of Simon Magus himself, whose dogma had been Ἦν Θεὸς καὶ Σιγή (pp. 59—63). But in the passage on which Mr. Cureton is so unhappily severe, Pearson adverts to what he had already written in the paragraph we have given above with its context (pt. i. pp. 91—102) as a general reason why Irenæus was not likely to quote Ignatius against Valentinus: 'nos abunde probavimus nullo modo sentiendum esse Irenæum hæc verba, si optime novisset, si ad manum cum scriberet habuisset, contra Valentinum usurpare voluisse.' He then argues further—ex abundanti—that if Ignatius, as he believed, meant only *silence* in its ordinary sense, it was surely quite possible for Irenæus to understand him rightly, and if so he would hardly quote the words against Valentinus:—

'Nam si Autor Valentinum non respexit, sed aliud plane in animo habuit, et nihil aliud quam simplex silentium voluit, perit argumentum internum ex ipsâ epistolâ ductum [viz. that it referred to a heresy later than the time of Ignatius]: et si Autor hoc tantum voluit, certe eum Irenæus recte intelligere potuit: quod si ita intellexit, nunquam verba Ignatii contra ipsius mentem adversus Valentinum urgere voluisset; adeoque cadit argumentum externum a defectu testimonii depromptum.'

Nor is this all—he goes on to contend against Daillé—(who maintained all these epistles to have been forged by an impostor early in the fourth century, whose work Eusebius had ushered into the world)—that the non-quotation of these words by Irenæus no more proves that he was unacquainted with them than the like neglect of them by Eusebius, Athanasius, and Basil, who are allowed to have lived after the epistles were written, and who might with equal reason have quoted them, proves that they were unknown to them:—

'Neque vero magis probatur epistolam hanc Irenæi ætate non extitisse, ex eo quod Irenæus verba hæc minime citavit adversus Valentinum, quam nec quarto sæculo eandem in hominum manibus fuisse, quod ea verba non laudaverint Eusebius, Athanasius, Basilius adversus Marcellum, ad cujus hæresin refutandam verba illa ὅς ἐστιν αὐτοῦ λόγος ἴδιος erant opportunissima.'

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Pearson had already remarked that this argument of Daillé differed widely from the opinion of his predecessors: 'Non ita disputavit Salmasius, non Albertinus, qui scriptas fuisse has epistolas ante Irenæi libros ultro fatebantur, neque eas Irenæo incognitas fuisse vel somniabant.' This passage again suggests to Mr. Cureton a criticism as unfortunate as the former. He subjoins the words of Aubertin, because the 'observation of Bishop Pearson may lead any one ignorant of them to form a wrong judgment of what Aubertin had written.' But the only sentence in his extract which bears upon Pearson's statement does not controvert but fully confirms it. Aubertin will not deny that Ignatius may have written some epistles—'sed, si quas scripsit, illæ perierunt, et plures aliæ sub ipsius nomine *circa medium secundi sæculi* compositæ sunt, ac incaute et absque examine a veteribus receptæ.' (*Corp. Ign.* lxiii.) Now Irenæus wrote not *circa medium secundi sæculi*, but during the pontificate of Eleutherus, A.D. 185—196. These passages enable us to judge how far Mr. Cureton is acquainted with Pearson's arguments: they likewise assist us in estimating the accuracy and value of his critical remarks.

If, however, the fathers of the first four centuries make few direct quotations from the epistles of Ignatius, their familiarity with them is shown in another way. Chrysostom, who became archbishop of Constantinople A.D. 398, has left us a homily, preached while he was a presbyter at Antioch, on the commemoration of S. Ignatius. He has only quoted four words from the epistles in this discourse; but from first to last it is such as would come from a man who had *our* epistles fresh upon his memory. He not only describes the Martyr's desire to glorify God by a stedfast confession even unto death, his earnest endeavour to raise the thoughts of those to whom he writes from this present world to the eternal life, and his care to guard them from the approaches of heresy, in a manner precisely accordant with what we find in the extant epistles; but there is also a verbal similarity too frequent and remarkable to be accidental. To begin with a passage common to the Greek and Syriac texts. Ignatius speaks of the honour which God vouchsafed to the bishop of Syria—*εἰς δύσιν ἀπὸ ἀνατολῆς μεταπεμψάμενος. Καλὸν τὸ δῦναι ἀπὸ κόσμου πρὸς Θεὸν, ἵνα εἰς αὐτὸν ἀνατείλω.* Chrysostom describes him as imparting instruction while he journeyed on—*καθάπερ ἥλιος τις ἐξ ἀνατολῆς ἀνίσχων, καὶ πρὸς τὴν δύσιν τρέχων· μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ τούτου φαιδρότερος.... εἰς τὰ τῆς δύσεως ἀπελθὼν μέρη φαιδρότερον ἐκεῖθεν ἀνέτειλε.* In a passage of the same epistle to the Romans *which is wanting in the Syriac*, Ignatius desires their prayers for his Church in Syria—*ἤτις ἀντὶ ἐμοῦ ποιμένι τῷ Θεῷ χρῆται· μόνος αὐτὴν Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς ἐπισκοπήσει, καὶ ἡ ὑμῶν ἀγάπη.* Chrysostom says that

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that God permitted the bishops to be carried away, in order to show—ὅτι οὐκ ἄνθρωποι τὰς αὐτοῦ κυβερνῶσιν ἐκκλησίας· ἀλλ' αὐτός ἐστιν ὁ πανταχοῦ ποιμαίνων τοὺς πιστεύοντας εἰς αὐτόν. In a passage of the epistle to the Ephesians, *which is also wanting in the Syriac*, Ignatius, who had several times compared the Christian to a wrestler (ἀθλητής), says, 'I ought to be *anointed* by you with faith, instruction, &c.'—ἐμὲ γὰρ ἔδει ὑφ' ὑμῶν ὑπαλειφθῆναι πίστει, νουθεσίᾳ, ὑπομονῇ, μακροθυμίᾳ. Chrysostom, using the same figure, says that the Churches by the way 'anointed the wrestler'—ἤλειφον τὸν ἀθλητὴν, καὶ μετὰ πολλῶν ἐξέπεμπον τῶν ἐφοδίων, εὐχαῖς καὶ πρεσβείαις αὐτῷ συναγωνιζόμεναι. In another passage of the same epistle, *wanting in the Syriac*, Ignatius compares the union of the presbytery with the bishop to a harp in which harmony is produced from many strings:—τὸ γὰρ ἀξιονόμαστον ὑμῶν πρεσβυτέριον, τοῦ Θεοῦ ἄξιον, οὕτως συνήρμοσται τῷ ἐπισκόπῳ, ὡς χορδαὶ κιθάρᾳ. διὰ τοῦτο ἐν τῇ ὁμονοίᾳ ὑμῶν καὶ συμφώνῳ ἀγάπῃ Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς ᾄδεται. καὶ οἱ κατ' ἄνδρα δὲ χορὸς γίνεσθε, κ.τ.λ. Chrysostom uses the same figure:—καθάπερ γὰρ ἐν λύρᾳ μιᾷ διάφοροι μὲν αἱ νευραὶ μία δὲ ἡ συμφωνία, οὕτω καὶ ἐν τῷ χορῷ τῶν ἀποστόλων διάφορα μὲν τὰ πρόσωπα μία δὲ ἡ διδασκαλία· ἐπειδὴ καὶ εἷς ὁ τεχνίτης ἦν τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον, τὸ κινοῦν τὰς ἐκείνων ψυχάς.* In another passage of the same epistle, *wanting in the Syriac*, Ignatius speaks of his chains as spiritual jewels—τὰ δεσμὰ περιφέρω, τοὺς πνευματικοὺς μαργαρίτας: Chrysostom, by a figure which he pursues through the whole of the homily, says τριπλοῦν γὰρ στέφανον ἡ τοῦ πνεύματος πλέξασα χάρις οὕτω τὴν ἁγίαν ἐκείνην ἀνέδησε κεφαλήν. Other passages might be added.

In the epistle to the Trallians, *which is not found in the Syriac*, Ignatius exhorts them to beware of heretical doctrines—φεύγετε οὖν τὰς κακὰς παραφύαδας, τὰς γεννώσας καρπὸν θανατηφόρον: and so Eusebius describes him confirming the Churches—ἐν πρώτοις μάλιστα προφυλάττεσθαι τὰς αἱρέσεις ἄρτι τότε πρῶτον ἀναφυείσας καὶ ἐπιπολαζούσας παρήνει.† Mr. Cureton detects the hand of the interpolator in this expression, and in the phrase τοῦ διαβόλου βοτάνη, or κακαι βοταναι, which occurs in three other passages not found in the Syriac;—and of the opposite phrase φυτεία Πατρὸς, which is found in two out of these four places, he says: 'This seems to be borrowed from the Constitutions of the Apostles, Book i. cap. i. Θεοῦ φυτεία ἡ καθολικὴ ἐκκλησία.' (*Corp. Ign.* p. 318.) It is strange that he should neither have remembered the parable

* Mr. Cureton's note is: 'This seems to be evidently connected with the story which became current about the fifth century respecting the institution of chaunting in churches having originated with Ignatius.'—Corp. Ign., 316.

† In the Syriac there is but one slight notice of the rise of heresy: 'Let not those who seem to be something, and teach strange doctrines, confound thee.'—Ep. Pol., iii.

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of the Tares, nor the expression πᾶσα φυτεία ἣν οὐκ ἐφύτευσεν ὁ Πατήρ. Matth. xv. 13. The latter text was so applied at least as early as the time of Tertullian. (*De Præsc. Her.* c. 3.)

Clemens Alexandrinus appears, so far as we can judge from his remaining works, never to have directly quoted the epistles of Ignatius. But the latter, in his epistle to the Ephesians, says of the Star which appeared at the Epiphany—ἀστὴρ ἐν οὐρανῷ ἔλαμψεν ὑπὲρ πάντας τοὺς ἀστέρας, καὶ τὸ φῶς αὐτοῦ ἀνεκλάλητον ἦν, καὶ ξενισμὸν παρεῖχεν ἡ καινότης αὐτοῦ. τὰ δὲ λοιπὰ πάντα αστρα, ἅμα ἡλιῳ καὶ σελήνῃ, χορὸς ἐγένετο τῷ ἀστέρι· αὐτὸς δὲ ἦν ὑπερβάλλων τὸ φῶς αὐτοῦ ὑπὲρ πάντα. This remarkable passage *is represented in the Syriac by only three words,* 'from the star:' but Pearson observes—'Omnia fere eadem tanguntur illo uno Clementis Alexandrini loco in Excerptis—διὰ τοῦτο ἀνέτειλε ξένος ἀστὴρ καὶ καινὸς, καταλύων τὴν παλαιὰν ἀστροθεσίαν, καινῷ φωτὶ οὐ κοσμικῷ λαμπόμενος. Quæ verba a quocunque dicta videantur, ad hunc ipsum Ignatii locum respicere quis dubitet, sive ξενισμὸν, sive καινότητα, sive κατάλυσιν spectet?'* Chrysostom and other Fathers give a similar description of the Star.—In the epistle to the Magnesians, *which is not found in the Syriac,* Ignatius says: ἂν γὰρ ἡμᾶς μιμήσεται καθὰ πράσσομεν, οὐκ ἔτι ἐσμέν. On which Grabe has this note: 'Quid si reponas μωμήσεται, vel μισήσεται, ex Clementis Alex. Pæd. i. 8. ubi hæc Ignatii verba, uti videtur, imitatus scribit εἴ τι ἄρα μισεῖ ὁ λόγος, βούλεται αὐτὸ μὴ εἶναι.' (Bull, *Def. Fid. Nic.* III. i. 5.)

The passage in the epistle to the Ephesians, quoted by Athanasius, Theodoret, &c., is *wanting in the Syriac:* but Bishop Bull observes that it has been adopted by Tertullian. In the old Latin version it is: *Unus medicus est, carnalis et spiritualis, genitus et ingenitus, in carne factus Deus, in immortali vita vera, et ex Maria et ex Deo, primo passibilis, et tunc impassibilis, Dominus Christus noster.* Tertullian, in the tract de Carne Christi, § 5, writes thus: *Ita utriusque substantiæ census hominem et Deum exhibuit: hinc natum, inde non natum; hinc carneum, inde spiritalem; hinc infirmum, inde præfortem; hinc morientem, inde viventem.* Bishop Bull's comment is —

'Plane persuasum habeo Tertullianum (qui ex Græcis ecclesiæ scriptoribus multum profecit) hic respexisse et magnâ ex parte transcripsisse celebrem Ignatii locum . . . Nam pro eo quod Ignatius ibi habet, γεννητὸς καὶ ἀγεννήτος, Tertullianus reddit, *natus et non natus;* quod Ignatius σαρκικὸς καὶ πνευματικὸς, id Tertullianus *hinc carneus, inde spiritalis;* quod Ignatius ἐν σαρκὶ sive ἐν ἀνθρώπῳ Θεὸς, id Tertullianus dicit, *et Deus et homo;* denique quod Ignatius ἐν θανάτῳ ζωὴ, idem Tertullianus *hinc moriens, inde vivens;* ut Græcum

* Vindiciæ, pt. ii. p. 127.

Ignatii

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Ignatii textum pene ad verbum Latine vertisse videatur Tertullianus.' —*Def. Fid. Nic.* II. vii. 3.

In the epistle to the Smyrnæans, Ignatius writes of the Docetæ: λέγουσιν τὸ δοκεῖν αὐτὸν πεπονθέναι, αὐτοὶ τὸ δοκεῖν ὄντες. On which Pearson observes, *Hæc imitatus est Tertullianus, de Valentinianis agens:* 'Ita omnia in imagines urgent, plane et ipsi imaginarii Christiani.' *Adv. Val.* c. 28. The words which Tertullian translates were at least not written after the Council of Nice. (See Cureton's first edition, pref. xxxiv.) Bull and Pearson both maintain that Tertullian in all his writings has never quoted any ecclesiastical writer by *name* (totidem verbis nomine citato) in support of his own arguments.

The epistle of the Church of Smyrna relating the Martyrdom of Polycarp appears to contain some allusions to the words of Ignatius in the epistle to the Romans. The passages alluded to are, however, found in the Syriac also.

Lastly, Ignatius, writing to the Ephesians, says: τὰ δεσμὰ περιφέρω, τοὺς πνευματικοὺς μαργαρίτας—and to the Smyrnæans: δεδεμένος θεοπρεπεστάτοις δεσμοῖς πάντας ἀσπάζομαι. Polycarp, who sends these epistles collected to the Philippians, speaks of Ignatius and his fellow-prisoners as τοὺς ἐνειλημένους τοῖς ἁγιοπρεπέσι δεσμοῖς, ἅτινά ἐστι διαδήματα τῶν ἀληθῶς ὑπὸ Θεοῦ καὶ τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν ἐκλελεγμένων. Ignatius writes to the Ephesians that St. Paul ἐν πάσῃ ἐπιστολῇ μνημονεύει ὑμῶν ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ. Polycarp to the Philippians as those 'in quibus laboravit beatus Paulus, qui estis in principio epistolæ ejus.'* Ignatius writes to the Ephesians of things ὧν οὐδὲν λανθάνει ὑμᾶς—Polycarp to the Philippians, 'et nihil vos latet.' Ignatius, having warned the Magnesians against heretical teaching, adds: οὐκ ἐπεὶ ἔγνων τινὰς ἐξ ὑμῶν οὕτως ἔχοντας—and to the Trallians, οὐκ ἐπεὶ ἔγνων τοιοῦτόν τι ἐν ὑμῖν. So Polycarp to the Philippians, 'ego autem nihil tale sensi in vobis, vel audivi.' These passages are *all wanting in the Syriac*, and several more might be added, which seem to find their reflexion in the epistle of Polycarp.

It is true, that if we assume the epistles to be interpolated, and ascribe unlimited learning and ingenuity to the interpolator, we shall be able to account for the phenomena of the case: we may suppose him to have collected all that was written from Polycarp to Chrysostom, and to have interwoven it with the pure text of the Syriac epistles—and it is somewhat in this manner that Mr. Cureton explains the existence of the Greek epistles; but no writings would be fairly tested by such arbitrary and hypothetical criticism.

* The Greek text here and in the following passages is lost.

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As regards internal evidence, two principal objections have commonly been taken against the epistles of Ignatius in general, and it has now been maintained that these apply with peculiar force to the passages which are omitted in the Syriac. The first of these is, that the language in which the fundamental articles of the Christian creed are asserted is of a more definite and emphatic character than is to be looked for in the earliest age of the Church, and is more characteristic of the time when controversy had led to greater verbal precision and more constant hostility to speculative errors: the other is, that the priesthood is brought into greater prominence, and its powers more decidedly asserted than by other writers of that age, or in other words, that there is an 'hierarchical tendency' which betrays a later period.

The passage in the epistle to the Magnesians cited above, p. 482, affords perhaps almost the only instance in which the former objection has taken a definite and plausible form, though Daillé could see evidence of interpolation even in an assertion of the unity of the Godhead: 'primo enim quod ait Deum esse *unum*, eo apertissime omnem et Valentini et aliorum ejusdem census hæreticorum impietatem arguit, qui plures Deos sub falso commentitiorum Æonum nomine constituebant' (lib. ii. p. 296). It is certain, however, from the language of Irenæus that the Church had even in his time been long in the possession of a definite Creed, and the like would appear from Tertullian. As to the general charge that the warnings and instructions of Ignatius are excellently fitted to refute the heresies of a later age, it is plain that truth must always be opposed to error, and if the writings of the Apostles* furnish answers to the heretics of the third and fourth centuries, it is not very singular that those of their disciples should have done the same. But the objection seems to be of force only because we do not consider how the substance of the earlier heretical teaching (itself probably of heathen origin†) continually appeared with some new modification in the hands of the later heresiarchs. They who have had to deal with these heresies as present evils, and to search into their origin, have repeatedly discovered that they were contending with a condemned and exploded error disguised under a new phraseology. 'Impii Gnostici,' says Bull, 'a summo Deo τὸν λόγον primi separabant: et idem faciunt Ariani. Gnostici inter Chris-

* Sed et cum *genealogias indeterminatas* nominat, Valentinus agnoscitur—is the expression of Tertullian, referring to St. Paul. De Præsc. Hær., c. 33.

† Ipsæ denique hæreses a philosophiâ subornantur. Inde Æones, et formæ nescio quæ, et trinitas hominis apud Valentinum: Platonicus fuerat. Inde Marcionis Deus melior de tranquillitate: a Stoicis venerat. Et ut anima interire dicatur, ab Epicureis observatur, &c. Tert. de Præsc. Hær., c. 7. See also S. Jerome, ep. 83 (ad Magn. Orat.).

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tianos primi æternitatem τοῦ λόγου negarunt; dicebant enim Silentium præcessisse Logon, ac proinde fuisse quando Logos non erat: atque idem de Verbo et Filio Dei dicunt Ariani in isto ipsorum celebri effato, Ἦν ποτὲ ὅτε οὐκ ἦν—Erat quando non erat.' (*Def. Fid. Nic.* III. i. 15.) The same relation of the earlier to the later heresies was noted by Athanasius, who censures the Arians as 'Valentini dogmata æmulantes.' (*Def. Fid. Nic.* III. i. 16.) But it was not with Valentinus that the corruption of Christian doctrine commenced: Irenæus reckons among the motives which led to the composition of St. John's Gospel, a purpose of refuting similar errors already broached by Gnostic teachers.

'Hanc fidem annuntians Joannes Domini discipulus, volens per Evangelii annuntiationem auferre eum, qui a *Cerintho* inseminatus erat hominibus, errorem, et *multo prius* ab his qui dicuntur Nicolaitæ, qui sunt vulsio ejus quæ falso cognominatur scientia, ut confunderet eos, et suaderet quoniam unus Deus, qui omnia fecit per Verbum suum; et non, quemadmodum illi dicunt, alterum quidem Fabricatorem, alium autem Patrem Domini; et alium quidem Fabricatoris Filium, alterum vero de superioribus Christum, quem et impassibilem perseverasse, descendentem in Jesum Filium Fabricatoris, et iterum revolasse in suum Pleroma; et initium quidem esse Monogenen; Logon autem verum Filium unigeniti. . . . . Omnia igitur talia circumscribere volens discipulus Domini, et regulam veritatis constituere in ecclesiâ, ... sic inchoavit in eâ quæ est secundum evangelium doctrinâ—In principio erat Verbum, &c.' (Iren. III. xi. 1, and see Bull, *Def. Fid. Nic.* § iii. c. 1.)

How then can we be surprised to find the same heresies condemned by Ignatius, the same desire manifested in his epistles to guard his brethren from their infection? Even in the Syriac we have the same definite language which is suspected in the Greek: 'the blood of God,'* 'Jesus Christ our God,' 'expect Him to whom there are no times, Him who is not seen, Him who for us was seen, Him who is impalpable, Him who is impassible, Him who for our sake suffered.' (Eph. i.; Rom. x.; Pol. iii.)

As for the objection taken from the hierarchical character of the omitted passages, we are not certainly to look for the like in the *apologetic* writings of the early Fathers.† The remains of the

* Petermann supposes this phrase, which is found in the Syriac, the Florentine Greek, and the corresponding Latin version, to have originated in a Monophysite marginal note upon the words *sanguis Christi*, which is the reading of the longer Greek and of the corresponding Latin. The conjecture is improbable: the more so as Tertullian uses the same expression—Pretio empti; et quali pretio? sanguine Dei.—Ad Uxor., ii. 3; and equivalent phrases—as Deum crucifixum,—Adv. Marc. ii. 27. De carne Christi, c. 5, interemptores Dei,—ibid. &c.

† Mr. Cureton does not appear to have apprehended quite correctly the nature of Daillé's *Palmary Argument*. (*Corp. Ign.*, Intr., xxxvi. xxxvii.) The objection which Daillé

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the first three centuries are scanty, and it is from letters to Churches, or to their bishops, that we shall most naturally expect to gain information on these points. Our confidence in Mr. Cureton's critical qualifications is not increased, when we observe that in his former edition he referred all these passages to the time of Aerius, and that it is only in his latest work that he has discovered the same language to have been held by S. Cyprian a century earlier. Undoubtedly the same strong assertion of episcopal authority is met with in almost every epistle of that great writer; but we have no right to infer that the Church had previously been the undisciplined body which now exists, or that Cyprian was the first to introduce such a theory of Church government as might be gathered from his epistles. On the contrary, clear and positive as his language may be, S. Cyprian seems to have limited rather than enlarged the episcopal authority: 'quando a primordio episcopatus mei statuerim nihil sine consilio vestro, et sine consensu plebis, meâ privatim sententiâ gerere' (ep. 14), are certainly the words of one who was more disposed to concede his own rights than to encroach on those of his clergy and people. The subject was not one to engage the speculative masters of the Alexandrian school; and Tertullian, by his temper and the nature of his writings, was rather led to censure the want of order among the heretics,* than to dilate upon its foundation and necessity within the Church. Had he lived to be a Catholic bishop instead of joining the schism of Montanus, he might have left us epistles as hierarchical as any that have been handed down. Moreover the Syriac version of Ignatius has retained one of these passages which when found only in the Greek are thought to furnish clear evidence of the interpolator's hand: 'Look to the bishop that God also may look upon you. I will be instead of the souls of those who are subject to the bishop, the presbyters, and the deacons; with them may my portion be with God.' (ep. Pol. vi.) If the Christians of Smyrna needed such a charge, it was not likely to be out of place in the epistles to the other Churches of Asia. For it is very unreasonable to object, as Daillé did (ii. 421. *Corp. Ign.* Introd. xlii.), that the same exhortations are repeated in the different epistles: it was most natural that it should be so, just as St. Paul repeats the same instruction in the epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians.

Daillé so designated was drawn from the distinction uniformly made in the Ignatian epistles between the titles *bishop* and *presbyter*: 'Nomina ubique distincta apparent: neque vel semel alterum pro altero positum occurrit.' (Dal. de libris Dion. et Ignat., p. 388.) The same distinction, as Mr. Cureton justly remarks, is observed in the Syriac, 'the same things expressly asserted.'— *C. I.*, xxxv.

* 'Alius hodie episcopus, cras alius; hodie diaconus qui cras lector; hodie presbyter qui cras laicus.'—De Præscr. Hæret., c. 41.

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Less striking points than these are thought equally to betray the interpolator. Thus the particle οὖν is of frequent occurrence in the Greek epistles, while the corresponding particle occurs but once in the Syriac text. Mr. Cureton fixes on this as a mark of spuriousness:—'So soon as we enter upon the province of the interpolator, we find the particle οὖν.'* (*C. I.* 317.) It does not seem to have occurred to him that an epitomizer would have been as likely to omit such particles as an interpolator to introduce them. But many other objections which Mr. Cureton has raised, rest upon the same assumption that the Syriac is the genuine text. For instance, in the epistle to Polycarp, c. 5, the Syriac (which does not admit of compound words) translates συμβίοις by words which correspond exactly to ἀνδράσι and γυναῖκας. Hereupon Mr. Cureton remarks, 'I suspect the word συμβίοις, which occurs here both for husbands and wives.' After giving several parallel passages, he concludes, 'Ignatius may therefore have written simply ἀνδράσι and γυναῖκας. He was not, however, unacquainted with words compounded with συν.' (*C. I.* 272.) Certainly a Greek writer who was unacquainted with such words would be a literary curiosity. It may be suspected that Ignatius 'was not unacquainted' with an epistle which contains the words συσχηματιζόμενοι, συνείδησιν, συνοικοῦντες, συγκληρονόμοι, συμπαθεῖς, συντρεχόντων, συμβαίνοντος, συμπρεσβύτερος, συνηλικιωτὴ. At least there is a tradition that it was written by one of his predecessors in the see of Antioch. Take, as another instance of the same arbitrary criticism, Mr. Cureton's note on the 9th chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians. 'The following words, ἐστε οὖν καὶ σύνοδοι πάντες, θεοφόροι καὶ ναοφόροι, χριστοφόροι ἁγιοφόροι, are very dissimilar to anything found in the text which the Syriac acknowledges as genuine, and such as we should hardly expect to meet with in writings the idiom of which betrays the Aramaisms of the author.' (*C. I.* 317.) For an answer to this we have only to turn to the next epistle, where the introduction, *as confirmed by the Syriac*, addresses the Church of Rome as ἀξιόθεος, ἀξιοπρεπὴς, ἀξιομακάριστος, ἀξιέπαινος, ἀξιομνημονεύτου, ἀξιεπίτευκτος, &c. What are we to say here of the idiom of these writings? †

Very

* 'Here we have got the editor's fist again; for the mark of it is easily discovered.'—Bentley's Note on Paradise Lost.

† Mr. Cureton (*C. I.*, 265) suspects the word τόπος which is used of the *rank* or position of the bishop in the epistle to Polycarp, ἐκδίκει σου τὸν τόπον (c. i.). His objection is that the Syriac translator has not rendered the word so literally in this place as in the inscription of the epistle to the Romans, where it occurs in a different sense. He is aware that Pearson has cited 'a passage from Origen, and another from Alexander of Jerusalem, writers of the third century, containing the expression of τὸν τόπον τῆς ἐπισκοπῆς, and two passages of Cyprian, where *locus* seems to be used in a similar

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Very little weight can be allowed to the argument that the omitted sentences cannot have formed a part of the original, because the Syriac text gives a clear sense and connexion without them. (See *Corp. Ign.* Intr. xlii. xliii.) It is not at all remarkable that in letters which are hortatory rather than argumentative, the omission of a number of passages should still leave an intelligible remainder. We shall find it possible to omit many sentences from the epistles of St. Paul, or even from these abridged Syriac epistles (take for instance the two chapters which have been inserted from the epistle to the Trallians into the epistle to the Romans), without rendering them more abrupt or obscure. M. Bunsen indeed admits, that in many places the Syriac is no less obscure and unintelligible than the Greek (Denzinger, p. 42): and Mr. Cureton's views of the text are inconsistent with each other, for while he asserts (*C. I.* 317) that 'we find numerous instances' of words inserted 'evidently with the object of softening the abruptness of the original style,' he maintains also that the removal of these passages will 'leave the whole order of the epistle thus abbreviated clear, simple, and uninterrupted.' (*C. I.* Intr. xliii.)*

But there are in the Syriac some instances of greater abruptness and perplexity than can be accounted for by the Eastern style or peculiar circumstances of the writer, and which appear to be evidences of hasty compilation. The conclusion of the epistle to Polycarp (c. viii.) is one such case. Both in the Greek and Syriac there is an abrupt transition from the party first addressed to the people, who are exhorted to 'look to the bishop, &c.' But in the Greek the discourse reverts—as it surely was most natural that it should—to Polycarp himself, who is charged to make provision for the spiritual oversight of the Church at Antioch, and to write letters to other Churches which Ignatius—urged forward by his impatient guards—had been unable to address to them. In the Syriac, again, the epistle is cut short by this enigmatical conclusion: 'I rejoice in you at all times. The Christian has not power over himself, but is ready to be subjected to God. I salute him who is deemed worthy to go to Antioch *in my stead, as I charged thee.*'

similar sense:' but he does not consider these quotations to furnish any confirmation of the Greek text, for they 'are long subsequent to the time of Ignatius, and probably much nearer to the period at which his epistles were first falsified.' Now Pearson has also cited a passage from the epistle of the Church of Lyons to Pope Eleutherus (Vind. ii. 158), in which στάσις is applied to the *rank* of a presbyter; and Polycarp laments the fall of a presbyter, 'quod sic ignoret is *locum* qui datus est ei' (ad Philipp. c. xi. The Greek text is here lost). Surely these passages sufficiently confirm the early use of the word στάσις in this suspected sense.

* 'Here's another intrusion of four spurious lines; unworthy of admittance; scurvy accent. Put the two ends together, and they plainly show they were violently parted asunder by a rude hand.'—Bentley, Note on Paradise Lost.

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(The last words in *italics* are peculiar to the Syriac.) But why is mention made of the duty of subjection without any previous allusion to the journey into Syria, which in the Greek calls forth the admonition? Why is the messenger alone saluted, and not, as in the Greek, grace invoked 'upon Polycarp also who sends him?' Eusebius relates that Ignatius committed his Church to Polycarp; but Mr. Cureton, arguing from the Syriac addition, supposes that a successor to the see of Antioch had been fixed on while Ignatius was yet at Smyrna. (*Corp. Ign.* xliv.) The account of Eusebius confirms the Greek, in which the person to be sent into Syria is not to go as a bishop, but simply as the bearer of a letter (cf. ep. Smyrn. § 11. Polycarp ad Phil. § 13.), and doubtless to convey the instructions of Polycarp for the ordering of the Church of Antioch. The word θεοδρομος, by which the messenger is designated in the Greek, is thought to have suggested one of the circumstances in Lucian's account of the death of Peregrinus. (Pearson, Denzinger.) Peregrinus, who is represented as having been once a Christian, perhaps a bishop (προστάτην ἐπέγραφον), when about to cast himself into the flames, is said to have sent letters to the principal cities, and to have appointed messengers whom he called 'messengers of the dead and couriers of Hades':—τινας πρεσβευτὰς τῶν ἑταίρων ἐχειροτόνησε, νεκραγγέλους καὶ νερτεροδρόμους προσαγορεύσας, c. 41.:—'quos cum θεοδρόμοις illis Ignatianis recte vir summus [sc. Pearson] comparabat.' (Gesner not. in loc.) Mr. Cureton here detects the interpolator by the sense which is given in the Greek to καταξιῶσαι. The meaning of this word, he says, in the genuine portions of the epistles 'is plainly that of being accounted worthy *by God*; or, in other words, God having granted it so;' but the term thus used by Ignatius being transferred to Polycarp, 'the interpolator, while he endeavours to imitate him by borrowing his expressions, betrays himself in misapplying them. Instances of the employment of this verb in the New Testament will readily suggest themselves.' (*Corp. Ign.* 309, 310.) But among those instances is οὐδὲ ἐμαυτὸν ἠξίωσα—Luke vii. 7—*I thought not myself worthy*; and οἱ καλῶς προεστῶτες πρεσβύτεροι διπλῆς τιμῆς ἀξιούσθωσαν—1 Tim. v. 7; passages from which Ignatius may have learned (if he ever needed the lesson) to use the word in the sense which has excited Mr. Cureton's suspicion.

Another passage in the Syriac which has evidently suffered in the hands of a compiler, occurs towards the end of the epistle to the Ephesians (c. xix.). In the Greek it runs: 'There were hidden from the prince of this world the virginity of Mary and her childbirth also, and the death of the Lord; three mysteries, most spoken of throughout the world, which were brought to pass in secret

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secret by God. How then were they manifested to the world? A star shone forth, &c.' But in the Syriac we have: 'There were hidden from the prince of this world the virginity of Mary and the birth of the Lord, *and* the three mysteries most spoken of throughout the world which were brought to pass in secret by God through the star; whence magical power was destroyed, &c.,'—and with this idea the epistle ends abruptly. In the Greek the sense is at least clear; the three great mysteries are the Virginity of Mary and the Incarnation and Passion of the Lord, of which the second was manifested by the Star in the East; but in the Syriac we have no clue to three others in addition to the former two; nor could any of these be said to 'have been brought to pass through the Star.'

Mr. Cureton has not succeeded in showing that the Greek contains anything inconsistent with truth or probability. He objects (*Corp. Ign.* 311, 312) to the account that Ignatius had been informed of the restoration of peace to the Church at Antioch (ep. Polyc. c. 7) as inconsistent with the manner in which his guards are said to have hurried him on to Rome. But Ignatius probably made the voyage in the same manner that St. Paul had done, who was first put on board 'a ship of Adramyttium, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia,' and then transferred to 'a ship of Alexandria which the centurion found sailing into Italy:' however impatiently his guards may have urged the departure of their prisoner when the vessel was ready, they could not anticipate the time of its sailing, nor prevent the ordinary delays of a coasting voyage: and if the report of the cessation of persecution which overtook Ignatius was accompanied by no remission of his own sentence, this is not more inconsistent than the rescript of Trajan, which forbade Christians to be sought out, while it ordered them to be punished if accused and convicted. Again, in the epistle to the Ephesians (c. 2), where Ignatius enumerates five persons who had been sent to greet him—of whose names only one is retained by the Syriac—Mr. Cureton objects the improbability of so large a deputation being sent to meet, and allowed to converse with, a prisoner under strict guard, condemned by the emperor himself. (*C. I.* 313.) But Cyprian and Tertullian repeatedly mention such visits to confessors. Cyprian, for example (ep. 5), directs that the people should not go in multitudes, and that the priests should go by turns to avoid suspicion; and Tertullian, when writing against marriage with a heathen, contemplates no obstacle in the way of the Christian wife resorting to the martyrs in prison, except such as her husband might interpose—'Quis in carcerem ad osculanda vincula Martyris reptare patietur?' (ad Uxor. ii. 4.) Lucian too describes the imprisonment of Peregrinus as a matter

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matter which roused all the sympathies of his fellow Christians;—'old women and widows and orphans hanging about the prison, and the clergy (οἱ ἐν τέλει), even spending whole nights in his company, with feasts and sacred converse, having bribed the jailors' (c. 12): a method of obtaining indulgence which may be alluded to in the words of Ignatius, οἳ καὶ εὐεργετούμενοι χείρους γίνονται. Constant communication between the trading vessel which conveyed him and the towns on the coast would easily spread the news of his condemnation and approaching arrival at Smyrna, and explain the meeting with the messengers from the neighbouring Churches at that place, though it might, as is stated in the Acts, be the first port at which he disembarked. His expressed intention of writing a second letter to the Ephesians (c. 21) is not inconsistent with his circumstances at the time (v. *Corp. Ign.* 319, 320; Dall. 371): S^t. Paul was repeatedly detained by the necessities of the ship—and a single day, such as Ignatius had spent with Polycarp at Smyrna, would enable him to fulfil his promise. This supposition respecting the manner in which Ignatius performed the voyage to Troas answers the similar objections which Mr. Cureton makes to the epistles to the Romans, Magnesians, Trallians, Philadelphians. (*C. I.* 323—7, 330, 32.)

The epistle to the Smyrnæans was quoted by Eusebius, but it does not on that account escape the suspicions of Mr. Cureton. He refers to Ussher and other critics, who remarked the difference of style between the epistle to Polycarp and the six other epistles; and thence draws the illogical conclusion, not that the former is the only genuine one, but that the epistle to the Smyrnæans is spurious. 'All the objections therefore which these and other critics have brought against the epistle to Polycarp on account of its discrepancy from the other Ignatian epistles, become so many arguments against that to the Smyrnæans, if the genuineness of the letter to Polycarp be once established.' (*Corp. Ign.* 334.) But if this difference of style does not condemn the epistles to the Ephesians and Romans, that to the Smyrnæans which resembles them may likewise be genuine. Even the passage which Eusebius has quoted from this epistle becomes in Mr. Cureton's hands a proof of spuriousness. To estimate the force of his objection we must look a little further into the statement of Origen on which it rests. In the preface to the books *De Principiis* Origen recounts certain articles of faith which are preserved in the preaching of the Church handed down from the apostles in regular succession; first, that there is one God the Creator, and so on. The seventh of these articles is concerning the Scriptures and their sense: 'Tum demum quod per Spiritum Sanctum scripturæ conscriptæ sint, &c.' He then says:—'There are many writers, besides

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besides the authors of *our scriptures*, who have not used the term ἀσώματος. But if any one should cite the *Doctrina Petri* in which it occurs, we must first reply that this is not one of the ecclesiastical books; and we must show that neither Peter, nor any one else who was inspired by the Spirit of God, was the author of it. *Quod etiam si ipsum concederetur*, non idem sensus ex isto sermone ἀσώματος indicatur qui Græcis vel Gentilibus auctoribus ostenditur, &c.' Hence Mr. Cureton infers that Origen was either unacquainted with the epistle, or deemed it so palpably spurious as to be unworthy of notice. (*C. I.* 335.) But there was no reason why he should notice it, or anticipate that an objection would be drawn from it; since all that he had affirmed was that the word ἀσώματος did not occur in the *canonical books*, to which class some might be disposed to refer the apocryphal *Doctrina Petri*, but among which the epistles of Ignatius had never been reckoned. For though Ignatius asserts that he had on some occasions received supernatural communications, no one would on that account place his epistles in the canon of Scripture, any more than those of S. Cyprian on account of the visions with which he was favoured. (Ep. 7, 11, 40.) Origen does not censure the apocryphal book, nor raise any question as to the truth of the account contained in it; he even thinks it worth while to distinguish between the sense in which its writer used the word in question, and that which it bore among the heathen philosophers. It is not improbable that this narrative of our Lord's address to St Peter—whether it be, as Vedelius supposed, an inaccurate citation of Luke xxiv. 36—40, or whether, as Pearson thought, it rests upon an unwritten tradition—may have been copied from Ignatius by the writers of the apocryphal books in which it was afterwards found; and that the epistle to the Smyrnæans, far from being unknown to Origen, suggested certain expressions in the former part of this prologue, as well as the discussion on the term ἀσώματος, though it did not fall in with his plan to refer by name to any writer who had not been reckoned canonical.* Mr. Cureton further discovers in this epistle a denial of the resurrection of the body, which would doubtless be inconceivable in a disciple of St John. To answer this it is only necessary to make rather a longer quotation than he has done in his note. (*C. I.* 335.) Ignatius is condemning the Docetæ who denied the reality of the body of our Saviour. 'They say that He suffered only

* The former part of the epistle, like that of the preface, is of the nature of a creed. Ignatius says: 'Vere passus est, ut et vere resuscitavit seipsum: non, quemadmodum infideles quidam dicunt, secundum videri ipsum passum esse.' With which compare, 'Natus et passus est in veritate, et non per imaginem, communem hanc mortem; vere mortuus est, vere enim a mortuis resurrexit.'—*Præf. in lib. Princ.*

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in pretence, they themselves being only in pretence (τὸ δοκεῖν ὄντες—*qui ipsi vere sunt opinio*, Armen.); and as they think, so shall it also happen to them, being bodiless and dæmoniac.' The passage is ironical throughout, and the latter clause no more denies the resurrection of the body than the former does its present existence: the sense appears to be that, as they assert an unreal redemption, they shall only receive an unreal salvation, *i.e.* shall be excluded from salvation.

These appear to be the only objections that it is needful to notice. Such as are merely of a general character, founded on the use of compound words which are met with abundantly in the New Testament, can have no weight; and the assertion that the Syriac version presents to us 'a collection of epistles attributed to Ignatius, in which none of those passages occur that have tended to throw such strong doubts and suspicions upon the other bodies of Letters which had previously borne his name' (*C. I.* Intr. lxiv.), is at once refuted by a comparison of Daillé's work with the Syriac text.* The latter will be perceived to retain many of the passages on which Bochart, Daillé, and other critics of that age grounded their objections.

The conclusions which we have to state are these:—

1. The received Greek text contains nothing which might not have been written by Ignatius, no allusions to persons or events later than his time, no contradiction of any fact respecting him which has been well attested.

2. It agrees with the citations made by Fathers of the first three centuries no less than by those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth, as accurately as we have a right to expect; as accurately, *e.g.* as their quotations of Scripture agree with the text.

3. The Syriac version on the contrary, though containing the few short quotations made by Fathers of the first three centuries, fails to give those of the following centuries—*i.e.* ceases to correspond with patristic testimony as soon as it became the custom to make large quotations.

4. Many passages of the received text, omitted by the Syriac, are evidently referred to by writers of that early age in which it was not customary to make long and numerous quotations from uninspired authors.

5. There was at an early period a Syriac version corresponding to the received Greek text (except that it also contained the epistle to the Philippians) from which (a) the Armenian version

* Vid. Dall. de Script. Dionys. et Ignat., pp. 313, 316, 342, 369, 372. It is to be observed that the greater part of Daillé's arguments apply only to the longer Greek.

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is stated by tradition, and proved by internal evidence, to have been made;* (b) the short abridgment composed of passages from the epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Magnesians, Smyrnæans, and to Hero (*Corp. Ign.* 201, 2), was compiled; (c) certain extracts from all the epistles, except that to the Romans, prefixed to Renaudot's ancient collection of canons (*Corp. Ign.* 197—201) were taken; as also (d) three extracts from the epistle to the Romans (*C. I.* 296), of which only two are found in the Syriac text. In the latter three cases, when the same passages occur both in the text and in the extracts, the translation, though with some very slight transpositions, is almost identical: whereas, if we compare the Syriac text with the extracts made by Severus and Timotheus, we find the same Greek words variously rendered.

6. We have instances of the early abridgment of Christian writings in the East, sufficient to make it probable that the Syriac text is such.

7. The Syriac is in some places unintelligible, and presents a mutilated appearance for want of words which the Greek received text supplies.

8. It is incredible that the epistles which were collected by Polycarp—who lived till the middle of the second century—should have been unknown to his disciple Irenæus—who wrote about the end of that century; or that Origen, the contemporary in some measure of Irenæus, should have been imposed upon by a forger; or that Eusebius, who had seen many of the disciples of Origen, should have had a different set of epistles.

It is not necessary that we should frame a theory to account for the omission of each particular passage—many motives might influence a compiler. Before the third century was ended the Christian world had seen bishops who degenerated greatly from the primitive model; and although the sacerdotal powers accompany the office, not the character, the epitomizer may have felt that it was hard to apply the language of Ignatius to those who resembled Paul of Samosata. If he was infected with any of the more subtle heresies of the East, he may have omitted such

* Ussher, Fell, and other scholars perseveringly sought for a Syriac version: 'ut exemplar Græcum Florentinum,' says Dr. Smith (Life of Huntington), 'illustrari et in paucissimis quidem emendari possit.' In their desire to obtain such a version Mr. Cureton finds a strong argument for the particular Syriac text which he has edited. But Ussher wrote to Hartlib in 1640, 'If I might get either a Syriac, or an Arabic, or an *Armenian*, or a Persian translation of them, it would serve me to exceeding good purpose.' (Works, xvi. 64.) Are we therefore to conclude that the discovery of the ancient Armenian version—anticipated by Ussher—establishes the genuineness of the *thirteen* epistles?

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doctrinal passages as seemed less easily reconcilable with these, while he would have no such disposition to omit a general affirmation of the Divinity of our Lord. Something he may have omitted to avoid repetition; something as having lost its interest in his time; something through negligence and not observing its importance. Moreover, an author is not always perfectly judicious in his expressions and arrangement, nor even consistent in his views and in adherence to his plan; and if some authors are chargeable with these faults, a compiler is not exempt from them.

The value of these three Syriac MSS. is in their confirming—not invalidating—the Greek recension; in their forming part of the evidence that this recension was current in the East, as well as received in the Greek and Latin branches of the Church; in giving especially a very early testimony to the existence of that epistle which was rejected by critics who admitted the other six. They are valuable as enabling us to correct in some cases the text of the Greek MS. It would be very strange if a MS., written centuries after the time of the author, were altogether free from corruptions; and, when but one MS. of an author is extant, ancient versions have a peculiar importance—but their value is according to the way in which they are used. Little advance is made if one version be looked upon as immaculate, and all other authorities reduced to its standard: but much is done towards the restoration of the text, when they fall into the hands of editors who can consider the probabilities in every case, and estimate the witnesses according to acknowledged critical laws. The great service for which we are indebted to Mr. Cureton is that his zeal and industry have rendered MSS.—which might otherwise have lain for years unheeded—accessible to editors who are capable of so employing them: it is no disparagement to his rare knowledge of Oriental languages that he is not equally qualified in some other respects to raise upon them a theory—at least such a theory as to disturb the conclusions of Pearson and Bull.

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ART. IV.—1. *Reports on the Finance and Commerce of the Island of Ceylon and Correspondence relative thereto.* 1848.

2. *Papers relative to the Affairs of Ceylon.* February, 1849.—*Second Report from the Select Committee on Ceylon and British Guiana:* ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 27th July, 1849.—*Third Report from the Select Committee with the Proceedings of the Committee:* ordered to be printed 31st July, 1849.

3. *First Report of the Select Committee on Ceylon.* 19th February, 1850.—*Second Report.* 4th March.—*Third Report together with the Proceedings of the Committee.* 24th July.

4. *Recent Disturbances and Military Executions in Ceylon.* By T. Forbes, late Lieut.-Colonel 78th Highlanders. Edinburgh, 1850.

THE Fabian dexterity of Whig officials having contrived that the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, during two years occupied in investigating the bloodless Cingalese 'rebellion' of 1848, and the bloody rigour resorted to by Lord Torrington, should appear and vanish amidst the confusion and weariness incidental to the last week of a protracted session—we conceive that we shall be discharging a duty to the interests of humanity, of justice, and of common sense, if we present our readers with a brief sketch of the events which led to that smothered inquiry—of its disgraceful progress—and of its still more disgraceful termination.

Ceylon, placed at the western entrance of the Bay of Bengal, is separated by a narrow strait from the mainland of Hindostan. It is nearly as large as Ireland. The population, composed of various tribes of native Cingalese, of Malabars, Mahometans, Coolies, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, and of their mongrel descendants, is computed at little less than a million and a half of souls; Colombo, its capital, contains 40,000 inhabitants. The government of this colony is administered by a Governor, assisted by a council entirely consisting of European civil and military servants, who are described by M'Culloch as being, from their tenure of office, 'totally subservient to the will of the Governor' (No. 1, p. 146, par. 10; No. 6, qq. 5853, 5854). Its religion, as established by treaty, is that of Buddha, a creed which inculcates the purest code of morality ever engrafted on idolatry by misguiding or misguided man (No. 8, p. 41).* The ruins of ancient cities, tanks, aqueducts, canals, bridges, &c., with

* The fifth clause of the treaty concluded on the 2nd of March, 1815, between the British Government and the native chiefs, is as follows:—'The religion of Buddha, professed by the chiefs and inhabitants of these provinces, is declared inviolable; and its rites, ministers, and places of worship are to be maintained and protected.'

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which the interior of the island abounds, denote that in earlier ages it must have been a populous and comparatively civilized country. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the Portuguese formed settlements on its western and southern coasts, from which they were subsequently expelled by the Dutch, who in 1796 were in turn driven out by the English. It was not, however, until 1819 that we succeeded, after a severe and protracted struggle, in finally wresting from the native chiefs possession of the entire island; and since that date the presence of a handful of British troops has secured to us uninterrupted enjoyment of it.

The geographical situation of Ceylon, which constitutes it the key of the Indian Ocean, its admirable harbour, its fertile soil, and its salubrious climate, both equally favourable to the growth of every description of tropical produce, promise to restore it, ere long, to what appears to have been its former position—the chief mart of Eastern commerce. Although separated, as we have said, but by a narrow and shallow arm of the sea from our Indian Empire, the merchant princes of Leadenhall Street are in nowise responsible either for its prosperity or its decline. For nearly half a century it has been, from the nature of its constitution, at the absolute disposal of successive nominees of the Colonial Office at home, who, during that space of time, have dealt with it as they have listed, without let or hindrance.

Amongst the half-dozen public servants who have held, since 1819, the reins of its government, Sir Edward Barnes, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, and Sir Colin Campbell appear to have been the most energetic in promoting its civilization and the interests of its commerce. In 1846 the last-named of these distinguished men, after a long, peaceable, and prosperous administration, resigned his office, and it fell to the lot of Earl Grey, who had been, when in opposition, the chief of the professed colonial reformers of the day, and who had at that moment assumed the conduct of our colonial empire, to replace him. An elaborate Report, addressed to his Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, by Sir Emerson Tennent, Knight of the Grecian order of Christ—an Irish gentleman of some literary pretensions, who had filled for a short time the post of Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Board of Control, and who had subsequently contrived to exchange his seat in the House of Commons for the more lucrative position of Colonial Secretary in Ceylon—enables us to offer some information respecting the financial and social condition of the colony at that date, the accuracy of which cannot consistently be impugned by the patrons of Sir Colin's successor, in consequence of the remarkable

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able part which the said Sir Emerson of Greece has since played in the defence which they have attempted for their noble protégé (No. 1, p. 46).

According to Sir Emerson, then, although the financial system which prevailed in Ceylon in 1846 was, in a Free Trade point of view, essentially vicious, Sir Colin had contrived to leave its treasury in a most prosperous condition. Whilst recommending a revision of its entire taxation, with a view to its readjustment to the altered and improving circumstances of the community, Sir Emerson proved to his employers that, even under the existing system, 'they might count upon a large accumulated fund actually in hand, and upon a considerable annual surplus' (No. 1, pp. 7, 8). He described the Cingalese population as 'distinguished in a remarkable degree by that inert and contented apathy which is the conjoint result of an absence of all artificial wants, a constitutional dislike to labour, and a marked aversion to all innovations or change of ancient habits and modes of life.' After detailing the progress which civilization had made in the island during the last few years, as evinced by the abolition of slavery and of compulsory labour, the diminished authority of the native chiefs, the gradual elimination of the prejudices of caste, the diffusion of education, the increasing demand for labour, the influx of British settlers and capital, the formation of roads, and the advance of agriculture, he announced that—

'the time had at length arrived when it became the duty of Government to commence the removal of the old and vicious system of colonial taxation, and to attempt the substitution of a sounder and healthier scheme, which, if prudently matured, would render Ceylon the most wealthy and independent colony of the crown.'

He was careful to observe that

'*nothing could be more dangerous or prejudicial to its rising prosperity than any rash or theoretical meddling, unguided by local experience, and by a thorough acquaintance with the genius and habits of the people*'—

But he could see

'no reason to doubt that by prudent and progressive measures the entire financial system of the colony might advantageously be changed, *provided the alteration was made with due caution and deliberation, so as not to excite the prejudices of a people, who, although enervated and apathetic, are remarkable, even amongst the various races of India, for their adherence to ancient habits of immemorial custom.*'

We are thus precise in calling attention to the views which Sir Emerson Tennent held in 1846 with regard to the actual condition and future prospects of Ceylon and the Cingalese, on account

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account of the prominent share subsequently borne by him in the tragedy which we are about to relate. His Report, from which we have quoted, was duly forwarded to Downing Street, and was there specially referred for consideration to a committee, composed of Messrs. Hawes, Lefevre, Tufnell, and Bird, who, although differing on some few points from its author, coincided with him as to the necessity for carrying out extensive financial reforms, and for abolishing certain noxious monopolies—which steps they calculated would create a considerable deficiency in the public revenue, to be made good, in the first instance, out of the balance in hand, and afterwards by a general land-tax: a project which, although known by all persons conversant with the social structure of the colony to be impracticable, was very popular amongst the *doctrinaires* of Downing Street.

It will thus be seen that the task which awaited the successor of Sir Colin Campbell was both a difficult and a delicate one, requiring, if not absolutely local knowledge, at least mature experience and proved ability in the practice of administration. The detailed description which Sir Emerson Tennent had drawn of the individual who was, in his opinion, required to regenerate Ceylon, so precisely described himself, that it is difficult to say why Earl Grey, who confessed himself to have been struck with 'the remarkable ability' of his Report, did not take the hint and appoint him to the post, anxious, as his Lordship had professed himself to be, when entering upon office, 'to select the very best men as colonial governors, to pay them highly, to invest them with wide discretionary powers, and to support their measures as far as possible.'*

Earl Grey, however, somehow or other, arrived at the unexpected and extraordinary conclusion that 'the very best man' whom he could select for this difficult position was Viscount Torrington, a first-cousin of the Premier, who, having not much improved his originally small means by fancy farming and railway speculation, was, in an evil hour, tempted, by the high salary attached to the office, to undertake the responsibilities of Governor of Ceylon. Although nearly forty years of age, and possessed of an hereditary voice in the legislature, he had, up to that time, evinced no disposition to take a part in the unpaid public business of the nation. His youth had been spent in the 7th Fusileers as a subaltern, and his manhood in discharging the onerous duties of a lord of the bedchamber. When the Whigs resumed office in 1846, the Viscount's family claims to the emoluments of place do not appear to have been disputed by Lord John Russell; but unluckily Lord Foley had already secured the sinecure to

* 'Committee on Miscellaneous Estimates,' q. 6890.

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which he was understood to aspire, and it fell to the lot of Earl Grey to console him for his disappointment by despatching him to the tropics, to try his 'prentice hand at governing a million and a half of her Majesty's subjects, and at disentangling the corrupt and complicated financial system of a colony of which he knew no more than he did of the practice of obstetrical surgery.

Upon reaching the seat of his government a very disagreeable surprise awaited his Excellency, who, however, appears to have lost no time in exercising 'the wide discretionary powers' so wisely conceded to him. He found that the balance in hand, estimated by his instructors in Downing Street at upwards of 200,000*l.*, upon which he was directed to fall back until a land-tax could be organized and levied throughout the island, existed only in the imaginations of Mr. Hawes and Sir Emerson Tennent, who had created it by contriving in their respective Reports to mistake liabilities for assets. They had counted as cash in hand a large amount of unissued notes of the colonial treasury, which had long lain, waste paper, in its coffers, and—worse still—a larger number of the said notes actually in circulation and payable at sight! The 'considerable annual surplus,' too, had altogether vanished from the scene, and was to be found nowhere save in Mr. Hawes' London Report.

Although stating himself, as well he might, to be 'deeply impressed with a state of things so contrary to banking principles and to commercial policy,' the Governor of Ceylon hastened 'to introduce such modifications into the tariff as he conceived would give full encouragement to an increased production of the staple articles of export of the colony, and would generally improve the tone of mercantile transactions.' He professed himself, at the same time, to be 'deeply sensible of the necessity for exercising the most cautious judgment in adopting important changes, and for maturely weighing the whole bearings of the case before venturing to undertake even what may at first view appear to be improvements, where questions of finance are concerned.' But, unluckily for himself and for others, the new financier did not practise the deliberation and caution which he so sententiously preached. Export duties were instantly and agreeably repealed, import duties lowered, and the sinking revenue of the colony squandered without a moment's consideration, in spite of the respectful suggestions of the merchants of Colombo that such steps should not be taken until some plan had been matured for supplying the enormous deficiency which they must inevitably create. Lord Torrington, unaware 'that the discontent excited by direct imposts is almost always out of proportion to the quantity

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quantity of money which they bring into the Exchequer,'* undertook to meet this difficulty off-hand, by the imposition of seven new taxes of his own invention,† which, although they undoubtedly possessed the merit of extreme simplicity, were singularly well calculated to offend the prejudices and to arouse the opposition even of the apathetic and docile inhabitants of Ceylon.

A road or poll tax, a shop-tax, a gun-tax, and a dog-tax were the most obnoxious of them. The road-tax ordinance required that every male resident in the island, between the ages of 15 and 55, should either labour for six days in each year on the public roads, or pay 3*s.* in lieu of such personal service. The shop-tax enacted that every occupant of a shop, the rental of which amounted to 5*l.*, should take out a yearly licence on a 1*l.* stamp. The gun-tax directed that, on a certain day in each year, the Cingalese should repair to the chief towns, armed, and apply for licences for their fire-arms, at a cost of 2*s.* 6*d.* for each gun. The dog-tax imposed a tax of 1*s.* on every dog kept in the island, and sentenced to death all puppies above three months old whose proprietors were not prepared with the protecting twelve pence.‡ And as Ceylon contained a million and a half of inhabitants, and as the majority of these owned dogs and guns for the protection of their crops and for the destruction of wild animals, and as not a few kept shops, it was computed that these new taxes would, *if they could be collected*, realize an amount double that which had been lost by the recent alterations in the import and export duties. But nobody, save Lord Torrington and the gentlemen who 'do for the colonies' in Downing Street, thought for a moment that they could be collected; and results speedily taught them the justice of Sir Emerson Tennent's remark, that 'nothing could be more prejudicial to the rising prosperity of Ceylon than any rash or theoretical meddling, unguided by local experience and a thorough acquaintance with the habits of the people.' § The

* Macaulay, History of England, vol. i. p. 287.

† As Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes and Sir Emerson Tennent have subsequently attempted to show that the taxes in question were not the handiwork of Lord Torrington, but were suggested either by his Council or by his predecessor, it may be as well to set that point at rest by referring to a despatch of Earl Grey's, dated the 16th of January, 1849, wherein he reminds the Governor of Ceylon that the said measures 'were proposed by yourself, and received the sanction of her Majesty's Government at your own strong recommendation' (No. 6, pp. 403, 4).

‡ Lord Torrington appears to have been astonished to find the canine race much the same in Ceylon as in Kent. He wrote officially to Earl Grey to represent to him 'that many of them were dangerous from their ferocity, and that all of them were liable to perpetuate the awful disease hydrophobia.'—(No. 2, p. 292.)

§ The 'experience' of the Governor of Ceylon and of the public servants and others who aided and abetted him during the events of 1848 is worthy of record. At the date of

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The bulk of the population of Ceylon are extremely poor; they seldom own any money whatever, and they had hitherto been almost entirely unaccustomed to direct taxation. Two of these taxes, on dogs and guns, were imposed upon what were to them absolute necessaries of life; and they not unnaturally looked upon the road-tax as a reimposition of a most obnoxious burthen, called Raja-karaya, or forced labour, which had been abolished with much solemnity many years before. As soon, therefore, as the ordinances announcing these new taxes were published, great excitement arose throughout the island amongst all classes; for the Europeans were almost as much provoked as the natives at the danger which they believed the community was about to incur through the ignorance and rashness of its governor. His Excellency was further labouring under the disadvantage of having been involved, from the moment of his arrival, in a series of personal squabbles with the civil and military public servants under his command, and was endeavouring, in defiance of all established precedent and custom, to carry on the affairs of the state with the assistance of a few favourites, as new to the colony as himself, who subserved to him. It was, moreover, pretty commonly suspected that Sir Emerson Tennent, a disappointed candidate for the government of Ceylon, was not altogether displeased to see the noble Johnny Newcome who had supplanted him thus quickly involved in difficulties which proved his utter incapacity. Be this as it may, it does not appear that the Colonial Secretary made any attempt to dissuade his chief from pursuing a line of conduct so diametrically opposed to that recommended in his 'able' report of the 22nd of November, 1846. He seems, on the contrary, to have lent himself blindly to force on the primitive financial experiments of Lord Torrington—with what success we shall presently show.

Petitions and memorials against the new taxes, numerously signed, were soon forwarded to the Governor from all classes in the island, and especially from the native priests, who, being restricted by their religion both from labour and from touching money, conceived themselves sorely aggrieved by the road-tax. An extract from one of these documents (No. 2, p. 197), signed by sixteen of

of the first outbreak the Viscount had been in the colony fourteen months. General Smelt and Colonel Drought had not been there so long; Mr. Bernard, his private secretary, had arrived with him; and Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr. Macarthy, the two members of his council by whom he was most energetically supported, had first become acquainted with Ceylon in 1846. The latter gentleman had recently been tutor in the family of the Earl of Fingal, where he appears to have distinguished himself so egregiously that he was shortly afterwards, on becoming the son-in-law of Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes, appointed to one of the most lucrative offices in Ceylon—the income being increased to make it worthier of his acceptance. On Lord Torrington's recent resignation he was for a short time acting Governor of the Colony.

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the leading mercantile firms in Colombo, will afford a fair sample of the arguments adduced to dissuade Lord Torrington from persisting in his ill-advised and crude attempts at financial reform:—

'The first of these four new taxes—imposed in one Session—compels the owner to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* annually for a licence for each gun. Already the new tariff had provided that, in lieu of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, 5*s.* should be paid on the importation of every gun—thus establishing an increase to the purchaser of from 5 to 35 per cent. on a gun costing 15*s.* But independent of a tax already so heavily increased, the mode in which the additional tax of 2*s.* 6*d.* has been levied is one that has called forth the greatest amount of dissatisfaction and condemnation from all parties, and has been made the first ostensible cause of excitement and revolt in the interior. The owners of guns have been required to attend at Colombo, Kandy, or Galle, from the utmost limits of the province in which they were respectively situated, some extending to forty miles or more. The illiterate owner was then required to put in his written application, and in English, for a licence. The native had no alternative but to apply to a writer at hand to make out the application, for which he was compelled to pay in some instances 6*d.*, in others 3*d.*;—and he returned to his village after several days of loss in travelling, and payment of from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.*, until the following year, when he must renew his licence and his trouble. With such undue provision for its collection was this tax brought into operation, that in the first instance the villagers were kept a week or more from their homes, whilst others were obliged to perform their journey several times for the one object, solely because due provision had not been made for issuing the licences. In the humble opinion of your memorialists, one licence for each gun, which the natives have declared their willingness to pay, might have been deemed sufficient to meet the original purposes of the ordinance, viz. registration, without making it an annual payment, and thereby the fruitful source of continual vexation and discontent; *whilst your memorialists need scarcely point out how impolitic it must be to legalize the simultaneous assemblage of a large, armed, and perhaps disaffected multitude in any of the chief towns of the island, on the plea of coming for licences.*

'The second tax, coming together with the others of a like nature, and bearing as it does disproportionately upon the poor and the wealthy, being at the rate of 1*l.* per annum for all stores, shops, or boutiques of a rental of 5*l.* and upwards per annum, has called forth the remonstrances of the people, and added to the dissatisfaction created amongst a class who have hitherto been most peaceably disposed, and who, as the middle men between the importer and the consumer of the goods brought into the colony, largely contribute to its income.

'Third, the dog-tax, though necessary and well adapted for the object and limitations proposed, namely in the towns, &c., where a police force is formed, was most unexpectedly, even to most members of the Legislative Council, made applicable to every village throughout the island, where the law was not only not required, but the existence

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ence of dogs was necessary for protection, and where its enforcement would accordingly be deemed vexatious as well as impracticable and unproductive as a source of revenue.

'Fourth, though the labour or poll tax was calculated to bring the native to bear his share in the burthens of the colony in effecting improvements of a local character, and in which he may be supposed to benefit more immediately, yet in detail the ordinance was imperfect, and the tax of six days' personal labour on the roads, or the payment of 3*s.* as a substitution, without distinction, upon the landowner and the mere labourer, the rich and the poor, the priesthood and the laity, was scarcely just. A measure so resembling the abrogated system of Raja Karaya, or compulsory labour, might naturally be expected to excite some suspicions in the native mind; while the Buddhist priest, bound by his vows of poverty, and not permitted to labour or to possess money wherewith to commute that labour, would no doubt be found ready to excite the animosity to the tax.' *

Lord Torrington duly forwarded these petitions, as he was bound to do, to the Colonial Office, with the accompanying remark, that they emanated either from deluded natives or from disloyal and bankrupt Europeans, soured at the triumphant progress of Free Trade—and that they were altogether unworthy of attention. Nevertheless, the results which they predicted almost instantly occurred. On the 6th of July, 1848, a large body of unarmed Cingalese flocked into the town of Kandy, with the avowed object of complaining to the Government agent residing there of the injustice of the new taxes. The police, panic-stricken at their numbers, called for the assistance of the military; and, upon the appearance of two companies of the 15th regiment, under Colonel Drought, the officer commanding the district, the mob at once peaceably withdrew, on receiving a promise that the Colonial Secretary, Sir Emerson Tennent, should receive a deputation from them on the following day. This interview accordingly took place on the 7th, when Sir Emerson reported to the Governor that, 'after he had addressed the malcontents at considerable length on such topics as he had considered most *àpropos*, and as likely to overcome prejudice and conciliate favour for the new ordinances,' they had all gone home perfectly satisfied! A most remarkable instance of the force of Irish eloquence when enhanced by the varnish of Grecian art, considering that the Colonial Secretary did not speak or understand a word of their language, and that he was in consequence obliged to filter his convincing harangues by driblets through an interpreter.

On the 12th of July Lord Torrington wrote to assure Earl

* Persons interested in colonial administration ought to compare this memorial with Lord Torrington's despatch announcing the reasons which induced him to repeal the obnoxious taxes immediately after the rebellion (No. 2, p. 290).

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Grey that the colony was peaceful, prosperous, and contented; that 'the happiest results' had attended the explanatory orations of Sir Emerson Tennent; and that 'the people were sincerely penitent for the errors into which they had been betrayed by a few discontented and designing individuals.' In a word, he represented his late financial experiments as perfectly successful, and all opposition to them as at an end. Mr. Hawes repeated the matter of this despatch in the House of Commons, admitting that 'a noisy meeting' had undoubtedly taken place, in consequence of some new ordinances recently issued, and that troops had been called out, 'more for show than use,' but that tranquillity had been speedily restored by the tact and eloquence of Sir Emerson Tennent, and that the people were now perfectly reconciled to the new Torringtonian system of taxation.

The very next mail, however, arrived fraught with despatches of a different tenor. Lord Torrington frankly confessed that he and Sir Emerson had unconsciously been slumbering on a volcano, and that it had exploded. He announced that Ceylon was in open insurrection; that a Pretender 'had boldly raised his standard,' and claimed the throne of Kandy; that collisions had already taken place between her Majesty's forces and twenty thousand armed and bloodthirsty rebels; and that 'the severest measures had been resorted to by him, under martial law, to put an end to the revolt.' This intelligence reached Downing Street on the 9th of August. Five days afterwards fuller details came to hand. His Excellency wrote that, having received various and conflicting accounts as to the real views entertained by the vast masses of armed men who were crowding into the towns, 'ostensibly' to complain of and petition against the new taxes, he had despatched the Chief of the Police, Mr. Loco Banda, to Matelle, about seventeen miles from Kandy, with a view of obtaining information respecting some thousands of them, who were said to be congregated in that locality; but that, before Mr. Loco Banda reached the town, he had met the resident magistrate, Mr. Waring, and the police in full retreat therefrom—they having been driven out, *fortunately without sustaining any personal injury whatever*, by a body of desperadoes, who were sacking and burning down its public stores and buildings.* Two hundred soldiers were at once despatched from Kandy, upon the apparently forlorn service of dislodging these infuriated and misguided multitudes.

* The official statements of Lord Torrington respecting the burning of the bazaars at Matelle and Kurnegalle by the insurgents turned out to be entirely erroneous. The only houses burnt down in 1848 were set fire to subsequently to the disturbances by the military under the command of Col. Drought and Capt. Watson.

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This devoted little band marched all night, and in the morning found themselves in presence of their formidable foes, who were strongly posted in a jungle. A general engagement instantly took place, and in a few minutes the insurgents were completely routed, losing in killed and wounded upwards of two hundred men. On the part of the British, one soldier of the 15th, who were in reserve, was slightly wounded in the thigh by a spent shot, fired from the field of battle. One man, too—the superintendent of a coffee estate—was discovered in the vicinity tied neck and heels in a very disagreeable manner, as Lord Torrington affectingly remarked in his despatch upon the subject. Lastly, a few public buildings and private plantations, which had been in every instance previously deserted by the persons whose duty it was to care for them, were plundered by the natives; *and this was positively all the damage done either to life or property by the 'insurgents' during the Cingalese 'Rebellion' of* 1848! At Kurnegalle, another small town twenty-five miles from Kandy, from which the resident magistrate and police had, as at Matelle, retreated uninjured, four thousand of the armed 'insurgents' fled before one officer and twelve men of the Ceylon Rifles, who 'killed twenty-six, wounded several, and took twenty-three prisoners'—no casualties of any kind being reported on the part of the military; and it afterwards transpired, from a letter addressed by the Chief of the Police to Mr. Bernard, the Governor's private secretary, that *these wretched massacres had actually occurred in consequence of a private arrangement entered into between himself, the fugitive magistrates, and the resident Government Agent, Mr. Buller, with the cognizance and approval of Lord Torrington, that no steps should be taken to check the congregation of these large masses of armed men, 'until they should have committed some disturbance which should enable the authorities to bring them to justice'* (No. 2, p. 176).* And

* The *pièces justificatives* enclosed in Lord Torrington's despatches by no means bear out the stilted account which his Excellency thought it prudent to give of the importance and acerbity of the 'rebellion.' 'The Pretender,' whom he described on the 9th of August as 'having boldly raised his standard and claimed the throne of Kandy,' he had contemptuously mentioned in a previous despatch of the 9th of July as an insignificant fugitive, entirely unconnected with the nascent disturbances, whom he had directed to be apprehended and treated as a vagrant—*i. e.* flogged (No. 2, p. 137, par. 6). A letter from the Superintendent of the Police at Kandy to his Excellency's private secretary, dated 29th June, 1848, also states 'that there is a talk around the country of a person going about pretending to be a prince and exciting the people to acts of insubordination,' but that 'no credit ought to be given to the report;' and expresses the writer's 'conviction that no serious disturbance or insurrection will take place.' He adds, 'I must state that the Kandyans of this province seem greatly dissatisfied at the money which is now levied on guns, &c.' (No. 2, p. 175.) Lord Torrington's narrative of the outbreak in the Kandyan provinces was compiled from the official reports of Mr. Buller, the government agent stationed in Kandy, whom he had described in his despatch of July 9th as a gentleman apt 'to write under

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And to justice they were brought with a vengeance. As soon as Lord Torrington received the satisfactory intelligence that the desiderated collision had taken place, and that the soldier had been slightly wounded, he immediately placed two of the most populous districts in Ceylon under martial law. Proclamations (No. 5, *Appendix*) were issued and acted upon, threatening the lives and confiscating the lands and property of all those who, terrified at the atrocities which they had seen committed under the name of martial law, had fled into the jungles. Courts-martial, composed of subaltern officers, new to the country, and completely ignorant of its language, tried, convicted, sentenced, and put prisoners to instant death, contrary to all law, precedent, or known usage in the service in any part of the world, without referring their findings to any superior officer,* and without being allowed, *by Lt.-Colonel Drought's express order*, the assistance of a judge-advocate (No. 6, qq. 6178 to 6198). Nay, more than that. They were hounded

under greater apprehension than the occasion required.' We may therefore fairly assume that Mr. Buller was not likely, when writing an official report of the affair at Matelle, at 10 o'clock P.M. of the day on which it happened, surrounded by the evidences of that horrible slaughter, to understate the atrocities committed by the insurgents, whom, in his terror, he had computed at 60,000 strong. He says (No. 2, p. 179), 'On reaching the Rest House at Matelle, a scene presented itself which I had never witnessed before.' He does not, however, as might reasonably be expected from such an impressive exordium, proceed to describe the Resident Magistrate of that town with his throat cut from ear to ear, his violated wife expiring by his side, his beauteous babes picturesquely writhing in the agonies of impalement on the railings of the Cutcherry, and his faithful policemen dead in heaps around him with all their wounds in front—he merely narrates, in touching terms we admit, how 'all the furniture, crockery, and bottles in the establishment had been smashed,' and how 'two iron safes, one of which, he understood, contained stamps, had been forced open.' He reports with commendable minuteness that the very legs of the table on which he wrote had been cruelly maimed by the unsparing adherents of the Pretender, and regrets that the soldiers were too tired to finish off at once the rest of 'the rabble,' whose numbers, in the excitement of the moment, he roughly estimates at 500 or 600. He also suggests that it would be well, in consequence of what had occurred, not to proclaim martial law, but to station for a while in the neighbourhood, as a protection to the people, a single company of native soldiers. On the 31st of July, two days afterwards, Mr. Buller wrote again more calmly from the focus of the insurrection (No. 2, p. 182), saying 'that all was quiet, that the prisoners taken at Matelle had been safely lodged in gaol, and that he had not the least apprehension of a rescue being attempted.' Captain Lillie, the officer who commanded the troops at Matelle, in his report, also dated July 31, described that transaction as 'a brush' with the natives (No. 2, p. 178); and Mr. Templer, the government agent at Kurnegalle, reported that 'a serious riot' had occurred there which had been instantly suppressed by the arrival of thirty native soldiers, who 'had slain ten Kandyans, wounded some, and taken nineteen prisoners, after a skirmish in which no casualty had occurred to the military' (No. 2, p. 183). And it was upon this information alone that Lord Torrington conceived himself justified in involving a whole community in the horrors of martial law.

* The seventh clause of the treaty of March 2, 1815, between the British Government and the native Chiefs, says, 'No sentence of death can be carried into execution against any inhabitant, except by the written warrant of the British Governor or Lieutenant-Governor for the time being.'

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on in their career by the commandant of Kandy in letters of which we offer the following specimen; it was addressed to a Captain of the Ceylon Rifles, who commanded the district of Matelle:—

'My dear Watson,—You are getting on swimmingly. Impress on the Court that there is no necessity for taking down the evidence in detail; so that they are satisfied with the guilt or innocence of the individual, that is sufficient for them to find and sentence. *This is the law and the mode. Have you no case for example on the spot?*

'Yours, T. A. DROUGHT,

'August 16, 1848.' Colonel commanding.'

Again, in a subsequent letter, written nearly three weeks after the solitary outbreak at Matelle, Lt.-Colonel Drought requested Captain Watson to express to his subalterns the Lt.-Colonel's surprise that they had not sentenced to death four men whom they had acquitted, and told him to remind them that every person who had been engaged in the disturbances was a rebel, and that all rebels ought to be put to death:—and the individual thus stimulated, entering, on his part, into the spirit of his superiors, wrote in even more familiar terms to his own subalterns, who were operating under his directions in the neighbouring villages, exhorting the 'old fellows' to 'go ahead,' and pointing out to them that 'in bad cases' he had no scruple in burning down the houses of absentees. One officer, Lieutenant Henderson, he directed to escort forty-five prisoners to Kandy, informing him that he must expect to be attacked on his way thither, and commanding him *to put every one of them to instant death* if a shot was fired at his party *en route* by any person whatever.

Although it is not pretended that, prior to the imposition of martial law, any offences, save those we have enumerated, were committed by the 'insurgents,' or that, subsequent to its imposition, any offences at all were committed by them, it was continued for between two and three months. During that time the courts-martial—besides confiscating lands and personal property to a considerable amount, and burning down many houses—shot to death 18 individuals, transported 19, imprisoned with hard labour 72, and flogged 58. Yet, whilst these proceedings were going on, Major-General Smelt, the officer commanding the troops in Ceylon, thought so little of the rebellion that he remained quietly in Colombo, leaving the Governor and his friend Lt.-Colonel Drought to act as they pleased, although there were at the time in the colony, unemployed, four or five field-officers, all senior to Lt.-Colonel Drought, who had served there for many years, and were thoroughly acquainted with the localities, the character, and the language of the natives, of which Lt.-Colonel Drought,

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Drought, who had arrived in Ceylon but two years before, was entirely ignorant. The communications, too, between that officer and Lord Torrington were carried on, unofficially, through the latter's private secretary, Mr. Bernard, who was also as new to colonial life as his employer.

Amongst the eighteen sufferers at Matelle and Kandy, there was one whose execution is thus mentioned by Lord Torrington in a despatch to Earl Grey:—'*An influential priest, who was convicted of administering treasonable oaths, was shot at Kandy in full robes.*'* The priest's trial took place in Kandy, where Lord Torrington was at the time. He was arraigned—

'*First*, for having directly or indirectly held correspondence with rebels, and for not giving all the information in his power which might lead to the apprehension of a proclaimed rebel—he, Kaddahpolla Unanse, professing to know his place of concealment—on or about 17th August, 1848; *second*, for administering or *conniving at the administration* (!) of a treasonable oath to one Kerr Bande, on or about the 17th August, 1848.' (No. 2, p. 259, No. 17.)

On these absurd and unintelligible charges the poor man was convicted, and was sentenced to be shot the next morning. Several attorneys and the interpreter of the Civil Courts, who had chanced to be present at the priest's trial, and who understood the language in which the evidence against him had been given (which *none* of his military judges did), felt satisfied that the witnesses for the prosecution had perjured themselves, in hope to curry favour with the Governor, who was avowedly anxious for convictions (No. 2, p. 220, par. 13, 14). Under this impression one of the attorneys called upon the Queen's advocate of the colony, and represented to him the circumstances of the case, which struck that law officer so forcibly that, after a consultation with his deputy, he waited upon his Excellency, and urged him to delay the execution of the sentence for a few days, in order that time might be afforded for further inquiry into the credibility of the witnesses. Lord Torrington's answer was, 'By God, Sir, if all the lawyers in Ceylon said that the priest was innocent, he should be shot to-morrow morning' (No. 6, qq. 7563, 4—7653). And shot he accordingly

* When Lord Torrington learned the effect which the execution of 'the influential priest in his full robes' had produced in the House of Commons, he found no difficulty in forwarding to the Colonial Office 'official documents' to prove that the sufferer, 'if a priest at all, was a mere jungle-priest;' and that, so far from having been shot in 'his full robes,' he had worn nothing but a yellow waist-clout at the time of his execution. Earl Grey, who had already approved of the death of the influential priest in full robes, forthwith wrote another despatch, in which he pronounced the death of the half-naked jungle-priest to be also 'highly satisfactory.' It might have occurred to him that it would have been as well to ascertain who the man really was before putting him to death. A 'jungle-priest' we presume to be equivalent to a 'hedge-priest' in Connaught.—(See No. 6, pp. 459 to 461.)

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was. Yet that there were good grounds for supposing the priest to be innocent may be inferred not only from the blunders which the Governor of Ceylon afterwards confessed himself to have made respecting the identity of that very priest, but also from those which he admits to have occurred respecting the fate of 'the Pretender.' Twice he officially announced to Earl Grey that 'the Pretender' had been convicted and shot; but twice he also found himself compelled to write and to confess that such conviction and execution had been entirely a case of *qui pro quo*—that is, that some poor creature had been sacrificed in sheer mistake—(No. 2, p. 206, par. 6); and the pretender, who proved to be a low person of no influence, having managed to escape apprehension until Lord Torrington had learnt the ill effect produced by his 'vigour' in England, was eventually not shot at all, but was flogged and transported for life. We could fill a volume with similar errors, chronicled in the Blue Book (No. 2), which professes to contain his Lordship's defence. We will, however, only advert to one other episode of this bloody assize, and then proceed with our narrative.

Lord Torrington, whilst expressing in a despatch to Earl Grey his entire approbation of the swift severity of martial law, inveighed bitterly against the less hurried proceedings of the civil courts, which were presided over by Sir Anthony Oliphant, the Chief Justice of Ceylon, a public servant of twenty years' standing. He complained that although he had himself taken the greatest pains 'to prepare' the jury lists, the convictions 'had been fewer than he could have wished,' and that out of eighteen prisoners put upon their trial, only eight had been convicted (No. 2, p. 220, par. 13, 14).

Ultimately, however, seventeen prisoners were sentenced to death by the civil courts—but they were earnestly and publicly recommended to mercy by the venerable Chief Justice, who submitted to the Governor, that,

'Considering that about twenty persons had already been shot for their share in the rebellion by the courts-martial, that no Europeans had been put to death by the rebels, that only one soldier had been wounded, and that no persons had appeared in warlike array against the troops since the outbreaks at Matelle and Kurnegalle (two months before), surely sufficient blood had been shed, whether for vindication of the law or for example' (No. 2, p. 243).

To this recommendation, emanating as it did from the highest legal authority in the colony, the Governor answered that he had made up his mind to leave the seventeen prisoners for execution, and that he was supported in that determination by his council, but that, from the 'unfortunate' publicity which the Chief Justice had

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had thought fit to give to his recommendation to mercy, he found himself unwillingly compelled to abandon his resolve. (No. 2, p. 257.) So the seventeen men were not shot; and it will be seen, by reference to a despatch written some months afterwards, that Lord Torrington coolly cites the fact of their having been spared as a proof of his own lenity and humanity (No. 6, p. 415, par. 12). He consoled himself, however, by transporting *for life* those whom the judge recommended to be only transported for fourteen years, and transporting for *fourteen years* those whom the judge recommended to be *only imprisoned for short periods*—remarking to Earl Grey that 'the dread of transportation amongst the natives is almost greater than that of death,' and that, by way of making an additional impression on the minds of the Cingalese, he had *arranged* that the 'Pretender should receive a severe public flogging prior to transportation'—which remarkable operation actually took place six months after the solitary soldier had been wounded at Matelle. *It afterwards appeared, from official papers laid before the Committee, but not published, and from evidence taken by the Committee (No. 6, q. 3974), that the only reason given by Sir Emerson Tennent and the other members of the Council for concurring in the Governor's wish to put these men to death was, that, as the courts-martial had executed so many, the public might imagine that the sufferers had been murdered if the civil courts did not also execute a few.*

The remarks of the public press, both in the colony and at home, and the interference of several members of Parliament, produced, after a very short lapse of time, a perceptible effect both upon the tone of Earl Grey's despatches and upon the demeanour of the Governor of Ceylon himself. Although the former, irritated that any one should dare 'to clog the wheels of public business' by calling in question the purity and the propriety of an appointment which he, the chief of the Colonial Reformers, had vouchsafed to make, hastened to communicate to his Excellency a 'general approval' of his conduct—he thought it prudent to conclude his eulogistic despatch with the following pregnant observations:—

'I concur in your Lordship's opinion that it is necessary to punish with severity the leaders and promoters of this insurrection, which will prove the most merciful course in the end. But whilst it is necessary to vindicate and maintain the law, it is advisable that acts of justice and severity should be limited to what is inevitably called for by the occasion, and that the prevailing character of measures consequent upon excitement and insubordination should at all times be that of moderation and clemency towards those who have been misled.'—No. 2, p. 341.

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Lord Torrington himself appears to have soon taken fright. His first step was to force through his council a bill of indemnity 'for all *bonâ fide* acts done by the constituted authorities of Ceylon during the existence of martial law.' He admitted, in the speech in which he introduced the bill, that much property 'belonging to persons innocent, or in no way implicated,' had been seized and sold, as 'it was utterly impossible at the time' to be always certain who were '*the exact parties implicated or not.*' But the bill contained a clause, which even in his own council he only succeeded in carrying by his own casting vote, to the effect that *the Governor himself and Colonel Drought* were to be the sole parties who were to decide 'what acts were to be considered *bonâ fide* acts;'—altogether a consolatory and comfortable arrangement for individuals who were evidently beginning to suspect that they had got themselves into a very serious scrape.* He also forwarded to the Colonial Office scores of complimentary addresses from himself to Lieut.-Colonel Drought and his coadjutors, and from Lieut.-Colonel Drought and his coadjutors to himself, congratulating each other, in most enthusiastic terms, on their firm yet temperate and humane conduct during the rebellion, and expressing their conviction that nothing but their own 'vigour and promptitude' had 'saved' Ceylon. Native addresses to the same tune were not wanting. One of them, professing to come from the inhabitants of Udepalate, pleased Lord Torrington so much that he again and again adverted to it in his despatches to Earl Grey; and it undoubtedly was a remarkable document, *if genuine.* It began by contrasting his Excellency's conduct with that of their native tyrants in earlier ages, when their time, their property, and their lives were not their own, and when injustice and torture were rife. It next declared that the subscribers knew that government taxes were 'for their good,' and expressed not only their own determination, but that 'of their future generations,' to pay them 'cheerfully.' They thanked their good Governor very much for the late executions, and expressed their cordial approval of his new taxes, and especially of the road-tax—naïvely observing that 'roads were very necessary things,' and that it was 'therefore their duty to make them'—and, finally, they complimented his Excellency highly on 'his benevolence, discretion, and discrimination to distinguish between right and wrong.'† Having

* See Earl Grey's despatch on the subject of the Bill of Indemnity (No. 6, pp. 404, 405.)

† This notable document, which will well repay perusal, is to be found at page 211 of No. 2. We would also call the attention of the curious in official documents to the minutes of a public meeting held on the 14th of August, 1848, at the Kandy Library, with the avowed object of 'supporting' Lord Torrington. A string of resolutions

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Having settled these matters to his satisfaction, Lord Torrington next proceeded to acquaint his bewildered Council that Earl Grey had graciously signified a cordial approval of his entire scheme of taxation, but more especially of his shop, gun, and dog-taxes. He stated that he gave them this information lest they should erroneously imagine that the extraordinary steps which he was about to adopt had been prompted by orders from home. He then declared that he thought 'it would be as well not to continue the dog-tax, because it had been found to be in a great degree ineffectual for the objects for which it was designed;' that he entirely abandoned the gun-tax, 'because considerable difficulties had been experienced in carrying out its details, arising out of native habits and customs,' and, in lieu of it, adopted the suggestion of the memorialists—which he had a short time before so contemptuously rejected—of a single registration; and that with regard to the shop-tax, 'it appeared to him that, as a matter of revenue, its amount would be inconsiderable—that he had not forgotten that a respectable deputation had waited upon him on the subject—and that he had declined to yield to their representations at the time, because they appeared to have been brought forward under the influence of popular excitement and tumult, but that he thought the time was now come when he might properly recommend to the Council that the ordinance in question should be abolished.' He also remarked that he meant to make 'an important departure from *the original principle* of the road or poll tax,' and to exempt therefrom the Buddhist priesthood (No. 2, p. 269, par. 3, 4, 5), in consequence of its having been 'recently' brought to his notice that compliance with that tax was entirely incompatible with their religious tenets. Now observe; in a former despatch to Earl Grey, dated September 13, 1848, the Governor of Ceylon had assured his Lordship that 'the *original view of the Government, which was perfectly aware of this prospective difficulty in the working* of the road ordinance, was, that the priests would be able to procure substitutes to work for them.'—(No. 2, p. 212, par. 3.)

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lutions complimentary to his Lordship and to Lieut.-Col. Drought were unanimously passed thereat, and a report of the whole proceedings was then drawn up and forwarded to the Secretary for the Colonies at home, by whom it was printed and published at page 207 of No. 2. This public meeting consisted of twenty-eight persons, all of them connected with the Government House, and was presided over by Sir Herbert Maddock, Knt., a servant of the H.E.I.C., who, in a speech approving of everything, described himself as having arrived in the colony, 'a casual visitor in search of health,' *three days* before the outbreak. This gentleman, who—although he happened to be the owner of one of the few estates injured during the insurrection—was confessedly ignorant of the language and customs of Ceylon, was selected by Lord Torrington as his chief adviser on points of legal importance, in lieu of his own responsible law officers.—(See No. 6, pp. 546, 7, 8.)

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But to proceed—as if on purpose to render these humiliating and weakening concessions more painfully ludicrous than they already were, a month after the Viscount's unlucky ordinances had been thus abandoned, a didactic despatch of four pages folio, dated October 24, 1848, arrived from Earl Grey, complimenting his lordship, in the name of the Queen, upon their success, and declaring a complete approval of 'his decision, promptitude, and judgment.' He assured the Governor, moreover, that his confidence in the policy which he had previously adopted, and which had been unjustly alleged to have been the cause of the late disturbances, was in nowise shaken, and proved, by long and elaborate argument, that the unhappy taxes were peculiarly suited to the habits and circumstances of the people of Ceylon (No. 2, pp. 342-346).

A flattering official document from the great oracle! But those skilfully devised taxes were already defunct by the act of their own unnatural parent. We must also add that, on hearing of this *reductio ad absurdum*, the temper of the Secretary for the Colonies appears to have given way, for we find him writing thus to Lord Torrington on the 16th of January, 1849, in a private and confidential despatch, dragged to light by the exertions of Mr. Baillie's Committee:—

'I will not disguise from your Lordship that I have received with some regret the intelligence of the abandonment of measures proposed by yourself, and which had received the sanction of Her Majesty's Government at your own strong recommendation, even before that sanction had reached you. Such sudden variations in policy are objectionable for obvious reasons, but frequent changes of taxation are attended moreover with many special inconveniences of their own. . . . I am compelled to say, that, on comparing your present despatch (No. 2, p. 290) with your original explanations of the grounds upon which the taxes now abandoned by you were adopted by you, I cannot reconcile the decision you have now come to with the supposition of your having well weighed beforehand the advantages and disadvantages of these taxes, since the objections which you report as having induced you to repeal them are in a great measure such as a preliminary investigation would have elicited.'—(No. 6, pp. 404, 405.)

When Parliament met in February, 1849, petitions from aggrieved parties in Ceylon were presented in both Houses, and, a few days afterwards, Mr. Henry Baillie, M.P. for Invernesshire, after a clear statement of the facts of the case, moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the conduct of the Governor. Mr. Hume seconded the motion. Her Majesty's ministers at first made no secret of their determination to resist the appointment of this committee, but the contents of a Blue Book (No. 2) which had recently appeared, and which contained

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Lord Torrington's own defence of his own conduct, proved to be of such a nature that they felt it impossible to persevere in their opposition—notwithstanding that Mr. Baillie had explicitly stated that, as the Secretary for the Colonies had signified his general approval of the recent doings in Ceylon, his motion was intended as a direct vote of censure upon that nobleman.

Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes, in communicating the assent of the Government to the proposed Committee, repeated the approval which Earl Grey had already signified of all that Lord Torrington had done, and censured, with almost unparliamentary invective, Messrs. Baillie and Hume, as vindictive, ignorant, and weak puppets in the hands of unprincipled and designing conspirators in Ceylon. He also attempted, to the infinite amusement of the House, to justify the original appointment of that noble Governor, by narrating how he had built, some years before, on his estate in Kent, a costly and luxurious cow-house, profusely adorned with the armorial bearings of the Byng family; and how he had subsequently been rewarded with a large service of plate, for having discharged for a few months, during the crisis of the railway mania, the anxious duties of vice-chairman to one of the most severely criticized companies in Great Britain.

Earl Grey in the Upper House declared himself prepared to defend his nominee on all points when the proper time should arrive for his doing so; but although two years have elapsed since he volunteered that pledge, he has very prudently made no attempt to redeem it.

After several sharp and damaging discussions in the Commons, the appointment of the Committee took place. Lord Hotham, Sirs Robert Peel, James Hogg, and Joshua Walmsley, and Messrs. Charles Villiers, Wilson, Hawes, M'Cullagh, Adderley, Gladstone, Disraeli, Blackall, Wortley, and Baillie were selected to serve upon it—the last being chosen by the Committee as their chairman. Their labours endured until the end of the session, when they found themselves unable to arrive at any Report, in consequence of the conflicting nature of the oral and the imperfect nature of the documentary evidence submitted to them. The papers with which they had been supplied by the Colonial Office consisted of Lord Torrington's self-laudatory despatches, of Earl Grey's answers to them, and of complimentary addresses and letters from the Viscount's adherents in the colony, the value of which we have already shown.*

* It will also be seen by reference to pp. 190, 1, of No. 2, that the Governor thought it necessary to strengthen his case by extracts from letters alleged to have been written by *anonymous* natives to the Colonial Secretary, declaring that the rebellion had been 'quite a preconcerted thing,' aiming at a total subversion of the government, and that it had no connexion with the Torrington taxes.—*Valeant quantum.*

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They could discover no opinions whatever emanating from the law officers of Ceylon, either as to the necessity for having imposed martial law, or for having continued it for so long a period after complete tranquillity had been restored; nor were there any returns forthcoming indicative of the principles upon which it had been inflicted. The Commander-in-Chief, on being applied to, declared that his office contained no documents elucidative of the subject; and when the perplexed Committee respectfully besought Earl Grey to condescend to point out to them personally the data upon which he had arrived at the extraordinary conclusion that Lord Torrington's abortive attempts at administration, and his subsequent career, deserved the approval of her Majesty, the Secretary for the Colonies loftily declined to accede to their not unreasonable request—admitting, however, that he was possessed of no further information than that with which they were already acquainted—and remarking that he did not think it consistent with the duty imposed upon him by the office which he had the honour to hold, that he should offer any explanation of the motives which had actuated his conduct on the occasion. (No. 4, pp. 6, 7.)

The Committee therefore had no choice but to conclude that Earl Grey had advised her Majesty to approve of these hangings, and shootings, and floggings, and transportations, and confiscations without number, and, as far as they could judge, without cause, knowing literally nothing about them, save what had been told him in very foolish, very heartless, and entirely conflicting terms by the very individual who had ventured upon them. They consequently determined, with commendable discretion, to refrain from publishing the evidence already taken, until Lord Torrington should have had an opportunity of rebutting, if he could, the very grave charges which it seemed to establish; and as their own existence as a Committee was about to terminate with the session, they recommended that a Royal Commission should forthwith proceed to Ceylon to inquire into the truth of accusations which had been so deliberately made and so stoutly supported.

This their recommendation was violently opposed by her Majesty's Ministers, who, from the advanced stage of the session, were easily enabled to reject it, by a majority of fifty-seven, in a very thin House. Lord John Russell then promised that the committee should be reappointed as soon as Parliament assembled in 1850, and that in the mean time any witnesses whose attendance they desired should be summoned home. Hereupon, the Committee, after specifying the names of two of the witnesses whose presence they deemed clearly requisite, *unanimously* agreed 'that

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'that the Chairman be authorized and requested to communicate with her Majesty's Secretary of State as to the necessary witnesses to be ordered home to give evidence before the Committee to be reappointed in the ensuing session;' and to this arrangement *Messrs. Hawes and Wilson, on the part of Government, acceded.*—Nevertheless, the moment Parliament was prorogued, Earl Grey thought fit to discover that the defunct Committee had exceeded their powers in thus instructing their Chairman; and when Mr. Baillie, acting upon the directions he had received, requested that four persons, whose testimony was considered requisite to establish the charges against Lord Torrington, should be summoned from Ceylon, Earl Grey, regardless of the pledges which his colleagues had given in his name, both in the House of Commons and on the Committee, flatly refused to do so, alleging that he did not feel authorized to subject the country to such a heavy expense (*Hansard's Debates, Feb.* 6, 1850).

For nearly six months, therefore, no further steps could be taken by the promoters of the inquiry. But when the session of 1850 opened, and when Mr. Baillie had stated to the House the miserable 'dodge' (we can concede it no worthier name) which had thus been employed by the very Minister whose conduct was the subject of investigation, Mr. Disraeli at once proceeded to propose a direct vote of censure upon the whole Government, as participators in this attempt of Earl Grey to screen himself and Lord Torrington. This extreme step, which, if successful, would have involved the resignation of Ministers, was, as might have been foreseen, negatived—by 140 to 68. But a subsequent motion made by Mr. Bright, that the witnesses refused by Earl Grey should be sent for by the next day's mail, was negatived only by 109 to 100—and they were instantly sent for. Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes did his best to pacify the House, by assuring them that no time would be lost by this manœuvre of Earl Grey, for he could mention that Sir Emerson Tennent, the Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, was at the moment at home on leave, and prepared to give evidence which would effectually expose the hollowness and meanness of the conspiracy which had engendered the inquiry, and would render the importation of other witnesses, at a cost to the country of from 400*l.* to 700*l.* each, unnecessary. And when Mr. Baillie, somewhat bitterly, complained that Earl Grey had summoned this witness for the defence, whilst he had endeavoured to prevent the arrival of those for the prosecution, Mr. Hawes pledged his word that Sir Emerson Tennent had neither been sent for by Earl Grey, nor sent home by Lord Torrington, but that he happened to be at home

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home in England, 'promiscuously,' as it were, on his own private affairs (*Hansard's Debates, Feb.* 6, 1850, p. 433).

We must here pause to observe that in the printed proceedings of the Committee (No. 7, p. 21) there is a list of the expenses of witnesses imported from Ceylon to give evidence before them. Sir Emerson Tennent's name figures in it as that of the recipient of the largest sum paid to any witness—1703*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* Now, he was either summoned to give evidence before the Committee, or he was not. If he was summoned, then Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes was somewhat rash in his answer to Mr. Baillie; if he was not summoned, then Sir Emerson Tennent has applied for, and been allowed, a large sum of money to which he had no claim. Yet on this occasion we hear of no economical interposition on the part of Earl Grey. It was, we presume, necessary to reward the witness for his energetic, although unsuccessful, exertions on behalf of the Colonial Office;—the character which he had received from the Bishop of Colombo, from Mr. Ryder, and from other witnesses, effectually prevented his being rewarded by place *just then;* therefore the tax-payers of England have been compelled to pay him in hand 1703*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*

But to return—we must not omit to relate a circumstance which took place during this debate, and which may serve to give some faint idea of the reckless and desperate opposition to which Messrs. Baillie and Hume were exposed in the prosecution of their inquiries. A bundle of proclamations, of the most sanguinary and illegal nature, signed by Captain Watson, and said to have been extensively issued and acted upon by that officer during the troubles of 1848, had been placed, shortly before the meeting of Parliament, in the hands of Mr. Baillie, by parties connected with Ceylon, on whose honour he had implicit reliance. These documents Mr. Baillie read to the House of Commons, with a view of further impressing upon them the necessity of the inquiry which Earl Grey had so pertinaciously attempted to impede. As soon as Captain Watson, who had been summoned to England to give evidence before the Committee, heard of what Mr. Baillie had done, he addressed a well-written and spirited letter to Earl Grey, disclaiming, with indignant horror, the atrocious proclamations imputed to him, and inveighing, in no measured terms, against Mr. Baillie for having done a British officer the injustice to suppose that they could possibly be authentic. This letter the Prime Minister of England triumphantly read from the Treasury Bench, and, with its assistance, succeeded for a while in casting much discredit upon Mr. Baillie and his Committee. When under examination, Captain Watson, who was one of the chief witnesses for the defence, adhered stoutly to his denial, and even went so far

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as to name, with a little help from Mr. Hawes, the very individual who had forged his, the gallant Captain's, signature to the proclamations (No. 5).

Mr. Baillie, however, was not a man to be easily baffled, and he actually succeeded, in spite of much ministerial obloquy, in obtaining the appointment of a Commission, to consist of two of the highest public servants at Madras, to proceed instantly to Ceylon, and to inquire into these alleged forgeries. The Report of these two Commissioners (the senior Judge of Madras and Mr. Rowe) arrived in England during the last week of last session. It unhesitatingly declared that no forgery whatever had been committed, and that the signatures were undoubtedly the signatures of Captain Watson. It, moreover, came out, that the well-written and spirited letter of that officer to Earl Grey, which had dealt such a severe blow to Mr. Baillie and his friends, had been concocted for him by no less a person than Sir Emerson Tennent, the other principal witness for the defence, who, as Colonial Secretary of the island at the time of the revolt, *should* have well known, long ere he left Ceylon, whatever the Madras Commissioners could subsequently ascertain concerning the signatures in question.

Whilst the Committee were awaiting the advent of the retarded witnesses from Ceylon, they found, as Mr. Under-Secretary Hawes had promised, ample occupation in listening to Sir Emerson Tennent. His evidence bore upon every point, everything, and every person in any way connected with Ceylon, and was horribly prolix. The public were mercifully excluded from the committee-room before it commenced. It was actually printed—some say in the Colonial Office—prior to its delivery *viâ voce*, and was recited from a printed copy by the Colonial Secretary of Ceylon to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who held another printed copy of it in his hand—very much in the manner that two attorney's clerks collate the copy and the original of a deed. It took up the history of Ceylon from its darkest ages, and deduced it step by step down to the recent 'salvation' of the colony by 'the good Lord Torrington,' whose justice and lenity it contrasted most favourably with the cruelties and oppressions imputed by the early Buddhist chroniclers to his Lordship's preadamite predecessors.

The general feeling of the Committee was that it proved and disproved too much. It not only contradicted in every particular every word of Sir Emerson Tennent's 'extraordinarily able' Report of 1846, but the printed evidence of one day invariably fell to the ground, quashed by the extempore cross-examination of the next.

The finances of Ceylon, which that famous Report had declared to have been in such a vigorous condition at the time of Sir Colin Campbell's resignation, were now declared by Sir Emerson to have

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have been at that identical period in a most attenuated and sinking state; and Lord Torrington was asserted by him to have shown consummate administrative ability in having preserved by a loan the public credit of the colony.* The native population, whom he had formerly described as distinguished in a remarkable degree by inert and contented apathy, he now reviled as a restless, fierce, and disloyal race, only to be coerced by such severities as the admirable Viscount had not hesitated to adopt. The Knight complained that the civil servants of the colony were banded together in a conspiracy to annoy and to thwart him, and attempted to cast discredit on every individual whose evidence before the Committee had been in any degree adverse to the policy of his loved and revered chief. He especially assailed Mr. Wodehouse, a member of the Council, and a civil servant of high standing, who had been examined before the Committee of 1849 (No. 6), and averred that that gentleman, having been Lord Torrington's chief adviser in 1848, had disavowed and censured in his subsequent evidence acts which had been especially suggested and approved of by himself during the rebellion.

Mr. Wodehouse met this charge by merely reading an extract from an autograph letter received by him since his departure from Ceylon, in which Viscount Torrington, its noble penman, entered into the details of, and deplored, the errors which he had committed whilst Mr. Wodehouse remained in the colony. Sir Robert Peel, however, objected to receiving an 'extract' from any letter as evidence, and insisted upon its being withdrawn. Mr. Wodehouse had then no other means of defence than by putting in the entire letter—when it appeared that Lord Torrington had proceeded to say, *in coarser terms than we care to transcribe*, that he chiefly attributed his embarrassments and

* The following returns of the Income and Expenditure of the Island of Ceylon, for the six years ending with 1848, may give a rough idea of the merits of the Torrington-Tennent administration of finance. It is extracted from the Blue Books annually published by the Colonial Office for the information of Parliament:—

Year.	Governor.	Colonial Secretary.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Excess.	Deficit.
			£	£	£	£
1843	Campbell .	Anstruther .	383,118	325,155	57,963	Nil.
1844	Ditto . .	Ditto . . .	444,318	374,876	69,442	Nil.
1845	Ditto . .	Wodehouse .	454,146	448,232	5,914	Nil.
1846	Tennent .	Tennent . .	416,404	498,205	Nil.	81,801
1847	Torrington.	Ditto . . .	440,619	518,987	Nil.	78,368
1848	Ditto . .	Ditto . .	414,766	431,326	Nil.	16,560

It is, however, but fair to add, that Sir Emerson Tennent has no very exalted opinion of the official documents annually promulgated by the Downing-street press. He observes in a letter to Lord Torrington, dated July 8, 1848—'These Returns, as your Excellency is aware, have for years back been a fiction—one set being a mere transcript from those of a previous year, without inquiry or alteration.'—(No. 2, p. 141.)

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failures *to the underhand misrepresentations and suggestions of Sir Emerson Tennent!*

After such an exposure, nothing more could be done by the Government for his Excellency Viscount Torrington—especially as Sir Emerson Tennent made matters worse by producing several autograph letters of precisely the same date, addressed to himself in terms of the most ardent friendship and esteem by the unlucky Governor of Ceylon.

It was desirable, however, for the sake of Earl Grey, who had so fully approved of this Governor's proceedings, that some defence of his Excellency's public policy should still be attempted, and that he should be supposed to succumb only to the irregularities of a private nature thus unexpectedly brought to light. But the arrival of the four witnesses from Ceylon rendered any further defence impossible. The Chief Justice and the Queen's Advocate of the colony, and Lieut.-Col. Braybrooke of the Ceylon Rifles, men of long experience in the affairs of the island, of high rank, and of unimpeachable character, completely established the almost incredible charges which had been made against the Governor of Ceylon, both as to his unnecessary protraction of martial law, his illegal and sanguinary interference with its administration, and his violent and cruel conduct in the matter of the unhappy priest. And when the Chief Justice, Sir Anthony Oliphant, was pressed by a member of the Committee to explain why he had so publicly interposed to save the lives of the seventeen men whom Lord Torrington wished to slay, he answered in a voice trembling with emotion, 'Sir, I have served Her Majesty for twenty years, and I have eaten the bread of the British nation for that time; I felt that the glory of the one would be tarnished, and that the character of the other for humanity was being compromised, and therefore I could not and did not stand by any longer quietly.' Lieut. Henderson, too, who had been present at the miserable massacre of Matelle, described with shame the unnecessary slaughter of the unresisting natives which had taken place on that occasion. It was not pretended by the ministerial members of the Committee that any one of these four witnesses wavered or broke down in their testimony—and as soon as they had concluded it they were permitted—after a wretched and futile attempt on the part of the Secretary for the Colonies to draw down upon Lieut.-Col. Braybrooke the displeasure of the Commander-in-Chief—to return to Ceylon and to resume the duties of their various offices. It is therefore fair to assume that they were (however reluctantly) considered by the Committee and the Government to have spoken the truth.

Early in the session of 1850 both Lord John Russell and Mr. Hawes

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Hawes had repeatedly accused the promoters of this inquiry of being unwilling to permit Lord Torrington's defence to be heard. Earl Grey had undertaken to make it in the House of Lords, 'when the proper time should come'—Sir Emerson Tennent before the Committee. But when the truth was known, from the mouths of these four witnesses whose veracity could not be impugned, the whole available energies of the Government were concentrated to stifle and prevent the exposure which it involved. It was even preferred that the charges which had been so publicly advanced against both Earl Grey and Lord Torrington, and which the former nobleman had so arrogantly undertaken to meet and refute, should remain unanswered, rather than that the real nature of the mysteries of Ceylon should be laid bare to the public eye.* And as the power of Ministers, when unscrupulously used, is great, they have for a time succeeded in their object. A Report was, after a severe struggle, and the rejection of many draft-reports, agreed to by the committee, calling the serious attention of her Majesty's Government to the evidence which the committee had taken, and again recommending that a Royal Commission should be instantly sent out, 'unless *some step* should forthwith be taken by the Government which might obviate the necessity of further investigation.' This compromise was only acceded to on the express understanding that the step in question, the recall of Lord Torrington, should be immediately adopted; and a few days afterwards it was announced that his Lordship had resigned. The publication of his defence, however, Ministers strenuously and successfully opposed, in spite of the just remonstrances of Messrs. Baillie and Hume.

The Committee of Inquiry seem to have been in considerable perplexity as to the exact force and meaning of the term 'martial law,' nor does her Majesty's Judge Advocate, Sir David Dundas, who was examined by them, appear to have shed much additional light upon the subject. He described it to be an unwritten law, and admitted that he knew of no authority which defines the precise powers vested in those whose duty it is to carry it out: he considered it to be more comprehensive than military law, as administered under the Articles of War and the Mutiny Act; and showed that Blackstone, in speaking of martial law, says—

* Both Mr. Hawes and Mr. M'Cullagh have vapoured a good deal in the House about the impropriety of receiving private and confidential letters as evidence before a Committee, and have talked figuratively of 'desks having been broken open and pockets rifled' in order to injure Lord Torrington. By reference to the published proceedings of the Committee it will be found *that the only motions made to compel an unwilling witness to produce private and confidential letters were made by Mr. Hawes himself*—namely, *to compel Mr. M. Christie, the agent in London for the complaining parties, to produce letters of that character which he had received from Mr. Elliott and Lieut.-Colonel Braybrooke.*

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'that it is built upon no settled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its decisions, and is, as Sir Matthew Hale observes, in truth and reality no law, but something indulged in rather than allowed as a law; *it ought not to be permitted in time of peace, when the king's courts are open for all persons to receive justice according to the law of the land.*'

We ourselves should define it to be simply the law of necessity or of self-defence. The right which a governor of a colony has to proclaim martial law over his subjects may be said to bear a close analogy to the right which an individual, in the absence of legal protection, has to slay an assailant. In both cases the evil must be grave. In both cases all regular means of defence must be exhausted or beyond reach before the aggrieved party resorts to extremities. In both cases the burthen of the proof lies on him who has ventured on such an expedient, and, if he fails to vindicate himself, he is liable to severe penalties.

Now, if we examine the despatches in which the late Governor of Ceylon recounts his exploits under martial law, we shall find that he continued its operations long after tranquillity was confessedly restored, and that he even kept his courts-martial actively employed in the very town where the supreme courts were by his desire sitting, undisturbed, trying prisoners for capital offences. No plea of disaffection or of intimidation was offered by him as an apology for this unconstitutional proceeding. He admitted that the juries of the supreme courts were fairly and respectably constituted, and that both they and the law officers of the colony were willing and able to do their duty; but then he complained that their convictions were 'not so frequent as he could have wished;' that they were 'extraordinarily lenient,' and inconveniently delicate as to the quality of the evidence submitted to them; and that they had convicted but eight out of eighteen individuals put upon their trial, whilst the courts-martial, with 'speedier and highly salutary severity,' had 'almost invariably' convicted every prisoner brought before them. He even expatiated upon the advantage of convincing the Cingalese that he was invested by the Queen with 'a power greater than the law itself'—'more summary and certain in its operation' than the established laws of the land in which they lived. In short, he appears to have considered that it was entirely optional with him whether he ruled his subjects by martial or by common law; and he happened, most unluckily for humanity, for justice, and for himself, to prefer the former (No. 2, pp. 219-221). It is surely not quite sufficient for Earl Grey to inform the English nation that he approves of such unheard-of proceedings as these; he ought to condescend, even for his own sake, to be more explicit, if

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if he desires that his approval or his censure should henceforward carry with it any weight. *Stat pro ratione voluntas* is a damaging answer for the Chief of the Colonial Reformers to fall back upon under circumstances such as it has been our fate here to recount.

The matter cannot rest where it is. It *must* be revived when Parliament meets. And our chief object in submitting this paper to our readers has been to disengage the facts of the case from the mass of official chaff in which they have been so laboriously buried, in order to make them more intelligible and available to those who take an interest in the prosperity of our colonial empire, and in the honour of our public men.

If her Majesty's Ministers choose to forget, we cannot, that but a couple of years ago, at the very time that the follies and horrors we have enumerated were being perpetrated in Ceylon with the entire approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, they caused their Royal Mistress to censure, in her speech from the throne, the faithful and gallant servant of one of her allies, who had successfully put down a formidable and bloody rebellion, attributable, in no slight degree, to the open encouragement held out to his traitorous subjects by British diplomats and by British naval officers. Nor has it escaped our memory that, about the same time, the same minister, whose character is so gravely implicated by the recent jobs and atrocities of which we have given this faint but faithful sketch, thought fit, when unsuccessfully endeavouring to defend himself from another charge of delinquency—as unworthy of his official station, though fortunately less serious in its results than the present one—to conclude his address to the House of Peers with the following solemn peroration:—

'My Lords, I say that the high character of public men is of the deepest importance to the country. How much of the moral strength of our institutions, of the power—I do not say of the administration of the day, but of the government in its widest sense, including both the executive and the legislative authorities of the state—how much of the power of government in this country depends upon the general belief of the people of this empire *that the public business is fairly and honourably conducted!* My Lords, I think we have an awful warning on the other side of the Channel, of the effects which a contrary belief is capable of producing. Is there any man who doubts that the sudden crumbling, in the midst of its apparent power and prosperity, of the government of France in the month of February [1848], and the calamities and bloodshed which have since ensued—that all those frightful events, which have startled and alarmed the whole of Europe, are in no small degree to be attributed to the impression which, rightly or wrongly, justly or unjustly, certain unfortunate events and disclosures had

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had latterly made on the public mind of France, that there was something rotten and corrupt in the manner in which public affairs were managed, and in those in high places by whom they were conducted?'

The moral which Earl Grey subsequently endeavoured to tack on to the above magniloquent preface was, not that it was wrong for 'those in high places' to be guilty of 'unfair and dishonourable' conduct, but that it was unfair and dishonourable in the men whom such conduct aggrieved to bring home their misdeeds to their aggressors. A similar line of retort—we cannot call it defence—was attempted on the present occasion; and, as we have shown, foul were the epithets and unscrupulous the assertions which were resorted to by the Ministerialists to discredit and discourage Messrs. Baillie and Hume, and to cloak the conduct of Earl Grey and Lord Torrington. But those gentlemen, strong in their conviction that 'le scandale est dans le crime; il n'est pas dans le cri du sang injustement répandu,' persevered, combating power by truth, and, to their credit be it said, they have succeeded.

ART. V.—*Claims and Resources of the West Indian Colonies. A Letter to the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, M.P., late Secretary of State for the Colonies.* By the Hon. E. Stanley, M.P. Third edition. 1850.

THIS is the remarkable work of a remarkable person, though as yet he has but entered on public life. Mr. Stanley, not choosing, like others of his age and nation, *venando aut agrum colendo ætatem agere* (pursuits which far be it from us to join the Roman historian in decrying as servile occupations), fares forth to examine with his own eyes those foreign countries whose affairs are most connected with our own—not merely the European states, but those beyond the Atlantic; and having one season gone over the greater portion of North America, he last year made an extensive tour in the West Indies. The result of his visit now lies before us; but he also profited largely by it in the late session of Parliament, when his maiden speech was admitted by all parties to have been one of the most successful, and the most deservedly successful, that have for very many years past been delivered. Besides bringing extraordinary stores of information to bear upon the question, his powers of extempore debating were displayed in a memorable manner at the expense of a certain political economist; and even those who agreed not with the performer, were fain to admire, possibly to enjoy, the infliction. It is, however, not with the speaker, but the writer, that we here have to do; and we may state generally, that without

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out any regard to the opinions delivered in this tract, all must allow its merits to be great; the composition clear and unaffected; the details of a complicated subject presented with great distinctness; the arguments on a controverted question handled with exemplary calmness; and the sentiments marked by singular moderation, on topics peculiarly calculated to excite strong, if not angry feelings.

There are three subjects presented to our consideration by this tract—the severe depression of the West Indian Colonies—the policy of the mother country which has occasioned this suffering—the connexion between that policy and the African Slave-trade. This last head divides itself into two—the operation of the coast blockade, and that of the course pursued by the government in maintaining the blockade, and yet encouraging, by the admission of slave-grown sugar of slave-trading countries, the slave-trade intended by the blockade to be extinguished. Now of these subjects we mean only to touch the last, after stating a few particulars connected with the first—the distressed condition of our colonial fellow-subjects.

It is most unanswerably urged by Mr. Stanley that, as the emancipation forced upon the planters was admitted by the government, against the contention of many abolitionists, to give the slave-owners a claim for compensation, and as the sum granted is on all hands allowed to have been much less than the loss sustained (one-half at the utmost), the continuance of the protection against foreign slave-grown sugar was quite a matter of course—else the argument would have been, 'You have lost so much and are entitled to compensation, therefore you shall have one-half your loss;' in other words, 'We admit that we defraud you—not, however, of the whole of what we take from you, but only of 50 per cent.' No country ever held such language as this without being for ever after stigmatized as guilty of the most open and shameless injustice. Therefore the removal of the protection which alone could enable our planters to make head against the foreign owner of slaves and importer of slaves, was never dreamt of by any party in 1833, when the emancipation was carried—and would have been scornfully rejected by all parties, had so much as a whisper of it even been heard at that time. We shall give a few illustrations of the wretched state to which the combined operation of the forced liberation, rejoiced in by all, as we now verily believe, and the withdrawn protection almost as generally reprobated, have reduced those once flourishing settlements—admitting all the while that our feelings have been less painfully excited for the West Indian body than for the unhappy Africans, on whom the same wretched policy, so falsely called that of Free Trade, has inflicted sufferings incomparably more cruel.

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In showing the dreadful condition of West Indian property, the only embarrassment is where to begin, or what proof to choose. Mr. Stanley, for example, gives us twelve cases of profit and loss accounts on Jamaica estates, not selected but taken at random, and with the particulars of which he was furnished by the owners or lessees, all resident, all personally known to him, and all well versed in colonial business. The estates were four in number, and he gives the balances for three years—1846, 1847, and 1848. On one of these estates the total loss in three years was 1144*l.*, there being in each year a loss, but much greater in 1847 and 1848; on another, the loss was 1528*l.*, also chiefly in 1847 and 1848; on the third, the loss was 1296*l.*, after deducting a balance of 176*l.* profit in 1847; on the fourth there was a gain of 400*l.*—the whole profit for three years. He gives another case of a perfectly well managed estate on which the loss was about 2500*l.* on the transactions of six years. Well may Mr. Stanley say that these statements plainly show the condition of the planter to be one which cannot last.

The prices at which estates have been sold at different periods may be cited as proving the same melancholy truth. The abandonment of property once valuable is shown to be in rapid progress: thus two estates in Guiana, purchased in 1838 and 1840 for 25,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* respectively, were lately sold together for 11,000*l.*; this included a claim of 5000*l.* due to the purchaser, who in all likelihood was induced to buy in order to obtain payment of what he regarded as a bad debt;—but allowing him to have paid 11,000*l.* instead of 6000*l.*, the depreciation since 1840 was such that the property fetched only one-sixth of its former price. Our author gives a list of cases of sale and resale of the same estates, ten in number; they were all execution sales, save three. The prices obtained before 1846, that is in ten years ending 1844, amounted to 155,017*l.*;—the prices upon resales in three years ending 1849, amounted only to 17,602*l.* But he justly observes that the real amount of depreciation is far greater than even this would lead us to suppose; for sale implies that a purchaser has been found, and 'a very large proportion of the estates not wholly abandoned are only not in the market, because the owners or their creditors are well aware that it is useless to send them there.' Jamaica furnishes the same sad picture as Guiana; an estate which formerly netted as much as 11,000*l.* in a single year, was lately purchased for 1650*l.*, and would now not fetch above 800*l.*; another, which had been sold not long before the change for 50,000*l.*, was a year and a-half ago purchased for 4200*l.*, and would not now sell for more than 2000*l.* A gentleman is named as having lately bought

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for 500*l.* each, two estates formerly reckoned worth 130,000*l.* All this revolution in the state of West Indian property Mr. Stanley is far from referring to the Sugar Bill of 1846 alone. That it has been the principal cause of the change is sufficiently evident. But we hasten to the other effect produced by that fatal measure—its operation upon the African slave-trade.

When the Sugar Bill was brought forward, the abolitionists lost no time in protesting against it, as the certain cause of an enormous stimulus to that execrable traffic. Every increase in the production of sugar by the planters of Brazil and Cuba was shown to be synonymous with an increase in the number of the slaves whom they employ, that is, an increased importation of Africans, there being no other means of augmenting the number; and as the measure was avowed by its authors to have for its object the new importation of Brazil and Cuba sugars into the British dominions, it was of necessity admitted to have for its object an increase of the slave-trade. We say, to have for its object—because, the avowed object being that increased consumption of foreign sugars which is identical with the increased importation of slaves, the avowal extends to the slave-traffic as well as the sugar-trade. The two things can in no wise be separated. The robber who kills a traveller, in order either to prevent his resistance or to escape detection, may as well assert that he had not in view the death of his victim, but only to possess his purse and destroy his evidence. He must be taken to have had the murder in view, and to have designed it and desired it, although his motive was to gain money and secure escape; that was the use he made of the murder; but for that purpose he designed and desired to kill. So to make sugar cheap, and help on the free-trade doctrines, was the use made of increasing the slave-traffic; but that increase was designed and desired, and the Government and the Parliament were guilty of wilfully increasing the slave-trade, whatever might be the manner in which they expected to profit by its augmentation.

We have named the subject of free-trade—a grosser perversion of the truth never was practised than theirs who pretend that the Sugar Bill must be supported by all consistent advocates of that policy. Even in the views of the most determined free-traders, there are limits to their doctrine. No one ever maintained that criminal acts should go unpunished in order to prevent all interference with the industry of the community. No one ever thought of contending that, the free employment of capital being the very corner-stone of the system, therefore all who choose it should be suffered to open receiving-houses for the purchase of stolen goods. So no one, at least of recent years, and until 1846, affected

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affected to consider the slave-trade as a branch of industry, or an employment of capital, which the principle of the school required to be left free. But what really amounts to the same thing has been of late constantly urged by some of its disciples:—they have contended that we must let all the slave-owners of Brazil and Cuba send us their sugars, without stopping to ask whether their sugars are the produce of free or of slave labour, and without troubling ourselves to consider that not one hogshead can be added to the last year's consumption unless an additional negro be kidnapped or forcibly carried to the coast of Africa and then transported to the New World. Nor will it do to say, 'We don't inquire; we know nothing about the matter.' We *have* inquired. We *do* know. We know all about it. The whole matter is of universal and of certain knowledge. No man pretends to be ignorant of it or to doubt about it. We should be deeply guilty were we to shut our eyes and refuse to see the truth. But we have kept them open long enough to see and to know the whole, and therefore we are not merely fixed with legal notice, which we should have been had we abstained from ascertaining what was within our reach; but we are fixed with the actual knowledge. We know, and have long known, all the particulars, and we have, notwithstanding, proceeded in our course, and sinning, grievously sinning, against the light.

These warnings are distinctly stated by Mr. Stanley. He refers to the protest of the veteran Thomas Clarkson, who petitioned Parliament against the Bill, described, as our author reminds us, by Lord Brougham in presenting that petition as '*An Act to encourage the importation of slaves from Africa.*' He quotes from the speeches of that noble Lord and the Bishop of Oxford (inheritor of the name and the principles of Wilberforce), both determined advocates of free-trade, of which they had in the same session been the prominent defenders. He omits another and most important authority, that of the universally venerated Lord Denman, who, as well as those two eminent friends of his, is a declared supporter of free-trade, but being likewise an uncompromising and an implacable enemy of the African slave-traffic, hastened like them to town in the middle of the recess, interrupting the repose to which the judicial labours of the year so well entitled him, that he also might record his opinion against this intolerable proceeding. Were these alarms, or were they not, well founded? We might appeal to the very admission of the Government in propounding this measure; its tendency to increase the slave-trade was openly allowed—but of this a word presently, as soon as we have ascertained the fact that the expected increase has taken place.

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On this frightful part of the subject Mr. Stanley leaves us in no kind of doubt. From the papers before Parliament he shows clearly that the Brazil slave-trade before 1846 had been on the decline. In 1840, 65,000 slaves were imported; but the average importation of six years ending 1845, was about 23,000. In 1846 it rose to 52,600; in 1847 to 57,800; and in 1848 it was believed that a still greater number were imported. Mr. Stanley himself testifies as to Cuba, which he left only three months before the publication of his letter. How in truth could it possibly be otherwise? The measure was designed to increase the production of Brazil and Cuba sugars; that increase could only be effected by an addition to the number of the slaves whose labour produced these sugars; consequently the traffic which brought that addition must of necessity be augmented.

Now here let us pause to consider of what it is that we are thus speaking in the cold plain language of commerce or of statistics. We are dealing with figures as if nothing more were involved. But whoever speaks of doubling the slave-trade—of raising its amount in imports to Brazil or to Cuba from 23,000 to 57,000—is, in fact, describing the dreadful operation of doubling the number of atrocious crimes committed yearly by the murder and the torture of a race as harmless as the most peaceful peasantry in any European country, as well entitled to enjoy whatever blessings Providence has placed within their reach, as fully worthy of our sympathy when the wickedness of man interposes to make their lot miserable. It is no exaggeration to speak of murder and torture; for it is in evidence before Parliament, as respects the whole of the last sixty years, that the slaves actually carried over to the West Indies, and surviving the unspeakable torments of the middle passage, represent twice the number who are destroyed in the kidnapping excursions by which they are taken, in the barracoons where they are lodged on the coast, and in the vessels which finally transport them. So that, when we speak of 50,000 of these wretched creatures landed in Brazil, there to undergo the scourge of the driver by day, and be kept at night in stables like horses—we are also speaking of twice as many whose lives were sacrificed in order to obtain that supply. Therefore when our philosophical rulers, in 1846, propounded their measure for increasing the production of Brazil sugar, they were proposing that the amount of wholesale murder and torture should be doubled — that, instead of 50,000 deaths, there should be 100,000 yearly in Africa and the passage — and that instead of 25,000, there should be 50,000 survivors, to endure the unspeakable horrors of Brazilian bondage. This is the plain matter of fact; but for the consummation

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consummation of the iniquity two parties are jointly to be held accountable.

The first of these parties is the government, the authors of the measure. Their defence was this: We cannot deny, said they, that the first result of the measure will be the increase of the slave-trade; but then we expect that the ultimate effect of our policy will be to diminish the trade, and even perhaps finally to extinguish it. Such a speculation, by a finite being like man, we will venture to say, never yet was avowed. 'We abhor murder and torture as much as you; we know that what we are doing must increase the amount of these horrid crimes; but we expect, from the soundness of our theoretical views, that our speculative plans will succeed, and will ultimately lessen, and perhaps put down, these enormities altogether!' It is enough to state this defence in order to make one feel doubtful whether most to pity the delusion under which it is made, or shudder at the awful calculation which it implies.

But of themselves the government could do nothing. They were entirely at the mercy of others; and without the help of ready allies they must have been driven from their dreadful attempt. It gives us pain to be reminded in detail how Sir Robert Peel led these allies. Mr. Stanley has quoted the all but incredible statement which he made on the 27th of July, 1846, of his reasons for not throwing out the bill. He did not shut his eyes to the 'stimulus which it was to give the slave-trade;' he avowed his 'great reluctance to support' such a measure; he distinctly disavowed the silly pretence—argument no one could term it—that the principles of *free trade* applied to this case; he eloquently asserted that all he had recently done on subjects connected with those principles had no bearing whatever upon the measure now before him. Then why did he come—reluctantly come—to the conclusion that he must give the measure his support? Because, he said, there was a probability that the newly-formed ministry would resign if defeated. He admitted that this was anything but inevitable; but, conceiving it to be probable, he felt bound to support the bill. In other words, rather than there should be a risk run of the Whigs—who had turned him out by a junction with the Protectionists—being themselves turned out and a Protectionist ministry formed, Sir Robert Peel, with his eyes open to the fatal consequences of the measure—without the least obligation from any fancied consistency to support it—knowing that it was greatly to increase, for years, the amount of murder and torture committed wholesale by the slave-dealers—avowed that he enabled the Whig ministers to carry this bill, because, were it lost, there would be a danger of the Protectionist party ejecting them

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them and taking their places. We add no more; we only devoutly pray that we may never have on our consciences the load of such a recollection as this.

We are well aware that in thus expressing ourselves we are deviating from the course usually pursued in commenting on the conduct of men with respect to public affairs, and we are very far indeed from throwing out the least suspicion that either the authors of the measure in question, or their abettors, were capable of doing or consenting to the thousandth part of the mischief, in their private capacity, which in their public capacity they did or suffered. But the line, unfortunately, is too constantly drawn between the one of these things and the other. They are regarded as comparatively blameless who only do wrong on the greatest scale. Men's feelings are all strong enough upon cases of individual misconduct, as they are in those of individual suffering; and nations will be misgoverned, and rulers will commit grievous offences against the welfare of their fellow-creatures, as long as the determination continues so rooted in the mind of the community to regard with wholly different feelings the private and public conduct of men, and even to award the lesser reprobation to the greater wrongs.

ART. VI.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Condition, Management, and Affairs of the British Museum, together with the Minutes of Evidence.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1835. Fol. pp. 623.

2. *Report*, ditto, ditto, 1836. Fol. pp. 595.

3. *Report from the Select Committee on the British Museum (building with plans).* 1838. pp. 22.

4. *Copy of a Representation from the Trustees of the British Museum to the Treasury, on the subject of an enlarged Scale of Expenditure for the supply of Printed Books.* March 27, 1846.

5. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution of the British Museum, with the Minutes of Evidence.* 1850. Fol. pp. 823.

6. *Appendix.* pp. 448.

7. *Misrepresentations of Her Majesty's Commissioners exposed.* By the Rev. J. Forshall. 8vo. 1850.

8. *Copies of all Communications addressed to the Treasury by the Trustees of the British Museum, with reference to the Report of the Commissioners.* June 7, 1850.

9. *Public Petitions, complaining of the defective Arrangements in the Library of the British Museum.* Aug. 15, 1850.

10. *Report*

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10. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* July 23, 1849. Fol. pp. 317.
11. *Report*, ditto, ditto, Aug. 1, 1850. Fol. pp. 410.
12. *Index to Report and Minutes of Evidence.* 1850. Fol. pp. 172.

ALTHOUGH these Blue Books weigh more than a quorum of elderly reviewers could lift, we have read and digested the mass, which few in the House or out of the House will do, or are ever expected to attempt. The destiny of this species of the nearly extinct folio, printed at a frightful waste of public money, is to furnish food for worms or waste paper for pepper.

The British Museum originated with Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), who devoted his long life to scientific pursuits—and the getting together of books, manuscripts, and rarities of every kind, at an expense of more than 50,000*l.* His testamentary offer to the nation of the entire collection for 20,000*l.* was accepted by Parliament, and in 1755 an act (26 George II. c. 20) was passed, which may be called a charter of foundation. About the same time a sum of 10,000*l.* was given for the Harleian manuscripts—to which the Cotton and Edwards collections were added; and these beginnings were advanced by George II., who, often pinched as to accommodation for German *friends* in his palaces, with marked liberality handed over *the royal library of England, accumulated since Henry VII.* Such was the nucleus around which the present vast and unrivalled assemblage has been gathered.

The government of the institution was vested in trustees; to the end (*inter alia*) that, as the Act says, 'a free access to the collections may be given to all studious and curious persons, at such times and in such manner as by the said trustees shall be limited for that purpose.' These trustees are forty-eight in number. *Twenty-three* are called *Official*—being the holders for the time of certain high offices, by whom the national interests of church and state, law, science, and art, are presumed to be represented and protected; of these the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are termed *the Principal Trustees. Nine* others are called *the Family Trustees*, as representing the families of Sloane, Cotton, Harley, and other benefactors; one more is termed *the Royal Trustee*, because nominated directly by the Crown, in respect of its many and great presents. The remaining *fifteen* are styled *the Elected Trustees;* they are all chosen by the preceding twenty-three, and by them only;—for an elected trustee has, wisely or unwisely, no vote at subsequent elections, in deference to a *supposed* legal saw, *Electus non potest eligere;*—but virtually the three Principal Trustees are the real electors.

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electors. In accordance with the desire of Sir Hans Sloane, the *elected* were picked in the beginning from among the adepts of learning and science; and this practice continued until about 1791, when the vacancies began to be filled up almost exclusively by persons of rank and fortune—not quite necessarily adepts; an alteration possibly introduced at that revolutionary levelling period, with a laudable view of strengthening the aristocracy. Be that as it may, by this monopoly of a coveted distinction, the seeds of discontent, jealousy, and hostility were sown, which have ripened into open warfare in our times—for in those when the change was made it was not much noticed. Even sages and doctors had small leisure for pondering on the abstract rights or wrongs of science, when a deluge from France threatened to carry away every ancient landmark, religious and social: when the enemy was at the gate, all Englishmen, good and true, had to battle for altar and hearth. Nor did the nation at large take a tithe of the present interest in purely intellectual subjects. Few comparatively thirsted after knowledge or hungered after education—the modern panacea. The childlike uninstructed curiosity of the many was well pleased and satisfied with the sort of exhibitions provided for them by our fathers; and the government, compelled to be prodigal in warlike expenditure, grudged grants to an institution whose ends and objects flourish best in peace. Downing-street, overburthened with fear and toil, cared for none of these things;* and the British Museum itself hardly kept pace with the age, which it did not attempt to lead or advance.

Of those intrusted with the working duties, the chief is called the *Principal Librarian*—though, as he has nothing to do with the books in particular, he might better be simply named the Principal, the Warden. He is appointed by the Crown under the sign-manual, and holds his office during good behaviour. To him, subject to the control of the Trustees, the main care and custody of the Museum and its contents are confided: among other duties, he is to watch that all the inferior officers perform theirs; he grants temporary admissions to the public, pays salaries and incidental expenses, sees that the orders of the trustees are carried into effect, reports to them in all cases of neglect and irregularity, and exercises a general superintendence over everything. He is the Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant. The different departments are each managed by a head—a Captain.

* We have all heard that, on the first advance of the French revolutionary armies into unplundered Italy, Mr. Pitt was offered the Pitti Gallery for a few thousands: but refused—more's the pity—on the ground that he would not reduce the navy one middy for the Medicean Venus. Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer then did his duty, as the youngsters did theirs at Trafalgar. May neither the man nor the middies be wanting when wanted!

Formerly

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Formerly there were only three departments—those of the printed books, of the MSS., and of natural history; but out of these three a fourth was carved about 1807, at the suggestion of Mr. Speaker Abbot, and was called that of arts and antiquities. Each captain, besides attending to the public, and to the general well-doing of his department, is to report on his occupations once a month to the standing committee of the trustees. These heads are aided by assistants and attendants, many of whose feelings are miserably wounded by being paid at so much per diem, like mere journeymen, and this only for the days they actually come to their work. No allowance is made for absences caused by illnesses to which the flesh is heir; none for Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas, when the Museum is closed and the church open. Neither is there any retiring pension for good and faithful servants who have wasted bone and marrow in such incessant occupation. It is owing to this uncertainty, this *timor paupertatis*, so injurious to mind and body, that within Mr. Keeper Gray's recollection six even of the officers have left the Museum or died of mental disease. The duties of the *Secretary*—whom we liken to an Adjutant—are to issue summonses for the meetings of trustees, to attend at them, make minutes of the proceedings, and conduct the official correspondence.

The patronage of the Museum belongs to the three, or any two, Principal Trustees, who appoint the holders in writing, and on a stamp, because that is the only evidence they can show of such appointments. Practically, it rests with the Archbishop. He is the first named in the Act, and is fixed for life in his high office, while the Chancellors and Speakers fluctuate with changes of ministries and parliaments. The remarkable coincidence of the primacy and speakership being for many years in one family—Manners Sutton—coupled with Chancellor Lord Eldon's reluctance to act, naturally increased the preponderance of Lambeth. The mouth of the speaker son was dutifully dumb; and the father archbishop became the real head of the triumvirate—the first consul. At that period, the attendant situations were often given to the menial servants of influential people. Butlers of bishops, when ripe for pension, form, we know, the raw material for cathedral vergers, and do credit by portly conduct to sober sinecures, which are their established perquisites and euthanasia; but promotion from the cellar to the cabinet, from the larder to the library, however legitimate the connexion between gastronomy and literature, was a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The parting struggle of the principals, after it had been agreed not to provide thus for their own domestics, may be mentioned. The Primate brought an appointment,

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appointment, already signed by the Chancellor, and handed it over to the Speaker Abbot, to add his name. 'Oh!' said he, returning it read but unsigned; 'another servant of your Grace's! Two signatures are enough.' The archbishop blushed, and tore the paper. The patronage still continues in his Grace's successors —although (to judge from the Evidence) it appears to have latterly been in part exercised by the Secretary, who had two applications for places every day for six months. The principal librarian, as housekeeper, had the nomination of the housemaids, until, 'to his (Sir Henry Ellis's) great satisfaction,' the privilege passed to the principal trustees. 'Dec. 10, 1842—Cornelius Sullivan, Patrick Ryan, and David Roach were appointed in-door labourers to assist the housemaids.' Patrick is stout and well, David sound as a roach, poor 'Cornelius has died since in the service.' The heads of the respective departments are not usually consulted, on vacancies, as to the sort of person especially wanted by them; they are compelled to take those who are appointed by a power that is without responsibility, be they fit or not. Nay, persons are appointed in spite of their remonstrances. As there is no rule or indeed custom of promotion, a stranger may be put over an old and meritorious assistant, and the head exposed to blame for not unanticipated consequences. This discouraging system brought about a just retribution; and it was partly to the clamours of a temporary assistant, who had been dismissed, that the parliamentary inquiries in 1835 were owing.

It was during the official trusteeship of Mr. Speaker Abbot, one of the best trustees the Museum ever had, that its darkest moments drew to a close; then the penurious grants from Parliament began gradually to be increased, and extended facilities were afforded to readers and visitors. After the glorious events of 1815, when the temple of Janus was shut, the arts of peace, trodden down under the iron heels of armed hosts, sprang up, and the intellectual energies of Europe, too long engrossed in hostility and destruction, were directed anew to the preservation and civilization of poor humanity. By this blessed peace our learned and scientific men were once more brought into contact with their continental brethren, and a freer exchange made of discoveries and improvements. It was impossible, when the superior organization of foreign museums, their well-planned buildings, their liberal and effective arrangements were studied, that our ill-contrived and ill-managed old Museum could be defended even by its steadiest friends. The active and angry opponents were many, and they presently found leaders in the Naturalists.

Natural History is comparatively a new science, and was quite secondary to literature in the days of Sloane—and after them. It

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It has made wonderful strides in the last fifty years; the family has grown to be very large, and is split into botanists, mineralogists, zoologists, entomologists, palæontologists, ornithologists, geologists, and other ologists. These eaglets, while young and unfledged, agreed well in one aerie; but, on waxing strong, became pugnacious, clamorous for independence, and inclined to pull the old nest to pieces, to build new ones for themselves with the materials.

So many of our readers will remember the British Museum in its primitive state, that we may pass by the heavy porte-cochère of the prison-like exterior, the begrimed painted staircase and ceilings of the interior, the admired disorder of fish, flesh, and fowl, set out—so said the *frondeurs*—less to instruct than to amuse by a raree-show of varieties of cats and mice, rats and rabbits, blue butterflies, black beetles, green parrots, Robin Redbreasts, and such 'small deer.' Suffice it to say that the edifice itself had been planned for a private residence, not for a public repository; and chance, not design, presided over this cradle of the infant Museum. Montague House was built by a Monsieur Puget, and happening to be then in the market, was purchased by the trustees from Lord Halifax for 10,250*l.* Fortunately it was surrounded by a considerable court and garden, whereby sufficient space, now so difficult to obtain in an accessible situation, has been afforded for the rebuildings contemplated in 1823. The old house soon became too small for the plethora of collections, increasing and bursting into the streets—insomuch that the trustees began to consider most accessions as incumbrances; and previous donors and their descendants beheld with pious horror their gifts cribbed, cabined, and confined in 'cases unpacked and unopened,' or consigned to the 'basement,' anglicè, vaults—tombs of the Capulets—after the fashion of our National Records and the Vernon Gallery. There the sure workings of neglect, damp, and decay, partially remedied the evil, by diminishing the accumulation of 'buried talents,' dried butterflies and ephemerids, perishable commodities at best; nor was the more expeditious auto-de-fè neglected. Dr. Shaw, the then Keeper, used to have his periodical 'cremations' of rubbish—and the neighbours threatened actions because moths—brands from the official burnings—were thereby introduced into their houses. Meantime, while this wholesale and unwholesome destruction was going on, and was justified to the public by alleged want of accommodation, fifty-six light and salubrious rooms, capable of containing everything, were occupied by the resident officers; the principal librarian, the chief custos and curator of public property, having naturally taken for his private comforts the greatest number of apartments. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Yet the national collections were deserving of a better fate; to the

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the original nucleus, victory had offered, as *spolia opima*, the matchless assemblage of antiquities gathered, as if on purpose, by the French armies in Egypt, and cropped to make a garland for English crests. Between 1805 and 1816 were added the choice statues and antiques of Mr. Townley, the Lansdowne MSS., the Greville minerals, the law library of Hargrave, the Phigalean, and, last not least, the Elgin marbles. A dark side, we own, was not wanting to this picture; great opportunities, and such as only occur once, were lost for want of room and funds, through apathy or ignorance; thus the Dodwell Greek vases were let slip, while Belzoni's unique alabaster sarcophagus passed to Sir John Soane; the Ægina marbles, discovered chiefly by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, were allowed to be purchased by Bavaria. The Nayler heraldica, rejected by the trustees at a moderate price, were sold by public auction for a much greater sum. Mr. Haworth's extraordinary insects, the Millingen vases, the Battle Abbey muniments, shared the same sad destiny; and, worse than all, the incomparable ancient drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, offered by him in his will to the nation for one-third of their original cost, were—to the eternal disgrace of our Ministers and R.A.s—refused, and have since been sold piecemeal for double.

Nor was this all; the neglect shown, and the sale of duplicate books, disgusted many persons of sound and disposing mind, who, if 'things had been better managed, as in France,' would have bequeathed their stores to the national institution. To cherish what he has created, to desire to secure the intact preservation of these love-labours of his life, is natural to man; nor is the ambition to make a name—*non omnis moriar*—by making the public the heir to private treasures, an unpardonable or unpatriotic pride. Here this yearning has been chilled rather than fostered: can it be wondered that Lord Fitzwilliam (obiit 1816), who intended to have bequeathed his collections to the Museum, should, on learning they were liable to be sold or lost, hand them over to the better taste and custody of Cambridge; or that mediæval Douce, testy and capricious, and his compeer 'Northern Saxon' Gough, should select the Bodleian for the asylum of their precious accumulations? So Soane steered clear of the careless triton of Great Russell-street, in order to found his minnow Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields; so Kirby the entomologist, fearful of 'basements,' took especial care that his beloved specimens should escape slow putrefaction and rapid cremation. While offers to GIVE were snubbed, proposals TO SELL were not welcomed by the trustees; indeed, so great was the difficulty in dealing with this corporation, that one of our most eminent booksellers gave up all idea of it—he having on one occasion

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occasion offered a MS. to the trustees for thirty-five guineas, which they refused, and three years afterwards purchased at an auction for fifty! Thus a modern reality was given to the old myth of the Sibyl's books. Rare books are not to be got by being simply ordered in when wanted, like chaldrons of coals.

Public attention was still more attracted to the Museum in 1828, on the reception of the fine library formed by George III., who, immediately on his accession, being of opinion (unlike his grandfather) that the King of England should have a library, began by purchasing, for 10,000*l.*, the books of Mr. Smith, our consul at Venice, and next sent a good hand to the continent to procure others. It was on that occasion that Dr. Johnson wrote the remarkable letter, printed in the preface of the catalogue of this library, explanatory of the principles on which a good one ought to be made. By the steady expenditure of 2000*l.* a year, from 1762 to 1822, upwards of 65,000 volumes had been purchased, and it was then announced that George IV. had presented the whole to the public. A select committee of the House of Commons reported, April 18, 1823, that a new 'fire-proof' building ought to be raised to receive the royal library, and expressed the 'strongest gratitude' to the reigning Prince for 'this act of munificent liberality, and his Majesty's disposition to promote the science and literature of the country.' The secret history we believe to have been this. King George IV., having some pressing call for money, did not decline a proposition for selling the library in question to the Emperor of Russia. Mr. Heber, having ascertained that the books were actually booked for the Baltic, went to Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, and stated the case, observing 'what a shame it would be that such a collection should go out of the country;' to which Lord Sidmouth replied, 'Mr. Heber, it shall not;' and it did not. On the remonstrance of Lord Sidmouth, of whose manly and straightforward character George IV. was very properly in awe, the last of the Grand Monarques *presented* the books to the Museum—on the condition that the value of the rubles they were to have fetched should be somehow or other made good to him by Ministers in pounds sterling. This was done out of the surplus of certain funds furnished by France for the compensation of losses by the Revolution. But his Ministers, on a hint from the House of Commons that it was necessary to refund these monies, had recourse, we are told, to the droits of the Admiralty.

The eyes of mankind were much turned to Bloomsbury; and the non-contents, headed, as we said, by the Naturalists, availed themselves of the opportunity. 'The present,' cried Sir Humphrey Davy—himself an instance of as yet unhackneyed honours granted

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granted to science—'is the best moment for attempting a radical and fundamental change in everything belonging to this ancient, misapplied, I may almost say useless, institution.' So Dr. Davy states, in his biography of his renowned brother. After volleys of paper pellets of the brain from daily and weekly sheets, the heavy breaching artillery was opened in May, 1823, by our respected colleagues of the Edinburgh Review; although many marks were cleverly hit, the northern discharge was found, when evidence was examined, to be overloaded; nevertheless, the blue and buff signal of war to the knife was repeated by the Westminster and Retrospective Reviews—and by pamphlets published by small people on 'Science without Head,' as well as by octavos written by great personages, 'Reflections on the Decline of Science in England,' &c. &c., a vast sensation was created. It was a mighty pretty quarrel as it stood; now all is forgotten—*requiescat in pace.* The deep-seated cause of all this festering and inflammation in the intellectual constitution of England lay in the antagonism between the aristocracy of talent and the aristocracy of birth. It reddened when the road to the honours of science was made a royal one by the election of the Duke of Sussex to the presidency of the Royal Society. It led the centrifugal dissenters to establish, on a German model,* an opposition British Association for the advancement of science and men of science—to whom, as their organs feelingly complained, with one exception or so in an age, no titles had been conceded; nay, to whom Westminster Abbey was utterly refused when they were defunct—a circumstance doubly aggravating, because Britannia had been comparatively liberal of stones to her dead poets, though she often denied them bread while in the flesh. The great Associated, advocates of the *aurea mediocritas*, were too lofty to speak out as to ribbons and monuments—but sticking to business, they manfully set forth the comfortable doctrine that they should, while living, find 'an asylum in the eldorado of the state,'—in short, have a fixed income paid quarterly out of the consolidated fund, and thus be able to devote their whole intellects to the public good. This feat remains to be accomplished. Science cannot be too much honoured: it may be too well paid. The poverty which compels genius to work, enriches mankind. How many gifted men have been found missing when bound by the *golden* links of Hymen! How many poets (and patriots) have been silenced by a pension! The first meeting was held at York in 1831, when, in the eloquent language of one of the illustrious

* Berlin, Sept. 18, 1829, was graced by a congress of philosophers. Alexander von Humboldt presided: 850 persons dined; 1200 and odd drank tea and beer—the king, though no teatotaller, being one of them.

founders,

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founders, 'Beauty, in the form of Minerva, took part in the orgies of Science.' Twenty summers have followed, made glorious by this sun of York and other provincial 'starrings' of peripatetic philosophers; vast the gaping of squires and bumpkins at sections, and lectures, and experiments—wondrous the enthusiasm of provincial *bas-bleus*—splendid the local contributions of venison and pine-apples—ultra-Ciceronian the interlaudations of the wise. We hope some real good has been done. It is certain that there has been a deal more talk than formerly about science, and that knighthood, under puff-courting administrations, has become common enough among our *savans*. It is also certain that a marked impulse has been given to the system of scientific or quasi-scientific associations;—whence in London, as elsewhere, a fresh crop of rival museums—and of course a steadier purpose of overhauling the whole of the old concern in Bloomsbury.

To help the movement, moreover, just about the same epoch the small black cloud of radical-reform mania loomed in the horizon, and cast its coming shadow. The British Museum became too prominent a mark for nuisance-abaters and notoriety-hunters, to be passed over by them in the higher walks of energy to which so many of their kidney had soon found access. Mr. Grey Bennet made sundry motions; but the angry humours were brought to a head by Mr. Benjamin Hawes, at that time a popular member, and a very different person from the full-blown Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Hawes became the cat's-paw of one Millard, who had been appointed, in 1824, a temporary assistant in the British Museum, but was discharged in 1833. Mr. Hawes, with a seer-like sympathy, rushed to the resuscitation of a drowning subaltern. Small causes, however, may produce good:—in 1835, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed—and a more excellent one could not well have been selected. The chair was happily given to Mr. Estcourt. The committee sat for two sessions. The Report and curious Evidence contained in the two folios which head our list, bear upon the trustees and their duties, the disputed points of election, the patronage, the heads of departments, the grievances of naturalists and readers; in the end parliament was induced to grant funds with greater liberality. Alas! however, the full benefits thereof were suicidally sacrificed by the trustees themselves. Heaven forefend that the past be prophet of the future—that the changes for the better *urged* by the recent Commission should also be urged in vain! The public eye must not slumber twice.

From want of space we must be brief in our extracts from these two volumes. All who have read Sir Harris Nicolas—'On the

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State of Historical Literature in England' (1830)—will remember the *Pomard* episode on which he was so gay and severe. That learned knight—(he was lucky enough to flourish when such distinctions, as yet only eyed afar off by ologists, were not rare among the explorers of musty heraldries, and even officers of the Museum)—had, it seems, informed the Speaker that he was ready to visit Burgundy, and there inspect certain MSS. proposed for sale by the Baron de Joursanvault. The Principal Librarian, who happened to be going to Paris, offered his own services, was preferred, went, saw, and reported. He found two garrets of a decayed château lumbered up with the archives of the Counts of Blois, which this Burgundian baron's father had rescued from doom by saying to the revolutionist mob 'Parchment won't burn' nor 'make cartridges'—a pyrotechnic fact altogether disproved at Seville by Soult in the matter of the MSS. of Las Cuevas. The baron insisted on adding this *clause verbale* to the price asked for his parchments:—'Vous m'obtiendrez, par la faveur du Lord Wellington, de la Couronne de France le titre de Comte, qui sera substitué à celui que je porte, et transmissible à ma famille, sans, pour cela, faire de majorat. Si cela ne se peut pas, je me bornerai à obtenir de l'Angleterre l'entrée franche de 500 pièces de vin de France.' *In vino veritas.* The trustees eventually got some of the baron's skins, but we fear none of the Burgundy.—We may here remark, that the Principal Librarian's charge for his Joursanvault journey was 7*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*; which certainly forms a contrast to the cost of that undertaken in like fashion, upon the order of trustees, in 1815 by Messrs. Baber and König. These officers went to Munich to examine the Moll collection. Their little bill was 187*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; to which the trustees added a gratuity for each of 150*l.*, and so the total expense of the trip came to 487*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*!

One word only on what was called the 'Banksian bone question.' Among other things, Sir Joseph had presented his osteological specimens to the Museum. When the Hunterian collection was transferred to the College of Surgeons, an opportunity offered of relieving the overstocked 'basement,' and he superintended the gaol delivery himself. His own report gauges the philosophical condition of 1809. Two fits of gout long prevented the amiable and portly K.B. from hobbling below, where, after this 'haud facilis descensus Averni,' he states that 'Many of the objects were unpleasant to the view, and well concealed, lest the fancies of pregnant females might attribute to them the blemishes and misconformations of their future offspring'—*e.g.* things 'with bad smells in bottles, and frequently designated by the opprobrious appellation of hobgoblins.' These he proposed

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posed drafting to the Hunterians, to illustrate their lectures—retaining only certain *cornua* as decorous ornaments for heads and cornices of the Museum presses. When the things were carted to Lincoln's Inn Fields, the conservator, Mr. Clift, destroyed many as useless. 'There were some *birds* which had no business in a College of Surgeons, but they wished to have the bottles.' One Banksian bone more. When the skeleton of an American mastodon was exhibited in London in 1802, the *savans* in Russia wished to know if it were identical with their Siberian mammoth (a true elephant). Sir Joseph sent the Emperor a sketch of it, who in return sent to Sir Joseph some fossil skulls, which were decently buried in the vaults and forgotten, until finally handed over to the Surgeons. When Alexander was coming here in 1814, great fear arose in Great Russell Street that he might ask for his 'old friends'—few donors forget their gifts—so a search was made at the College, they were raised again, and handed back to the Museum, where, for aught we know, they may be still, or may not be. Alexander, after life's fitful fever, sleeps well: dead Czars tell no tales.

The grievance mouthpiece before the Committee was Dr. Grant, zoological 'professor at the U'—niversity of London. All his grumblings are not to be taken quite for granted: it is very easy to find fault, and many of his charges were contradicted point blank by other evidence. According to this censor from Gower-street, at the rival neighbour's in Great Russell-street the eyes of naturalists 'never are, but always to be, blessed;' there whatever was, was wrong; the showy but commonplace was exhibited ad captandum—gems rich and rare lay deep in the caverns below; the 'mammalia were an opprobrium to the British nation in these enlightened times'—the trustees neglected investigating 'the prehensile tails of monkeys;' not even a cast of the bronze pigtail of George III. by Wyatt yet graces his library. The synopsis and nomenclature were unscientific: air-bladders were called swimming-bladders, and the labels in the genus truvia are stigmatised as trivial—*e.g.* 'the European pig, the louse pig, the rice pig, and the flea pig.' Many of the specimens were pronounced to be 'repaired and beautified.' Elephants sported false teeth; cassowarys had necks restored and repainted 'in crimson and cærulean hues;' birds of paradise were perfectioned by *French* stuffers, who it seems are accounted 'suspicious people' by honest British ornithologists. The specific remedy was to move zoology out of a museum where room and money were wanting. Downing-street was either too poor or too grand to do justice to insects—*aquila non captat muscas;* and with the greatest opportunities, it produced the fewest results. In possession of colonies on which

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the sun never set, of ships that covered the ocean, it either did nothing or did harm; for the first pick of curiosities brought home was offered to rival repositories, while the central magazine came off with the second best. To the infinite and culpable neglect of all our Governments, so pointed out by the naturalists, one exception must be made in favour of Lord Stanley, who, when Colonial Secretary, sent to the Museum 'some edible birds nests' from Ceylon—though, alas! there is no evidence to show how the trustees spiritual and temporal disposed of these dainties. All this wrong was perpetrated when the French government were paying agents to collect for them. Conchologists could not help becoming crustaceous when Britannia, who rules, or did rule, the waves, was short in shells and sea-weeds. Such is one inevitable consequence of our *laisser faire* principle; John Bull must pay the penalty of being left to consult his interests in his own way, without being encumbered with the help of a meddling centralizing bureaucracy. Happily, somehow or other, with us private enterprise and generosity generally correct public apathy and governmental stinginess.

Serious complaints were made to the Committee of the insufficient accommodations, grants for purchases, and catalogues of the Museum. It was said of the principal and official trustees, that the holders of such dignified posts had other and more important duties to attend to besides the Museum—an objection which, if good, is equally applicable to eminent professional men, whose time is income. Practically the interests of the Museum have been greatly advanced by the influence which its high official trustees could naturally command with parliaments and ministries. The monopoly by well-born 'amateurs' of the elective trusteeships, 'the blue ribbons of literature,' to the exclusion of the hard-working, humbler born professionals, was, however, keenly felt by the latter to be an insult and an injury; ambition is the fault of angels. On the other hand, in England wealth and rank, millionaires—calves of gold—'Dukes and Earls'—the hobgoblins of poor Sir Harris Nicolas—had long been the idols of οἱ πολλοί; and it is the case still, in spite of all our reforms. Is there no *via media* here? To us calm observers, far remote from the stir of these struggling claims, it would seem probable that a judicious mingling of men of science and men of family—decorous as bees and butterflies on the slopes of Parnassus—might mutually correct each other's deficiencies;—in short, that a board, to be good, should be neither high nor low, but broad. Strictly speaking, this trusteeship is a function, a duty, a responsibility, *munus et onus*, rather than a reward or decoration. The trustees are an administrative, not a scientific body; exercising a superintending

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superintending control, they confide, or ought to confide, the details of the different departments to their respective heads. The elective trustees are chosen only from the καλοι και αγαθοι, and are themselves the élite of the community—the cream of the cream; they unite to the advantages of education travel and good manners, and to the precious boon of leisure a *general* love for arts, letters, and learning, with the possession of fortune—the sinews of purchase and patronage: *obra de lo que sobra:* it is from surplus alone, from the blessed margin left by tax-gatherers and house-stewards, that real things are done: wealth enables, and blood induces the gentleman to give and bequeath largely, which few men of mere science can do. How much is the Museum indebted to the 'elected amateurs,' the Cracherodes, Knights, and Grenvilles! The possibility of legacies has properly been considered a qualification in candidates. Nor is this all:—professional men, wedded to some engrossing pursuit, are liable to be one-idead and dogmatical; such as have been trustees, *e. g.* Sir Joseph Banks, often did mischief by meddling. Unchecked by individual responsibility, such members of the board can worry the heads of departments, who either must give in and implicitly obey, or quarrel with masters who can and will do them an injury; for sages are but men, frail mortal men, and not exempt from pedantry, crotchets, and self opinion. M. Buffon, *l'interprète de la Nature,* was the *égoïste par excellence* of even French *égoïsme;* no Polonius lord of the bedchamber was more pleased with 'the upper seat' than were *Les Quarante* when Louis XIV. sent fauteuils to the *Académie.* Nor are lights of science always fitted for administrative duties. Buonaparte was obliged to turn out La Place, to whom he had given a seat in his cabinet:—Alonso el Sabio lost his crown and died a bankrupt.

The Report of the Committee, July 14, 1836, recommended, among other things, a revision of the establishment of the Museum; and an *occasional* conferring of the elective trusteeship on scientific men as a mark of distinction; nor, we repeat, ought this to be withheld. It is an honour far more to be prized than a galaxy of decorations—which may signify little more than pertinacity in tuft-hunting. English Science may well be contented with the elevation of her own pedestal and the shadow cast on all below. Now that Hallam, Hamilton, Herschel, Buckland, and Macaulay have been admitted into the elective trusteeship, the aristocracy of talent has no more contests to fear—and nature's masterpieces may well follow where the Lansdownes, Spencers, Aberdeens, and Stanleys have led: we shall not prolong the closed poll; the battle of the books, now raging, and which more strictly concerns us, is an evil quite sufficient.

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The Committee also recommended that the heads of departments should meet quarterly to discuss details and better management, and report to the trustees;—who, however, when the alarm from 'outside barbarians' came to a pause, omitted utterly to enforce this sound suggestion. It was recommended by the 14th resolution, that every new accession to the Museum should be forthwith registered by the responsible head of the department, and a book kept for that purpose. Under the pretence of this impossible registration, the trustees—without consulting any officer in the Museum except the Secretary—gave to *his* post a wholly new importance; to him, and not to the heads, they intrusted this registration, and thereby destroyed all effectual checks and responsibilities. The form and farce of registration, mismanaged by the Secretary's clerks, and 'one of the most fruitful sources of misunderstandings,' was, after infinite waste of time, trouble, and expense, abolished by the trustees, in the eleventh hour, and possibly from fear of the Commission. On the plea of increased business, the salary of the Secretary was raised from 100*l.* to 700*l.* a-year; a house, and one of the best, was given him in a most irregular manner, to the indignation of the other officers. To this were added, an over numerous staff, offices, and privileges. It would seem that the Secretary, owing to his constant presence at fluctuating boards, from servant became master, and was raised from a subaltern to be commander-in-chief—the proper superintendent, the Principal Librarian, being virtually deposed. The Secretary's new power was no trifle;—we gather from the Evidence that he had the initiative; prepared at his pleasure agenda for meetings of the trustees; gave no notice sometimes of what was to be done at them; that he drew the minutes, and had the power of selecting what he liked; nay, that the minutes of the standing committees were not always read to the general board—by which they were occasionally confirmed in the gross—the contents unexamined. He might present or withhold reports sent in by heads of departments; might abstract or abridge them, and omit what he chose. These heads sometimes communicated directly to him and he to them, and without the intervention of the principal librarian; in a word, most proceedings were guided by his discretion, and he was the mainspring of a mighty institution, which, should that mainspring be deranged, inevitably must go wrong.

The Secretary appears at least to have had a share of the patronage; the proper and usual forms were too often neglected—blank appointments being filled up by the Primate, who wrote over in ink the names pencilled by the Secretary. At times he merely told the trustees that the Primate had verbally made the appointment;

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appointment; at others the Secretary did not even go through that form, but nominated directly himself. All this abuse blew up when Lord Cottenham refused to sign appointments of persons who had long been employed without any proper authority: the Chancellor kept the papers nearly a year in his desk, and a most curious correspondence ensued. It requires a very long sap and siege to take the Court of Chancery.

Now, happily, this anomalous new secretaryship is abolished—the Reverend Joseph Forshall—who had the misfortune to fall into very bad health—took his physicians' advice, and finally retired—and what then? Sir Henry Ellis, principal librarian, turned 72, and more than 50 years in the service of the Museum, has most kindly and admirably performed, for nearly two years, all the duties of Secretary, all those so 'arduous duties,' in addition to his own, finding them 'light,' and without the smallest gratuity or fraction of the 700*l.* a-year being yet offered to him.

Another breeze had been gathering. The Naturalists, who were to have been conciliated by the election of Dr. Buckland as trustee on the next vacancy, and who then would have been quiet and dumb as dormice, waxed exceedingly wroth when the honour was conferred on Mr. Macaulay, who canvassed for it; accordingly, in 1847 they petitioned Lord John Russell, and their memorial is in print. Mr. Hume threatened another Committee—so the difficulty was compromised by a royal commission, issued June 17, 1847, to eleven persons, *five* of whom were to form a quorum. Unfortunately many of the Commissioners could not easily attend. On the 24th of February, 1848, when only *four* Commissioners were present, the secretary refused to answer; the inquiry was shelved for a while. At last a new and improved commission was issued May 5, 1848, to fourteen persons, of whom *three* were to be a quorum and five empowered to report. We have toiled through the 1283 folio pages of the Report, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix;—the whole thereof caviare to the general, from want of the index, which, in type some months, has long waited an official order for circulation—a delay the more regrettable as its appearance would have extinguished at once many a stale and weekly dished up accusation.

We must, before examining the very able Report, express our surprise and sorrow that the Commissioners did not institute a rigid inquiry into the sins of omission and commission—the errors and enormous expense of the building. It is clear that, if the public, their property, or attendants, are pinched in too tight a shoe, their service cannot be properly performed, and that readers must be cramped, books and sculpture miserably packed away;—nor would

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would it be any solace to know that the MSS. down stairs had at least three rooms to spare, or that the antiquities both up and down stairs were over-accommodated with some half-dozen private gossiping chambers. We have made a 'visitation' of the whole building, which the trustees, who are bound to do it every year, have not done since 1829. The journey, with merely necessary local explanations, occupied nearly four hours, and we wish some good and goutless trustee would do likewise, if only for the curiosity. This mass of masonry, which lies heavy on our mother Middlesex earth, and on which such heavier sums have been sunk, is a thing of shreds, patches, and expedients. Before being completed it was unfit for its professed purposes, and the cry for more room is loud as in the days of the old building. It has been designed for no one great, well-considered end. Nor was the architect fairly dealt with;—he was simply told (it is said) when instructed by the late Mr. Bankes, that 'all that was wanted was a simple quadrangle, with four rooms below and four rooms above, large long galleries.' The carcase has been increased and altered, and tinkered from time to time: the result is most melancholy—'a warning, not a model.' The Woods and Forests and the Trustees bandy backwards and forwards the paternity of the bantling monster. It is no one's business; and thus the admitted good taste of each trustee as an individual is merged in the corporate body. To the want of a real power of some responsible master authority, the notorious failure of this and other edifices erected at the public expense, and which make us the architectural laughing-stock of Europe, is attributable. The Museum cannot stow away its contents; the new House of Commons—surrounded with halls and corridors big enough for the manœuvres of brigades—cannot pack its members; the National Gallery cannot hang its pictures: long did the Vernon gift pine in the 'basement' at Charing Cross, as the Layard marbles do in the cellar of Great Russell Street. The finest sites are wantonly sacrificed. No minister, in fact, has the courage to state boldly to the House the sum really necessary for any proper public edifice. He proposes 50,000*l.* instead of 150,000*l.*, which last sum, after a few years, is doubled, bit by bit, with nothing to show for it but blunders.

With respect to the new Museum, some curious facts were elicited in the parliamentary inquiry of 1836. The heads of departments were either not, or very imperfectly, consulted by the architect, who was not officially directed to do so; not much of comfort was provided for them; no laboratory, not even a 'watch glass' for the naturalists. The officers were left to make the best of four walls, and were forced to suit themselves to rooms which clearly

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clearly were not made for them; although naturally in this great larder for the mind no kitchens were tolerated, the poor public body might at least have had such necessary accommodations as even railways provide for ladies and gentlemen. In the library, assistants who handle all day books and rarities not improved by dirty thumbs, have only, after nine or ten years' battling, got a retiring vault where they may wash their hands.

The most truly architectural feature in the Museum is the excess of cost over the 'probable expense;' from 290,000*l.* the small account has swelled, from one cause or another, to 696,000*l.* The excess above the estimate of the House of Commons will yet be counted by millions. The architect seems to have only made estimates *pro re natâ*—not considering it his business to do more—and in truth it would be rather hard to blame him. It is very natural that an architect, not tied to specific instructions or intelligible intentions, should be ambitious to make himself a name, and that with him the internal accommodation should become secondary to the external elevation. Hence arose the portico and columns in the front, which exclude light from saloons destined expressly for sight-seeing. A Grecian temple is admirably adapted to the wants of a pagan god, who is veiled from public gaze in dim religious obscurity; but windows, his eyesore, are the things wanting in Great Russell Street, where through *one* row the thick London daylight creeps; yet it was with great regret that the R.A. gave up another shadow-casting and space-engrossing portico to the north. *Eheu!*

We will rapidly run through the ponderous pile, just remarking that the contemplated brick wall in front, which raised such a clamour the other day, was an alteration made in the plan by architectural *fiat*, without the knowledge either of the trustees or the officers. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.*

The entrance, under an impressive but too crowded columniated portico, leads into a hall which fortunately could be additionally lighted in front by a door with glazed panels. This opens into a gloomy sepulchral quadrangle, which Mr. Grenville pronounced to be 'the finest mason's yard in Europe.' The proportions are top-heavy; nor is there much attempt at lateral symmetry. The single row of windows is not happily placed. The 'basements' are lighted after the style of kitchen areas, by excavations—and even these were an after-thought. Into these vaults we too, like Sir Joseph of old, have dived, and have felt rather than seen the chaos of copyrights, casts, coals, stones, newspapers, bottled 'hobgoblins,' sculls, whales' bones, and what not, huddled in palpable obscurity. Emerging into life, we ascend from the hall, by a single staircase on the left

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left hand, to a series of galleries and rooms well lighted from skylights. In this ship-shape Noah's ark, no small portion of the animal world, the marvels of the creation, of art and nature, past and present, the wonders of the deep, of the land and air, are admirably exposed to the wonderings of well-behaved multitudes. We have no space here to enter on the arrangement and management of the print, botanical, and coin collections—properly kept more privately. On re-descending to the entrance-hall we pass to the left, through a corridor destined for antiquities and (owing to the portico) dark as Erebus, into the cheerful room, the sanctum sanctorum, where the board sat, and the secretary hatched: beyond is a suite of offices where the great man's staff used to be lodged more safely than the books, snugger than the statues. Then we wander through the Egyptian, Townley, Elgin, and other 'stone shops;' for we cannot compliment the authorities either on their geographical, chronological, archæological, or scientific arrangement. We presume the best has been done with the limited, ill-suited space.

The little story of the Lycian marbles is sad enough. After their discovery by Mr.—now Sir Charles—Fellows, the trustees begged the Admiralty to send to the east a naval officer 'to bring away certain monuments which he should see there;' but these sculptures being scarcely in the ship figure-head style, Mr. Fellows went out also. When the cases arrived at the Museum, he was not made quite so much of by the trustees as he expected—saving his knighthood. They held his opinion as cheaply as that of Mr. Hawkins, the keeper of antiquities, who was not referred to at all, and who now very properly washes his hands of the results. The trustees gave the sole control to Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., who had arranged the Elgin marbles for them, and long has done the 'fixing and repairing antiquities.' We have a high respect for Sir Richard as an artist and a gentleman—but to ordinary comprehensions all this seems odd. Either a head of a department is fit for his post or he is not. If he is, surely he ought neither to be affronted nor chilled by manifest want of confidence in the shape of strange interference. If he be not fit, he should be removed. No wonder that the dilettante knight should feel 'disturbed' at not being 'consulted, and become critical, or that the professional knight should carp at the archæology of a simple amateur who, according to him, merely stumbled on the stones in his travels. Sir Richard, who, in the opinion of Mr. Hawkins, mostly 'studies picturesque rather than scientific arrangements,'—(and very naturally too)—now gave loose to graceful 'fancy,' while Sir Charles was 'tied to facts,'—'ugly,' awkward things. Sir Charles found fault with Sir Richard's making shelves of inscribed tablets; with his letting them

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them into walls, the inscriptions inside; with his lengthening and shortening sculpture, to suit spaces, on Procrustean rather than Phidian principles. Such at least were the allegations: but far be it from us to decide. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* All, however, went wrong, from beginning to end—if we are to credit the witnesses;—Sir Robert Smirke's plan was bad—the room too small—the floors so weak too as to require underpinning. Sir Robert, we fear, never consulted Sir Richard; Sir Richard, we apprehend, very rarely consulted Sir Charles. The trustees crowned the whole by directing, against the opinion of them and all mankind, that the Lycian, Grecian, and Roman marbles should be packed together in one hodge-potch. All these passages of arms and letters *à l'outrance* between such gallant knights and sapient judges are chronicled at length by the Commissioners, and will afford rich materials to the future Anthony à Wood of Bloomsbury.

Mr. Layard's discoveries, we trust, will be better accommodated, or woe to Nineveh: meanwhile the winged bulls are in the grand hall, and the princes and priests in the ground cellar. We really are afraid to think what would happen to the Museum should another new old city, another Pompeii 'potted for antiquaries' turn up. An exhibition of all the products in the world under one roof is better suited to Mr. Paxton's palace-conservatory, than to an institution meant for solid permanence, and moreover whose primary object is literature. In no other country are miscellaneous, multitudinous, heterogeneous rarities *kept* together. What building can ever be sufficiently capacious or expansive? New Ninevehs might take in the Museum, which no Museum can do for them. Again, natural objects are illimitable. Mr. Greenhough calculated 577,000,000 species of animals alone. Now, the number of printed books is known not to exceed three millions (see Quar. Rev. vol. 73, p. 3); and as no one library can ever expect to possess half of them, some guess may be made of what room will be required. Assuredly the interests of wisdom would be promoted if the zoology, fossil and recent, were removed to the Regent's Park, where lecture-rooms might be properly established on Monkey's Green, and analogies and comparisons be assisted by juxtaposition with the living creatures—while scientific ladies would find charming bowers for subsequent colloquies; nor, as respects less etherial spirits, would the ice-creams be far off. Again, Kew Gardens seem the very place for the botany. There the perishable hortus-siccus might be illustrated by nature ever young, and renewed by Flora ever blowing and blooming. The fine Piccadilly Institution would thankfully receive the geological specimens, and any bone surplusage could be reduced by the Surgeons'

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Surgeons' College, as heretofore. Boldly then might Belzonis and Layards use their pickaxes; bountifully might Georges and Grenvilles swell the stream of printed knowledge. Now there is no more room for books, which have of late accumulated at the rate of 20,000 a year. Soon new buildings must be begun, and the old system of architectural failure, extravagance, and expedients perpetuated in a vicious circle.

We have reserved the library for the last. On returning to the great hall, from which all the aortæ diverge, a door on the right leads to these palaces of immortal mind, where the spirits of the mighty dead live and lord around. The first room is called the Grenville-room, because in it at last is placed the splendid collection of 20,240 volumes formed by the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville at a cost of 54,000*l.*, and by him nobly bequeathed to the nation. It is humiliating to relate the treatment they met with. When they arrived at the Museum, the principal librarian stated that there was no other place for them than that room which before, but needlessly, had been destined for manuscripts; and before anything could be determined, behold! the eight only glazed presses in the said room were half-filled with MSS. of no particular importance. In vain did Mr. Panizzi urge the trustees either to provide another room, or allow him to make use of that, which was utterly useless to everybody. Part of the Grenville gems lay for nearly two years on the floors of the gallery, exposed to injury of all kinds. It was Lord Fortescue who, on asking to see his uncle's books, and witnessing their treatment, obtained that they should temporarily be covered with calico, which Mr. Panizzi had for weeks before petitioned in vain. Much later, and from fear of the Commissioners and the indignation of the Duke of Cambridge, the MSS. were ejected from their 'manger,' and the Grenville books were put up in their place. Mr. Panizzi's repeated prayers to glaze the rest of the presses were not listened to. Glass, lavished elsewhere on rubbish, was grudged. Even to this day the upper galleries remain unglazed; nor has the keeper ventured to expose himself to the annoyance of new rejections of reiterated applications.

Thus remain, exposed to the dust and dirt of a passage-room, the cherished creations of a life's love, on which the winds of heaven were once not allowed to blow—a melancholy contrast barely calculated 'pour encourager les autres.' Nor was respect paid even to Mr. Grenville's dying request, that his collection might be kept intact: the Trustees ordered his manuscripts to be separated from the books, and persist in carrying out that resolution in the teeth of the Commissioners' report. How the Julio Clovio was smuggled out is a nice bit of British Museum practice.

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The bust of Mr. Grenville, which looks sadly on the wreck, is the graceful offering of Sir David Dundas to the memory of one he loved and honoured.

From the Grenville we pass to *the large room*—a spacious saloon partly stored with manuscripts, but wanting in light, an article somewhat essential for the inspection of ancient writings. They, too, ought forthwith to be ejected. Mr. Panizzi has a plan which, if carried out, would offer a sight unequalled in Europe. He proposes to glaze and fill the bookcases of three rooms with presented libraries—the Banks, Hoare, Cracherode, George III., and Grenville—and then permit all visitors to pass through them to a fine staircase now not used. Thus the pressure on the one staircase in the hall would be diminished, and the public admitted to see treasures and saloons from whence they are now excluded. All this might be effected with ease and justice, at no great expense, and immediately; for the MS. department has already more space than it wants, or can possibly want for many years. We trust some members, when Parliament is asked for more money, will visit the Museum, and test the prodigal waste of room which we have seen and now describe. The MSS. increase at a rate of 700 a year—the printed books, as we have said, of 20,000! The former now engross six rooms most expensively fitted up; one of them alone, the waiting-room, which is not used, long as it has been kept waiting, might be fitted to contain some 10,000 volumes; in the others, a third of the shelves are unoccupied—which would hold at least 15,000 MSS. more; meanwhile the gaping presses are eked out for show with volumes here and there placed flat on their sides.

Sir Frederick Madden's evidence should be reverently studied. Employed since 1826, this old servant feels himself to be a treasure. Not easy to be satisfied, he complains that he 'has no room to arrange the MSS. after his own plans'—and 'has no adequate assistance.' One, says he, of his grievances for a series of years is, his difficulty of getting books. Other witnesses, however, assert that he is so vague as seldom to give the right name, and is 'a gentleman who does not know what he wants.' He complains, with 2500*l.* a year, besides extra grants for purchases, of scant funds. In short, 'no man is so ill treated.' No notice is taken by the trustees of some of his reports; some even are returned; he is kept waiting among the servants in the hall of the Chancellor, who after all goes out without seeing him. He has been much ill used in not getting a particular house, which it appears he might have had if he would only have asked for it; and he pronounces the very excellent one he now has to be not fit for a gentleman. Although he clearly does not love his neighbour,

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neighbour, no sooner does the neighbour put up a bookcase, a table, an extra building, a double window, than Sir Frederick has his ditto, insomuch that a waggish assistant hoped Panizzi would not hang himself during the catalogue campaign, lest the knight should be found self-suspended the next morning. The differences and rivalries between heads of departments, which prevailed upstairs and downstairs, were perfectly known to and lamented by the trustees, who might and ought to have nipped in the bud the evils of a public house divided against itself.

We now enter the noble gallery in which the library of George III. is kept; but here again no portrait of the honoured founder graces the walls, and should he, like the royal Dane, revisit the earth, 'Where,' would his first exclamation be, 'where, oh! where is the Caxton Æsop—the first Psalter of 1457—the Aldus Virgil of 1505—the unique Caxton, the Doctrinal of Sapience, on vellum—the Recueil des Histoires de Troye, his first book printed in French—and the second Shakespeare of Charles I., with his autograph—*dum spiro spero?*' &c. &c. It saddens any bibliophile to see how much and long the *præclara supellex* of this fine vasty hall, which cost 140,000*l.*, has been suffered to go to ruin from pitiful, penny-wise, pound-foolish parsimony of a few hundreds. Now it is almost too late; already the books are shorn of their regal glories and dimmed and dirtied. Here again the present keeper long ago protested and prayed for a little of that glass with which the stones, birds, and beasts are protected up stairs by the acre. As this room, owing to some architectural ingenuity of its contrivance, is one of passage, a dust eternal destroys books and bindings; a noise eternal worries the student; and as persons unknown to the keeper of the books pass through, and as heaps of books are necessarily always about, a volume may disappear and he have to bear the blame.

On the outside of this room, to the right, an unsightly brick-built receptacle, with galleries lower than the deck of a line-of-battle ship, has been run up by the trustees at an expense of between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.*—an *expedient* in which the rapidly-increasing books are stowed. Verily the public purse is deep. Sapience may, we fear, be wanting where Doctrinals most abound. The multitude of books has not been diminished since 1831 by any sale of the duplicates, as was the losing practice when Mr. Beloe was their and the prints' keeper. Mr. Harper, his predecessor, particularly selected for sale, as duplicates, from the books presented by George II.:—this was under a notion 'that the crown might repent and reclaim the gift!'—and for the same reason he stripped the volumes of their fine old binding, had them

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them cut, and rebound in recreant calf's skin. Among the many then disposed of, we will just cite the Bible with autograph of Lorenzo de' Medici — Cranmer's Bible, with his autograph— —Henry VIII.'s book against Luther, presented by the king to Cranmer, with the primate's own notes. The money got by these sales was small, the disgrace great. It is difficult to define what is strictly a duplicate; so many things are to be considered, mode of acquisition, condition, MS. notes, autographs, binding, &c. Certain sorts of duplicates are current coin among collectors, and, if parted with, it should only be in exchange for precious desiderata. Duplicates of commoner books are useful to replace copies dilapidated by wear and tear. The Museum possesses at present some 10,000 *such* duplicates, from which a lending library might be formed in the Museum; and some have suggested out of doors additional public libraries in London or the provinces. This latter scheme is much advocated by educationists of the people, and brought about a queer episode.

While this very commission was sitting, certain enthusiasts of that sort induced Mr. Ewart, in emulation of Mr. Hawes of old, to move for a committee;—to which Sir George Grey assented—on condition that the inquiry should be limited to the establishment of new popular libraries, to the exclusion of all inquiry into existing libraries. (*Hansard*, March 15, 1849.) This was agreed to. Meanwhile, as few people paid any attention to Mr. Ewart's proceedings, much one-sided evidence, and nowise bearing on the allowed and limited subject, but most hostile to existing libraries, and to the British Museum in particular, was taken. Nor was any one present to contradict or cross-examine the bearers of witness. On these hole-and-corner irregularities getting wind, at the renewal of the committee in 1850, some new members were added to watch the doings. Then the former witnesses were re-examined, to the signal explosion of much fudge, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. In his first examination the librarian of the Royal Society stated that, in 1847, he 'resided some time at Munich;' made particular inquiries respecting the library; found it open every day, and all day; 'wondered at the smooth and beautiful working of the slender staff,' as compared with the British Museum; tested the catalogue, and obtained in five minutes three books connected with the Royal Society, published in the spring of that year. It was then shown that he arrived at Munich on the 7th of September—and that, according to the police records, upon the 9th of the same September his passport was signed for Ulm. It was proved from the printed regulations that the Munich library is only open three days in the week, and then only from eight in the morning to one in the afternoon; that it

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it closes on the 1st of September, for vacation, until October 15th; and that the catalogue never can be consulted except by very special permission, with which of course, as well as entrance, that important English envoy had at once been favoured, but which he had no business not to know and appreciate the rarity of. The anti-Museum acidity of Mr. Lemon, a clerk in the State Paper Office, was not less expeditiously neutralized.

Notwithstanding all this, and after this Commission and Committee had sat, Parliament was again appealed to. Petition 16122 was headed, we believe, by the Reverend Editor, or ex-Editor, of 'The Shepherd,' a weekly journal, price one penny, in which (1835) he advertised Sunday-evening lectures—pretty pastorals—in Castle-street, Oxford-market, admittance threepence, *ladies free*. Petition 16123 was canvassed for by a circular—in compliance with which many respectable persons signed it, in ignorance of the contents;—and so on—but let us pass forward to the left.

We enter the great body of the library. The whole collection consists of about 460,000 volumes, which are ranged on some twelve miles of shelves. About one-third of this national library has been presented, and the remainder honestly come by. *Mais, Sire, tout est payé ici*—as Mr. Planta, chief librarian, said in 1814 to Alexander, who remarked on its then smallness. They manage matters better in France and Russia. It appears in evidence that in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* (now *Nationale*) 'one-third at least is pure theft'—taken from convents and émigrés at the first Revolution. Under Buonaparte's despotism, collector-commissioners followed the rapacious eagle, and conveyed to Paris, then the great receiving-house of the stolen goods of Europe, all that was judged deserving of transportation—preference being religiously given to church plate. The Gauls, it is fair to add, acted no worse towards foreigners than towards their own countrymen—witness the revelations of the wholesale stealing which went on in every provincial library of France, detailed in M. Libri's own book—we mean his *Lettre à M. de Falloux* (Paris, 1849);—and also in *other* documents. Nor was the whole of the Buonapartist swag disgorged in 1815, when the allied emetic was administered. The Parisians still rejoice in their pickings—*furto lætantur in ipso*. A witness, when visiting this 'national property,' and observing the words *Bibliotheca Vaticana* on a magnificent vellum volume, remarked that he thought they had returned all the books of other people. 'Oh, no,' was the answer; 'we have not given them all back; we have taken good care of that.' *La propriété c'est le vol*, says M. Proudhon, ci-devant représentant du peuple souverain.

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The Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg was formed after a Tartar and Calmuck fashion. Count Zaluski, bishop of Kief, collected in the last century some 200,000 volumes. These, augmented by his brother, the bishop of Cracow, were ultimately in 1761 left by a Zaluski to the college of Jesuits at Warsaw. This 'gift rather of a king than of a subject' was in 1791, and after the suppression of that order, carried off to St. Petersburg. The season was so bad and the books so ill packed, although shaved off with sabres when protruding, that many cases broke by *accident*, and many items were lost and others further injured. To this haul were added in due time the books of Potemkin. He was giving a fête to the Empress Catherine, when she remarked that the only thing wanting in his palace was a library. Next morning this well-trimmed aper of civilization sent for a bookseller, gave a liberal order—'no matter what, little books at the top, and great ones at the bottom.' Never was such trash shelved, and it is still classed on the principles of our west-end upholsterers when furnishing ladies' boudoirs, by a reference to size, not subject. 'The quartos,' says Mr. Huish, 'are ranged together, the octavos together, the duodecimos together; works of all kinds and subjects are mingled; you will find Mrs. Glass on the Art of making Syllabubs placed next to Beattie on the Immutability of Truth—Fanny Hill supported on one side by Hudibras, and on the other by St. Augustine.' It is lucky for these delectable British classics that the illustrious Ukase-maker Paul has retired from business; for he had 'passed a law not to admit an Englishman into the library, nor an English book.'

Fortunately the latter deficiency can be supplied in our Museum, parliamentary petitioners to the contrary notwithstanding. The first object of the keeper, as was proved in evidence, is to secure works relating to British subjects. The strongest branch of the British Museum is general history, and the strongest branch of that, the strongest, is British history. The printed book department, forming almost the only public library in London for two millions, is more interfered with and misrepresented than any other. The keeper is subject to pressure from within and from without; it is impossible to please everybody. Here, while mankind wisely leaves geology to geologists, botany to botanists, and so forth, and does not pretend to teach the professed and responsible heads, everybody that can read fancies he knows all about books—a slight mistake, which increases in proportion to the crassness of every pretender's ignorance.

The literary interests of the Museum, down to 1824, were inadequately cared for. A pittance of between 200*l.* and 300*l.* a-year was, it is true, doled out; but most propositions to buy

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were thwarted, and especially by Mr. Bankes; the fear of Joseph Hume, then commencing a politico-economical career, was always before his eyes;—but, we are bound to add, quite needlessly—for Sir R. H. Inglis has borne witness that he never recollected of Mr. Hume's making the least objection to any expenditure, however high, upon any worthy object acquired or coveted for the Museum. Thus, however, when the text of Audubon's fine work on birds came to the Museum under the Copyright Act, without the plates, Mr. Bankes refused to purchase them. The trustees are not to be let off on the score of Joseph's awful brows—they themselves, of their own free will, took many a leaf out of the book (the only book) of the late Ferdinand of Naples:—after his restoration, on Murat's downfall, when the minister set down in his budget the usual sum for the library, 'What this?' said his macaroni-engulphing Majesty; 'how many volumes have you already?' '150,000, Sire.' 'Have they all been read through?' 'No, Sire.' 'Then buy no more until they have.' Gradually the English Treasury were shamed into some increase, and the purchases were intrusted to the unfettered discretion of the keeper. It was however, impossible, with such limited means and bit-by-bit assistance, not amounting to 20,000*l.* in thirty-two years, to supply the many and notorious desiderata. In January, 1845, a lucid statement was presented by Mr. Panizzi to the trustees, giving once for all a history of the library and its deficiencies. Government—thanks chiefly to the exertions of Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Cardwell—recommended Parliament to grant, for some years to come, 10,000*l.* a-year for the purchase of books of all descriptions. An inculcation to add, meantime, more sparingly to other collections, coupled with the keeper's suggestions to remove the Natural History, raised the jealousy and opposition of some of his brother officers—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*. With the 28,000*l.* received during the scarcely three years of this short-lived but generous grant, many gaps were filled up, and all would have been by this time, had not the Peel ministry become *fèlo de se*. The first step of the Whigs in power, the zealots of education, was to stop the grant, and thereby to dry up one of the chief sources of knowledge. We are convinced that, until proper room is prepared, no prudent keeper will ever again bestir himself to obtain any new grant; the obloquy, trouble, and ill-will, which have been the reward of him who had the courage to set the example, will be a lasting warning. To fold the arms, and doze from quarter-day to quarter-day, is the best policy for minor officials in too many departments—*surtout point de zèle*.

The interior of the library is striking. The general design and forms

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forms are somewhat too square. In the elegant 'arched room' we trace Italian suggestions. The accumulated tomes, ranged high and low, are verily, as worthy Dominie has it, 'prodigious!' In every direction well-garnished trucks of books are moving about on noiseless wheels; able attendants, waiting on the public, fetch and carry balm for the sick soul, companions to the desolate, food for the mind; tables groan under volumes to be marked and catalogued by intelligent gentlemen, each of whom, for his refreshment, has a decanter of water and a glass—'Doctrinals of Sapience'—liberally supplied by the Board, without any deduction from his daily wages. Here and there some privileged scholar, a spectacled German, a Frenchman bearded as a pard, is poring over black letters and incunabula; or a party of lady visitors—Graces, Muses, and Minervas—are flitting through, extra-bound in colours brighter than 'Manchester calico,' which Mr. Tomlinson, a severely critical witness, mistook for best 'Barbary Morocco!' They must not, however, seduce us from our subject. The volumes of this glorious library have doubled in number since the present keeper has been at the head—227,000 in 1837, they now reach 460,000, truly reckoned up according to Cocker. The boasted numbers of most of the libraries abroad are, beyond doubt, exaggerated; it is easier to guess than to count: even the sum total of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne may be a trifle too large. Certainly, in countries of pious frauds and bulletin celebrity, to lie *pour l'honneur de la patrie* has long been orthodox. In this library great care has been taken to procure the rarest and most expensive books, in order that poor students may be sure to find everything necessary for research and reference, however beyond their means. The public purse properly pays for such private benefits. This dispensary of the mind is, as it ought to be, a national storehouse of knowledge, a rich repository, destined more for utility than entertainment. It ought neither to be a school nor a circulating library; yet, while no foreign library permits loungers to occupy scanty space or waste the time of attendants with calls for light and idling literature, that absurdity is allowed here. The public master who pays, calls for what he pleases; he is served with an intellectual banquet in the reading-room, from the inner library, through a window, which resembles the battery-hatch of a college.

In order to enter into the reading-room, we must walk into Montague-place, and go down a mews-like lane where a cart cannot turn. The hinder portions of the Museum are most Hottentotish, and shame the portico front features; they consist of irregular excrescences, coachhouse-looking makeshifts, courts and corners run up for the nonce in defiance of symmetry and Vitruvius. It

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is the old story again, *want of room.* Assuredly, if the Natural History be not shortly removed, a new and enormous outlay in bricks and mortar must be incurred. If, on the contrary, nature be separated from art, nothing will be required for two generations. In the former emergency, it was suggested that it might be well to effect the purchase of seven houses and gardens in Russell-square and Montague-place, and erect on their site a new MSS. department—taking the present MSS. rooms for the printed books—and constructing, in a central point between the two, new reading-saloons worthy of the public. Then could be supplied a collating-room for curious and large works—a want now seriously felt by learned students, since the place destined for that purpose has been thrown away on insects and reptiles; a cold collation and consolation for the book-worm bipeds.

The public entrance to the reading-room is at a poky side-door in the north-east corner. It leads, by a gloomy ante-vault, and up a narrow back-staircase, into two large rooms. Here, since the sitting of the commission, Mr. Panizzi has at last been permitted to carry out his plans. We can vouch, after a minute examination, that every possible comfort and convenience which the constructions permitted, is now provided. Formerly there existed great difficulties of admission. About 1806 a special recommendation from a trustee was necessary. This was broken down by Dr. Stone, who claimed it as a right. Now the door is opened as widely as possible, consistently with the preservation of the public property. In the year 1811 only 269 tickets were issued; in 1849, 3049. The number of readers, from 22,800 in 1825, had risen, in 1848, to 65,867, and is rapidly increasing since the recent improvements within. The besetting sin of the largest of these rooms is the original and architectural want of light and space; but all that patient ingenuity could well devise for counteracting such evils has been done. More than 10,000 dictionaries, encyclopedias, and books of reference have been placed for the visitors to consult at pleasure. Two sets of the additional catalogue are provided, with sloping shelves to rest them on. There are stands for pen and ink, and printed directions to fill up in order to obtain anything wanted. Even blotting-paper is not forgotten. The scanty side-light has been aided by putting glass panels in doors, and by reflectors. Room for forty readers more has been gained by change of tables and positions. The legs of chairs are padded with india-rubber to move noiselessly like cats' paws. The hastiest comparison of the facilities and civilities of this establishment with the rude and rigid regulations in most foreign libraries ought to gratify John Bull. Here any person may book any have and any number of books. Dr. Biber had, he

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he says, 150 in one day—he had really 261. Any book correctly asked for can be delivered in ten, and is often delivered in six minutes, although it takes three minutes to walk the length of the library. They come, says one witness, 'by magic.' In some libraries abroad they come, when they come at all, in an hour; in others the next day. At Paris, after waiting an hour, you are often told, 'The book is not here.' There indeed it is so bad that Mr. Thackeray soon abandoned any search in that Vanity Fair. 'Never,' says he, 'was anything less satisfactory.'

To conclude—while a class of Englishmen, lovers of the grumble, befoul their own nest—according to the testimony of two competent foreigners who have travelled Europe to inspect libraries, 'this is the best regulated in the world; here the books are most faithfully guarded and the public most properly served.' The evidence before the commissioners goes unanimously to prove the skill, good-humoured patience, and attentive civility of the attendants. Simple ignorance is aided—pretentious ignorance is endured; —testy old gentlemen who write wrong names—hasty sparks who will not search under the right letter of the catalogue, are put in the way of their alphabet by men paid daily wages. Yet no end of growling. When Sir F. Madden writes for a bibliographical, meaning a biographical, work—Professor Forbes for one by Lichtenstein, meaning Leuchtenberg, and so on—it seems to us that the attendants, not the applicants, have a right to be cross: you might as well call for a Sandwich, meaning a Spencer. The business of the British Museum is to supply books, not that sort of information about books and their authors, and the various titles or designations of the same author, which ought to be got before a man enters the Museum, from the common manuals of bibliographical or biographical instruction. If reasons were supplied by pantechnicon patent vans, numskulls are not to be furnished with understanding. Honourable M.P.s themselves may be misled. One complained to the House that the British Museum did not even possess the esteemed work on Artesian Wells by one of its own trustees. The truth came out, that he had mistaken a capital city, Paris, for a capital physician, Dr. Paris, who has written well on many ills—but, ill or well, on no wells.

Nor are all clever men—occasionally the spoilt children of sweet Σοφια—always to be contented. Some, not satisfied with having sugar-plums given them, feel aggrieved if they are not put in their mouths for them. Mr. Turner thinks it hard, and too much for his physical capacities, to have to carry the books he wants—(we trust his extracts may be lighter);—so he, for peace and quiet, goes by the train to the Bodleian. He is vexed in spirit at the British Museum by a fellow-student, 'an idiot, who

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who was sent to the reading-room by his friends to get rid of him.' Surely a secretary or a principal librarian exercising a paternal authority over the Museum, ought to have provided a keeper with strait waistcoats, to be used by him at his discretion. Mr. Turner is moreover agitated here by the presence of a flea 'larger than any to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving-room of a workhouse.' This we must skip. Our inferior entomological experience prevents more particularities on the Pulex Mus. Brit. Max. Certainly in this overcrowded world and British Museum there are *naturals* and natural history whose room is better than their company, and we tremble for the dear blue-stockings who grace the reading-room. Our esteemed friend Mr. Carlyle's evidence (Feb. 29, 1849) forms one of the sweetest morsels of the feast. He, too, is worried by the aforesaid idiot, and by a sane gent. who blew his nose very loudly every half-hour. 'The bad ventilation gives me'—*i. e.* Mr. Carlyle—'the Museum headache.' 'The ordinary frequenters are a very thick-skinned race—I am a thin-skinned student and can't study there.' We do trust that poor Panizzi has sufficiently felt the reading-public pulse, with no fee but abuse, to be now callous, pachydermatous, and willing to leave the skin-feeling to the judgment of Dr. Paris. The author of *Sartor Resartus* complains of a general want of 'composure' and catalogue. Without the latter he is 'lost in the *sylva sylvarum*.' 'The books might as well have been locked up in water-tight chests and sunk at the Doggerbank.' 'Of all catalogues the worst is no catalogue at all. A library without one is a Polyphemus without an eye in his head. A man of common sense might go into this chaos and make it a cosmos.' Other wits are indignant that this chaos is not open and lighted up of an evening—but peradventure, however education-mongers may theorise, in practice it might be found that few persons would come here if it were opened at night. Lawyers' and merchants' clerks find the work of each day sufficient, and oddly enough prefer casinos and cigars, after early closing, to metaphysics and mathematics. Nor must we forget the danger to which so much public property would then be exposed in a building not fire-proof. Besides Mr. Braidwood's brigade, a double set of attendants will be necessary: benefits may be overbalanced by inconveniences. After all, it is a question of expense.

We are happy to say that instances of misconduct in these attendants by day are most rare. One exception will prove the rule. In 1847 an unmarried lady, of whose writings we think favourably, received from a porter, named King, an anonymous letter, purporting to be from a stranger, threatening, if she did not remi

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remit through that porter 5*l.*, that her character would be exposed. The accomplished lady, with the high courage of innocence, took the letter to the Museum authorities. The hand-writing was traced to King, who was tried, and transported for seven years, and two attendants who gave King a good character were dismissed. Although there is no secret police dressed in plain clothes here, as at Paris, thefts are very rare.

Of all the malcontents within or without the Museum, those who complained of the *Catalogue* were the most noisy. As we remarked on a former occasion (Q. R. vol. 73), while it seems easy enough to the infinite number who talk about things they do not understand, to make a *good* catalogue is so very difficult in practice that the first bibliographers are 'appalled' at the undertaking. The better opinion is, that the alphabetical form, with a copious index of matters, is the most useful and feasible, and that uniformity and consistency, fulness and accuracy, are the essential points. Such was the system adopted by Audifredi, who, in 1761, commenced the best alphabetical catalogue ever begun—that of the Casanate Library at Rome; but it never was carried beyond the letter K, or the fourth volume, and that was published in 1788, twenty-seven years after the first—*tantæ molis erat!*—and yet the Casanate Library did not then contain 50,000 volumes.

The battle of the books formed the chief object of the Commission; and the *Catalogue*, the key of the position, became the point of attack and defence. As the keeper challenged all the world, the Commissioners encouraged every comer to the lists, and perhaps wasted too much time on sundry men of straw, and neglected, for this branch of inquiry, the important questions of the MSS., the building, the coins, and the recent extraordinary theft of them by Vlasto, which the Principal Librarian only learnt for the first time from the public papers! Of assailants from within—Sir F. Madden prefers the folio Bodleian Catalogue to 'the one Mr. Panizzi proposed.' This knight was speedily unhorsed. The Museum Catalogue, it was shown, is one drawn according to the orders of the trustees, who are his and the other keepers' masters: 'the Bodleian has *six* catalogues at least.' Mr. Keeper Gray comes forward, publishing pamphlets. Rather than be "drawn into a squabble' with a brother officer, Mr. Panizzi appeals to the trustees, and no less a man than Sir Robert Peel draws the award. The resolution recommends him to maintain an entire silence with regard to the pamphlets, and does not require any vindication of his conduct as impugned by Mr. Gray. *Basta.* Mr. J. Payne Collier enters armed cap-a-pie. He was secretary to the Commission, and consequently in possession of unpublished evidence, from whence he extracts and

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and writes, without communicating to the keeper, although he does to the Commissioners and to witnesses from without. He is a patron of '*native* talent.' 'English common sense revolts at Mr. Panizzi's plan,' who is naturally anxious about foreign literature, though he by no means neglects ours;—but Englishmen may also deserve to come under the same ban. Mr. J. P. C. pronounces the late Rev. Mr. Garnett, assistant in the library, 'not fit to do his duty.' Mr. Garnett was a most excellent classical scholar, thoroughly versed in German and all cognate literature, one of our few good Anglo-Saxons, well acquainted with Italian, French, and Spanish, and their dialects, and conversant with several Oriental languages. 'He knew,' said Mr. Panizzi, 'as much of English as Mr. Collier, and more of everything else.' Let us add that he was the writer of not a few articles in this Review; and his death was a great loss to us as well as to the Museum. Then to prove how easily, had he—Mr. J. P. C.—been in either of their places, he could make an uncommonly good catalogue, he volunteers a sample—which, when sifted by an experienced cataloguer, is pronounced to contain 'every error that possibly can be committed.'

Some of the objections from without differ widely from each other. A good catalogue, says Mr. Craik, 'ought to be not only of every book, but of the contents of that book.' 'The fault of the new catalogue,' says Mr. Bruce, 'is that it is one of the contents of the books.' Our clever hand-booker, Mr. Peter Cunningham, thinks 'George Robins's Strawberry Hill Catalogue, which is the worst ever made, better than waiting for Mr. Panizzi's.' 'No annoyance,' says Mr. Bolton Corney, 'is equal to a search through the fourscore folio volumes.' He requires a short one immediately, because, at his time of life, another would not be ready soon enough for him. In dealing with a large library, there must, we should say, be a large catalogue, and the more voluminous the better, and more accessible, since there is less chance of the searcher's finding the volume he wants engaged by some one else. When the alphabet is much subdivided applicants go at once to *their* letter, with the sweet simplicity of receiving dividends at the Bank.

There are other differences among literati of the first mark. Lord Mahon wishes for a catalogue in type; Mr. Hallam prefers one in MS.; so does Mr. Croker, who pronounces a printed catalogue to be impracticable. A complete and perfect one of a library increasing at the rate of 20,000 books a year is, says he, an impossibility. If one for 1850 dropped from heaven, its simplicity would be spoilt next day. As one to be made by mortal hands would require several years at least, it would be obsolete

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obsolete before finished. Mr. Croker is confident that the alphabetical is the only principle, and that the arrangement should be by MS. slips, with full titles, as is now done. This method is both cheaper, easier, and more expeditious. Cataloguing is plain sailing enough when the cataloguers have to deal with clear and easy titles. When books without titles, the complex, the anonymous, pseudonymous, and polyonomous, and varied tugs of war come, then and there is the rub. It is under that test that all the plans proposed by deadly haters of MS., printers and booksellers especially—even the ingenious scheme of our own trusty friends the Messrs. Clowes—must inevitably and invariably break down—it is angling for impossibilities. If John Bull will have this whistle, he must pay for it, and have patience. Meanwhile, he has a staff of librarians who are living catalogues, and two sets of another in MS., by the aid of which the books he wants are brought to him with far greater certainty and rapidity than in any other library in Europe. The system adopted is the preparation of MS. slips of full and accurate titles, legibly written, and on a uniform plan, with cross-references, and marks indicating where each book is placed. These slips are now multiplied by Mr. Wedgwood's manifold writer, and are then pasted widely apart, and alphabetically, into folio volumes. These have spare blank leaves, and guards whereon new leaves may be attached. The slips can very easily be detached and shifted, and whenever a folio becomes bulky by additions, it can be forthwith divided into two. We just mention, in order to give a notion of the voluminous tendencies of the catalogue, that from the corpulency caused by recent additions, and within a few months, ten feet more space is required, and the increase of weight is from eighty to ninety pounds.

The Commissioners, in their report, dispose, once for all, of the idle but prevalent idea that the adoption of a disapproved plan of catalogue, and the delay in its completion, are in anywise attributable to the present keeper. They do him complete justice in these particulars. It was not one of his ordinary duties to prepare the catalogues of the old collections, and no one would be more glad to get rid of it than he would. He chivalrously, perhaps rashly, undertook a service which he was distinctly told he might avoid. The failures and delays are to be traced to the eagerness and over-anxiety of the trustees to gratify the public expectation. Nor were their orders obeyed without their officer's remonstrating how 'ruinously' and 'erroneously' they were proceeding. The trustees, in entire ignorance, not so much of what a catalogue ought to be, as how its preparation ought to be conducted —a point on which amateurs can know nothing—acted without any fixed

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fixed principle, and were perpetually changing rules and plans. At one moment they approved of those sanctioned by professionals, Mr. Baber and Mr. Panizzi, both of which they soon after rejected. Again, contrary to all advice, they compelled the cataloguers to take the books alphabetically, instead of shelf by shelf, whereby infinite loss of time and increase of trouble and expense were occasioned. They determined to begin printing before even half of one letter of the whole catalogue was got together in manuscript. Fortunately, only down to letter A had been put in type when the error became self-evident, and a stop was put to further printing. The completion of the catalogue will, we trust, be now left to the untrammelled discretion of Mr. Panizzi—*tractent fabrilia fabri.* He, while acting under the orders of irresponsible persons, had to bear the blame for their blunders. The Commissioners express their admiration at the manner in which he met and answered every one of the many and minutest charges against him. Examined no less than eighteen times, his evidence is a rich treat of practical sense and straightforward point. There is no fencing, no pumping a dry well, no 'non mi ricordo,' as with some other witnesses great and small—nor do we remember quicker or more effectual practice since the 'famous dog Billy' accommodated a hundred customers within the hour.

We cannot omit a word on the masterly Report of the Commissioners; it *must* be read. It is unanswerable; nor are we aware that any serious attempt to do so has been made, except in guerillas, or little wars waged in ephemeral publications. The first and last page of the 'Misrepresentations Exposed' by the Ex-Secretary, are enough for us in all conscience. His Letter to Lord John Russell opens with a distich which will not scan, and with a parody without point. It ends thus:—

'My Lord, you must have been imposed upon; the document you have presented to the country cannot be the Report of the Royal Commissioners. The noblemen and gentlemen, whose names and seals are affixed to the paper before me,* could never have prompted your Lordship to circulate statements so injurious. Some rogue must have forged it. What is to be done? If the course has not fallen into desuetude, which it would be odious to disturb, could not you move the House of Commons that the pretended report be burned by the hangman, and that the rogue, when caught, be set in the pillory? I do not myself recommend the measure. I hate the revival of obsolete practices, when they savour of severity. Your Lordship will, doubtless, take counsel with your colleagues. My Lord, I drop my ban-

* The names signed to the Report were—Egerton Ellesmere, Seymour, Canning, Wrottesley, Philip de M. Grey Egerton, Charles Lemon, Roderick I. Murchison, Andrew Rutherfurd, Joseph Hume, Samuel Rogers, Richard M. Milnes, and John George Shaw Lefevre.

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tering. Under common circumstances, it would be greatly unbecoming our relative positions. But our circumstances are not common; through your Lordship's missing your road, we are in the mire together. Ceremony must not interfere to swamp us both—me in unmerited disgrace; you in further acts of impolicy and injustice. One sentence more. *I write it with the most perfect candour.* I have great respect for your personal character; I have greater for your exalted station; I have confidence in your desire to repair what you have done amiss; and I am, your Lordship's very obedient and truly faithful servant,

J. FORSHALL.'

The Commissioners are unanimously of opinion that some change in the mode of government by the trustees is absolutely necessary, even from their own showing. They dismiss, as neither correct in law nor safe in practice, the justification attempted to be set up by them for gross neglect of existing rules and statutes—namely, that those who made them, and had the power to repeal them, were not bound by them; or, in other words, that law-makers might be law-breakers. The trustees appointed no standing committee, as was provided, and made all committees open—a fatal error; when they met, the Board avoided, as 'inconvenient,' that personal communication with the heads of departments which is the basis of all improvement, and without which none can take place; nor were they over courteous officially, whatever they might be in private. From ignorance of the localities and wants of the heads, they allowed an uncontrolled architect to do as he pleased; they paralyzed the book department, and thus brought the keeper and the whole Museum into discredit; they created the very *fons et origo mali* by the injudicious change made in the powers of the Secretary; but again *basta.*

After studying the whole evidence, the Commissioners could not but observe on the abuses to which administrations are subject when too much is intrusted to the hands of the Secretary, and unanimously recommend the abolition of his office as it then existed, as well as that of the principal librarian. They do not propose any change in the Trustees; with them they very properly deal leniently, as the Court of Queen's Bench does with the mere errors of misled county magistrates, gentlemen whose high honour, integrity, and intention are beyond a shadow of suspicion. The Trustees duly estimated the delicacy and propriety of such conduct; and when they met to consider the Report, the graceful expression of their satisfaction at the Commissioners' general approval of their administration was penned by the late Sir Robert Peel. We have compared, with sad interest, his MS. draft and the printed paper (dated 4th May, 1850); it is among the last of his compositions, and was, we believe, found about

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about his person at his fatal accident. When, however, the Trustees complacently claim indulgence, chiefly from the superior condition and accommodation of the library, and appeal to it in confirmation of the interest they took in the success of the Museum, it may seem, considering certain antecedents, that another patient person has borne some of the burden and much of the disrepute.

The remedies lie in a nutshell. The original Act is good—no reform is necessary. The Trustees are of high and admitted individual excellence. Let them select from their distinguished body a very small and not an open committee of management; let a firm and experienced principal librarian be appointed when the place is vacant—we cannot see how the Institution could go on without some one in *virtually* that position;—above all, let competent heads of departments be in all cases selected—and then let them be treated with honour and confidence, with a free and personal communication, and not worried by interferences, except when they and the chief officer disagree so much as to justify authoritative intervention—*dignus vindice nodus.*

ART. VII.—1. *Deutschland and Friedrich Wilhelm IV.* By General Radowitz. Hamburgh, 1848.
2. *Unsre Politik.* Berlin, 1850.
3. *Preussen's Deutsche Politik. Die Drei Fürstenbünde*, 1785, 1806, 1849. By Dr. W. A. Schmidt, Professor of History in the University of Berlin. 1850.

ALTHOUGH the revolutions of our own eventful time have manifestly accelerated a crisis in the affairs of Germany, and given fresh intensity to the opposing principles which have divided the German nation in each succeeding age, yet this struggle is in fact but the renewal or the prolongation of a contest that may be traced through almost every page of modern history. Unlike the other great states of Christendom, which have seen their territorial divisions, their religious quarrels, and their contending families subside at last under the uniform influence of a national polity, a predominant church, and a ruling dynasty, Germany has perpetuated all the dissensions of her feudal origin. The growth of new governments and dignities has only raised up more formidable antagonists to the surviving representatives of her traditional institutions. The strife which once convulsed her for thirty years with the horrors of religious warfare ended in a compromise, leaving each party in possession of one fragment of the national

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national faith and one compartment of the national soil. The ideas of modern political reformation, which have now manifested themselves in the sphere of German society with sufficient power to menace both the old and the new institutions of the country, seem destined to pass through the same violent process, to revive the same local animosities, and to be advanced or resisted by the same weapons. Here, therefore, more than in any of the other transformations of Europe, we may look to history for examples and warnings which bear with a direct and appropriate force on the events of the day.

The German empire in its mediæval character did indeed represent, at least in theory, a system based upon national unity, whilst it recognised the utmost variety and subdivision in the fiefs or provinces of the whole Teutonic land; and the complex structure in which the Imperial Diets wielded at once the legislative and the judicial power, under the headship of the Cæsars, was an approximation to that central form of government which the imagination of modern Germany has so eagerly and so vainly desired. It preserved liberty in the shape dear to that age of independent cities and princes; it established in rude and warlike times the authority of law even in the external relations of states; and it protected the rights and the authority of the feeble by an equal repartition of the sovereign dignity, and by the widely diffused sanction of the imperial power. But the great changes which Europe underwent in the sixteenth century were fraught with destruction to the constitution of the empire. The policy of Charles V. and his successors proved fatal to the traditional liberties of the estates in their dominions, or they might possibly have ripened under more favourable circumstances into the forms of a mixed and constitutional government. Above all, the Reformation tore asunder the national structure. The contest was maintained against the Catholic force of the empire by hostile leagues of the Protestant princes among themselves, and by leagues in which foreign sovereigns and foreign armies first assumed the chief part in the affairs of Germany. The Holy Roman Empire, consecrated by the Roman Church, lost half its political authority when the Confession of Augsburg and the League of Schmalkalden had for ever shaken from the conscience of half its subjects the spiritual authority of the Papal See.

In the ominous events which preceded and accompanied the great contest of the seventeenth century, when the anarchy of Europe was chiefly fought out on German ground, it would not be difficult to trace some foreshadowing of the differences of our own time. In the course of that warfare which began in 1620, and

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and lasted for the life of a generation of men, the divisions of Germany were practically referred to the military arbitration of foreign states; and when the peace of Westphalia once more established a renewed charter of the empire, the Swede and the Frenchman were guarantees of that great compromise. The periods of comparative repose which intervened or followed these struggles were, in reality, a truce between rival powers which never altogether laid aside their hostility or even their weapons—and the interval was commonly employed in preparing for a renewal of the conflict with deadlier effect; for the commencement of the eighteenth century, introduced to the scene of politics and of war in Germany, a more formidable and constant race of assailants than the House of Austria and the Imperial Constitution had yet had to encounter. Protestant in creed, northern in position, independent by policy and by arms, the Prussian sovereigns, the first who obtained the royal title and dignity, placed themselves at the head of the territorial princes of Germany, none of whom had before acquired or retained so compact or so durable a power. We took occasion to trace, a few months back,* in the machinations of the early part of the reign of Frederick the Great, the very type of events which were already foreseen, and have since been realized. Each successive victory of Frederick was a blow, not to the House of Austria alone, but to the constitution of the empire and the union of the chief States of Germany; and the transactions of his reign, as recorded by himself and by his ministers, are the best key to the subsequent and constant policy of his descendants.

Amongst the combinations of policy or of war which have been employed from time to time, with doubtful success, to wrest the supremacy in Germany from the house of Austria, by the extinction of her ancient connexion with the Germanic nation, the Fürstenbund or Princes' League of 1785, supplies the most complete and instructive indication of the policy never wholly laid aside by Prussian statesmen. Dr. Adolf Schmidt, who fills the chair of history in the University of Berlin, and is evidently familiar with the political duties of that learned office, has illustrated the period to which we now allude with great candour and authority in one of the publications named at the head of this article. 'The Three Princes' Leagues of 1785, 1806, and 1849,' in their connexion with the general policy of Prussia to the rest of Germany, are the subject of his little treatise, and we understand that within the last few days the Professor has brought forth a more ponderous work on the same suggestive

* Q. R. March, 1850. Review of Ranke's History of the House of Brandenburg.

subject,

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subject, to which the archives of Berlin have furnished very large additions. It is characteristic of the present state of Germany, and of the design imputed to this writer, that his appeals for access to the archives of Dresden and Cassel, in order to examine the same transaction, were very naturally *declined*. However, Dr. Schmidt, whose services to literature were already favourably known, is a fair spoken and unblushing advocate. He states his case with scientific boldness, and it hardly seems to have crossed his mind that he is holding up to the example of his countrymen some of the most dangerous and scandalous transactions which have marked their short but notorious history. We shall therefore have no difficulty in extracting from Dr. Schmidt's own pages a perfect corroboration of that systematic tendency to aggression which we have imputed to the policy of the Court of Berlin, not only by direct hostility to the Empire, but by the attempt to turn the minor forces of the Empire, or the Confederation, from that body in which Austria still filled the foremost place, to another league or union, in which Prussia should find means to substitute her own influence for that of her rival.

Amongst the ministers of Frederick II., he who had reduced this systematic hostility to Austria to its most complete form, and most stedfastly maintained it to be the sole basis of the policy of the House of Brandenburg, was Count Hertzberg. He served the monarchy from the year 1745 until after the death of Frederick; and indeed it was only the commencement of the alliance between Prussia and Austria, in 1791, which terminated Hertzberg's career. During the latter years of Frederick's life he filled the office of Foreign minister, and adhered through all the perils of the Seven Years' War, and the intrigues of the Bavarian succession, to one unbroken system of hate and hostility to Austria. It is true that the ambitious and restless policy of Joseph II. had been roused, by his personal vanity and his jealousy of Frederick, to enterprises which threatened the faint remains of union and strength still lingering in the fabric of the empire. The claim upon the succession of Bavaria, the subsequent proposal of the exchange of Bavaria for the Austrian Netherlands, the spoliation of dioceses whose rights and property were protected by the Imperial constitutions, and the attempt to levy Imperial contributions by letters of sustenance (*panisbriefe*), on the ecclesiastical property even of the Protestant States, had all been bitterly resented; and not very long after the conclusion of the peace of Teschen—under pretence of defending the Germanic constitution—Frederick communicated to his ministers, Hertzberg and Finkenstein, the plan of *a league or separate union* amongst the Princes of

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of Germany.* Hertzberg was instructed to open verbal communications with the Princes, and the King urged on the project with intense animation. A formal negotiation was opened at Berlin in March, 1785, between the plenipotentiaries of Prussia, Saxony, and Hanover; on the 23rd of July the treaty was concluded—and it subsequently received the assent of a considerable number of the minor States. Stein, at that time but twenty-seven years old, won over the Elector of Mayence, who, as Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, was second only in authority to the Emperor; and this circumstance gave Prussia four votes in the electoral college, broke the ascendancy of Austria in the highest region of the Germanic constitution, and, to use Dr. Schmidt's expression, 'transferred the centre of gravity in German affairs from Vienna to Potsdam and Berlin.' We shall leave him to describe the nature of the compact in his own terms:—

'Superficially considered, the League of Princes presents itself most prominently (though this was already no inconsiderable result) as an alliance of defence and support against Austria, and as a coalition against the Emperors of that house. It was meant to organize a common systematic resistance against each and all. It was meant to protect the rights of the several Princes and States, and their existing possessions. But when it professes to uphold the true constitution of the Empire in all its rigour, and at any cost, this proposition seems open to doubt. For it may be detected that the real object of the League was *to establish the League itself in the place of the Empire, and to re-constitute Germany under Prussian guidance.* The first object was to place the next election of an Emperor under her control, and it is probable that purpose would have been effected.'

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the obvious differences which exist between the state of Germany in the last period of her Westphalian Constitution and Germany under the Confederation of 1815. In our time Austria has herself relinquished the old imperial dignity, and she claims no powers beyond those which she shares with her confederates in the Diet under the express conditions of recent and well-known treaties. The pretext of an aggressive power to be resisted had disappeared:—yet Prussia in 1849 carried her pretensions much farther than in 1785, for, whilst the earlier union only pledged itself to secure the independent rights of its members, the more recent league was avowedly designed to extinguish them. Both were schemes 'to reconstitute Germany under the guidance of Prussia,' and it may deserve remark that in both instances the first effort of Prussia

* The letters in which this project was communicated to the ministers, first published in Count Hertzberg's collection of documents, have been reprinted in the last edition of the works of Frederick (vol. vi. p. 211).

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was to use these treaties for the purpose of incorporating the troops of the minor princes into the Prussian army. Frederick II. proposed a military convention to that effect, which was rejected by the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and the Duke of Brunswick. The former declared that 'it seemed a contradiction to weaken his forces by transferring them to the pleasure of another at the very moment he might be required to use them for the League;' and the latter added that 'he wished to avoid everything which might give the League the appearance of being a mere engine of Prussia.' The very same measures have been attempted within the last twelve months by Prussia with reference to the armies of Baden, Mecklenburg, and several smaller States, in direct violation of an article of the Federal Constitution.

The whole strength and vitality of the Fürstenbund lay, however, in Frederick II. himself, and as he died in little more than a year after the conclusion of the negotiation, this union was neither longer-lived or more effective than that which we have seen interred by its authors between the 25th of May 1849 and the 8th of October 1850.

The hostility of the Prussian and Austrian Courts was interrupted by the death of the great Frederick, and terminated for the time by that of Joseph II.; more amicable relations were established between their successors, Frederick William II. and Leopold, than had existed since the first years of the eighteenth century. The terror already inspired by the French Revolution disarmed their lesser animosities, as an earthquake is said to tame the beasts of prey; and the last partition of Poland united their alliance by a common interest and a common fear. War was declared by both states against France in 1792; and the German Empire arrayed its last armies against the raw recruits of the French Convention. It was a struggle between the infancy and the decrepitude of military power, and, as the former rose in strength, the latter declined to impotence. Yet, even in that period of evident peril to the institutions of Europe, Prussia soon resumed her selfish policy, withdrew from the contest by the separate peace of Basle in 1796, and left the Empire to perish by itself on the fields of Hohenlinden, Marengo, and Austerlitz. Enriched by her neutrality, and gloating over the spoils of the Revolution in the shape of the secularization of the church property of the Empire distributed by France, Prussia had the turpitude to annex even Hanover to her dominions, and to subscribe, by her assent, to the total dissolution of Germany by the Confederation of the Rhine.

'This was the moment,' says Dr. Schmidt, 'which Prussia seized to draw the last remains of the Empire to herself, and to erect in Germany

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a second Confederation, like the Rheinbund, but of an opposite tendency. Austria had not yet renounced the imperial dignity, when Prussia, anticipating that event, began her arrangements to bring it about. For the renunciation took place in August, and already in July the Prussian cabinet was busily engaged in plans to call into existence a North-German League and a Northern Constitution, by which Frederick William III. might assume the title of Emperor, and retain all the former rights of the German Emperors as the head of this new League.

'The general and fundamental principle of this combination lay, beyond doubt, in the Prussian cabinet, and the aspect of affairs seemed to favour its development. It was born with Frederick the Great, and had grown to maturity under his government. Even under Frederick William III. the dynasty of Hohenzollern had not remained unmindful of the German policy of Frederick the Great. It recognised its vocation to labour on in the same direction; only that the several members of the Royal family were not always of the same opinion with the cabinet and the personal favourites of the Crown as to the best mode of acquiring the supremacy of Germany. In a memoir written in August, 1806, the Princes Henry and William, with the Prince Louis Ferdinand and the Prince of Orange, assisted by the Minister Stein and Generals Rühel and Phull, declared expressly, and with especial warmth, that the immutable object of Prussian policy was *to annex the most important German States, especially in the North, to the Prussian monarchy.* They advocated this "system," not only because it was founded by Frederick the Great, but "because it was consonant with wisdom." Their views were in fact identical with the euphemistical idea of "Prussia's merging into Germany." But indeed, as early as 1804, when the Germanic Empire was still in existence, and the resources of Austria were unexhausted, the Minister Stein wrote to the Prince of Nassau-Usingen, "If the great beneficial interests of the nation are ever to be attained, it can only be by the union of the smaller states with the two great monarchies upon whose existence the duration of the German name depends; and Heaven grant that I may witness that happy event."'

Napoleon himself had encouraged these projects, and offered to abet Prussia in any augmentation of her power which she might be content to owe to the support of France. But the King and Hardenberg would not descend to that extreme abasement; the bait was rejected; and after a period of uncertainty and intrigue, only comparable to that which we have just witnessed, war was declared, and the cannon of Jena annihilated the whole fabric of Prussia's ambition. She had stood at last absolutely independent and separate, but absolutely alone; and even the chastisement of Jena, and her subsequent period of captivity and oppression, were hardly more than the just expiation of her desertion, for the basest motives, of the cause of her countrymen and her allies. Such were the results of the two most important attempts

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attempts made by Prussia to secure the supremacy of Germany at the expense of Austria.

In 1815 these lessons had sunk deep into the minds of the men who had committed such faults and suffered for them. The complete union of Germany and the temporary coalition of Europe, which had been the grand objects pursued with undaunted perseverance by Mr. Pitt through the last memorable years of his administration, and bequeathed by him to his more fortunate successors, rose at last out of the extremity of evil; and the alliance of Teplitz, which drove the French armies from Germany, became the basis of that personal intimacy and that prolonged alliance of the northern courts, which continued during so many years to be the chief security of the continental peace. In that moment of confidence and of victory, when every nation started into fresh life upon its deliverance from the chains of French conquest, the common impulse was to secure the union by which this mighty result had been achieved. The sixth article of the Peace of Paris at once laid down the principle that the states of Germany should retain their independent sovereignty, but be united by a federal tie; and Prince Metternich declared, in his note of the 22nd November, 1814, when the plenipotentiaries of Wurtemberg hesitated to accede to these terms, that 'it was for the interest of all Europe that this federal tie should exist, insomuch that it was not even then competent to one of the states of Germany to oppose what was essential to the welfare of all by refusing to enter the league.' At the same time the Emperor Alexander recommended, in an official note of the Russian Cabinet of the 11th November, 1814, that—

'the Confederation must be conformable to principles of justice and social order, the welfare of each State, and the interests of Europe. These principles require therefore that the right of making war and concluding peace—the right of deciding disputes between the confederate sovereigns and of providing for the general interest, should appertain to the Confederation, and that under its guarantee constitutional estates (*landstände*) should be formed for the protection of freedom and property. It is necessary that a *system* be introduced for the German States to preserve them from the danger of an isolated position, so that their forces should be subject to a common direction, and only be employed for the general interest; that the existing excitement should be allayed, the abuse of strength prevented, and the rights of all protected by firm, wise, and liberal measures.'

Such was the advice of Russia in 1814, and such we believe has been the spirit of her counsels in 1850—for, to the honour of the court of St. Petersburg, it has uniformly laboured to maintain the friendly connexion of the German courts more actively and

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sincerely than they have done themselves; although, if the Emperor Nicholas had been animated by the aggressive views sometimes imputed to him, he had obviously more to gain by their division and consequent weakness. But the essential condition on which the success of the Confederation rested was *the concert of Austria and Prussia;* and the all-important condition which it established with the utmost solemnity, in the external and internal engagements of Germany, was the substitution of this concert and union for the rivalry and hostility which had produced such disastrous effects. The former of these powers was called upon to lay aside her pretensions to paramount influence in the imperial councils of Germany; the latter to forsake that hostile policy which had been incessantly directed for a century against rights that her rival had now abandoned. These sacrifices were the basis of the compromise—and we insist upon them precisely because in proportion as these pledges have been forgotten the peace and union of Germany have again been exposed to doubt and danger. To use the words of the historian of the Congress of Vienna, Klüber, at the time—

'The political influence of the two principal German powers over the rest of Germany, which is in the nature of things, will, as far as human foresight can penetrate, work well and preserve itself from abuse as long as they work in concert. What is to destroy the hopes we have conceived of the duration of this concert, from the personal and tried characters of the two Sovereigns, from the sagacity and goodwill of their chief statesman, who must perceive in this harmony a powerful element of his own strength, and lastly from the warnings of history? Would not an obstinate severance of this natural influence threaten the Confederation itself? Would not its effect be, at the least, to make a separation of it into two state systems inevitable, and perhaps desirable? But the best pledge for the maintenance of this concert is to be found in the spirit of the whole negotiations of the Congress of Vienna, and in the express mutual assurances which ought never, without absolute proof, to be subjected to any misunderstanding.' —*Klüber's Uebersicht*, p. 158.

The assurances alluded to in these prophetic remarks were contained in notes of the Austrian and Prussian ministers respectively, which established the joint and equal influence of the two powers in the Confederation as the fundamental condition of the league.

It may be true that the Germanic Confederation did not answer in all respects to the intentions of its founders, and it certainly fell under the displeasure of the nation. General von Radowitz speaks of it in his pamphlet in terms of the most contemptuous acerbity. But to judge it rightly, its merits consisted less in the good which it effected, for in this respect it was unavoidably

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ably a cumbrous and irresolute body, than in the mischief which it prevented. It was the pledge of peace between the German states; and we have recently seen that political combinations of much higher pretensions and more ephemeral popularity have proved utterly worthless in this the most essential condition of all, and have increased the high pressure of united Germany till the machine burst. The Confederation was not in fact a government. Its powers like its duties were limited; and we doubt whether the peculiar functions it had to perform could have been more ably discharged, or discharged at all, by the addition of any sort of popular assembly, for its whole strength, its finances, its ministers, even its troops, were, so to speak, not original, but derived from the several States, its members. But it held the balance between them; it presented an impervious, though not an active, resistance to ambitious and self-seeking designs; and no greater proof can be had of its utility in this respect, than that the first indications given by Prussia of her peculiar schemes of aggrandizement are to be found not in the annals of the Bund itself, but in *her* exertions to form extra-federal alliances and combinations. Thus the Zollverein, which for several years employed her utmost ingenuity and seemed to satisfy her ambition, was a combination by which, to the exclusion of Austria, and without the Confederation, she rallied to herself in commercial matters most of the minor states of Germany, and even placed them to some extent in financial dependence on her exchequer. As long, however, as Frederick William III. lived and reigned, he was not unfaithful to his engagements. He was personally attached to the sovereigns, his allies, by whose assistance he had not only regained but largely extended his dominions; and the last political precept he bequeathed to his successor was to remain constant to the principles of that great alliance. The 'system of Frederick the Great' was best known to him by its last consequences, and 1815 had effaced the errors of 1806. The experience of his early life had taught him lessons of suffering and ignominy not to be forgotten; and he would have recoiled with dismay from the capricious, adventurous, and sometimes faithless policy of his misguided son.

But He who in 1840 ascended the throne of Prussia, was destined to exhibit to the world a strange mixture of perverted endowments and egregious defects, which would have stamped a private man with eccentricity and weakness, but which have exercised a fatal influence over the policy of a king. These personal peculiarities of Frederick William IV. have been so conspicuously displayed in all the transactions of his reign, and will

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will doubtless continue to influence so large a part of the policy of Prussia as long as he occupies the throne, that we must be permitted to examine with historic freedom the leading features of his character. That character, indeed, baffles description as a whole, for it appears devoid of those predominating rules of action, and even of those constant predilections, which commonly shape to definite ends the life of man. With a passionate admiration of those gifts which achieve the highest discoveries of science, the loftiest productions of art, and the noblest works of policy, and an ardent ambition to embellish his reign and to exalt his kingdom by these triumphs of the intellect, Frederick William IV. has lived in an unreal and fantastic world, to which the stern obligations of sense and duty have no access. He has perpetually mistaken for these laws of great minds, and these incentives of great actions, the suggestions of an eager imagination or the caprices of vulgar sentiment. With a profound feeling of the religious character of his position as the supreme ruler of a nation, and a mystical reliance on the guidance of a higher Power, he has lost sight of the simpler truths and plain necessities of daily life in the romantic colours which his faith and his fancy threw around him; and the unbecoming familiarity of his appeals to the most sacred topics has lowered their grandeur and weakened his own sincerity. With an inordinate amount of vanity, justified to some extent by his vivid talents and his rapid conceptions, he has imagined that the world was to be swayed, as it were, by some supernatural intelligence, and has assigned too large a share in human affairs to those fitful impulses which originate, but do not complete, a vast design. At one moment he has assumed the congenial attitudes of a heaven-anointed king, and no sovereign ever laid higher claims to the indefeasible prerogatives of absolute monarchy; at another, he has fluttered at the torch of revolution, and, by his concessions and resistances, strengthened and irritated that power which has threatened to annihilate every vestige of his throne. Impetuous to-day to the utmost verge of rashness, to-morrow irresolution will cheat his mere will. It is the character of a Hamlet, without his dignity or his grace; and the ambition of a Wallenstein without his daring. Two centuries ago the King of Prussia would have haunted an astrologer's tower—in antiquity he would have torn the secrets of uncertain greatness from the cavern of the sibyl or the responses of augurs. His mastery of words, or rather the unpremeditated vehemence of his language, reveals from time to time an eager, struggling, ambitious spirit, scorning the ordinary restrictions of his station, and aiming at a dangerous pre-eminence in eloquence or wit; but

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but when these fumes of excitement have passed away, the discoloured vision or the neglected promise fade like the dream of an opium-eater; and even his people, who caught the first hallucinations of this royal oratory, have long learned to regard it as a pastime of no account. He has cast the institutions of his country, the dignity of his crown, the alliances of his confederates, the confidence of his people, into this alembic, till they have risen in so much tinted vapour and passed away. Such a sovereign, or indeed such a man, must say with Parolles, that 'disgraces have of late knocked too often at his door;' and indeed it must be 'a very plausive invention that carries it now;' but life and genius can hardly be held on worse terms than those of a perpetual contention for unaccomplished greatness, in which every enterprise begins in enthusiasm to end in ridicule. Imagine such a ruler placed at the head of a people more advanced in education than in political experience—still dissatisfied with its rank in the European system—free in arms, but controlled and shackled in the exercise of civil power; and let this ominous conjunction occur at a period when the landmarks of states are liable to be moved, and the principles of authority profoundly shaken. With such elements, we need no other causes to account for the result.

Even such dangers might have been lessened if the King of Prussia had fallen into the hands of wise and temperate advisers; but the warmth of his friendships, which have continued to expand with effeminate vivacity, placed him under influence the more lamentably dangerous because exercised by the abuse of pure and noble sentiment, and by the flattery of the intellect and the heart. Amongst these men, General von Radowitz, the author of one of the works now before us, has retained the first place, and (as we learn from a confidential billet of the King's, which that minister was so imprudent as to publish on his retirement) the most complete mastery over his policy and his affections.

Joseph von Radowitz is descended from an obscure family of Northern Hungary, and traces of his Sclavonic origin are still distinguishable in his person and in his character. His Germanism is, in fact, an acquired rather than a natural quality, and in this, as in some other remarkable instances, Prussia has found her most influential statesmen in the strangers she has adopted. He entered the service of the King of Westphalia in very early life, from which he passed into that of the Elector of Hesse. He afterwards obtained a commission in the Prussian army, or rather in the military household of Prince Augustus, then at the head of the artillery department; and in this position he gained the intimate confidence

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confidence of the Crown Prince—now King. The late Sovereign disliked Radowitz, and predicted that his counsels would lead his son and successor astray; from this motive, although he was then a mere major of artillery, he was sent to Frankfort during the closing years of that reign, with the title of Prussian Commissioner to the Federal Military Board. On the death of Frederick William III. his fortunes revived; he was accredited as Minister to the Courts of Baden and Darmstadt, whilst he retained his military office, and became, in fact, the chief agent of the King of Prussia on the Upper Rhine.

During that period, from 1840 to 1846, his exertions were mainly directed to the reform of the Germanic Confederation, and especially to the concentration of its military resources, which, in the alarm occasioned by Lord Palmerston's Syrian campaign, had been found totally and disgracefully unprepared for war. The pamphlet entitled 'Frederick William IV. and Germany,' was published after the convulsion of 1848, to show that the King of Prussia and his agents had not waited for that emergency to press upon all the Confederate States the necessity of rendering the federal tie more effective and complete, and of placing the federal fortresses on a permanent footing of efficient defence; and if those laudable exertions were not successful, the fault certainly does not rest with the Prussian Cabinet. On the contrary, the temporizing policy of Prince Metternich (from whose mind an ominous feeling of general insecurity never departed) allowed the federal power, on which the practical union of Germany depended, to sink into decrepitude, and to yield, on the first serious attack, to actual dissolution. The measures proposed at that time by Radowitz, with the full approbation of the King, would have given a more direct power in the Confederation to the two leading States, placing them on an equality as between themselves; whilst the popular interests of the confederate states would have been promoted by greater uniformity of legislation on the currency, the press, national roads, and commercial interests. Up to that period Radowitz had retained kindly feelings towards Austria, which were heightened by his own fervent attachment to the Roman Catholic faith; but the distrust with which his most laborious plans were received at Vienna converted these amicable sentiments into hostility.

The Prussian government, discouraged in its attempts at federal reform, and indignant at having been drawn into giving its reluctant assent to the extinction of Cracow without any corresponding advantage to itself, was preparing to start on that isolated line of policy which it has since pursued; and early in 1847 the long promised constitution of the kingdom was promulgated. That document

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document had exhausted the erudition and the calculations of the most celebrated political theorists of Germany. It was to be the link between the mediæval orders of the Teutonic people and the liberal ideas of the most cultivated of modern nations. It was ushered in, as usual, with a speech to the deputies in the White Hall of the Berlin Palace—an inauspicious precursor of too long a series of similar harangues — and for one feverish and unprofitable session an attempt was made to work the machine. That attempt—perhaps equally insincere on the part of the Court and of the people—signally failed, and the United Diet did not even serve the purpose of an insurance against more terrible forms of revolution. In the following spring, the storm broke upon that house and upon Europe, and in the day of peril no vestige of the philosophical constitution remained.

Before the occurrence of that great change in the aspect of affairs, Radowitz had been employed in the last transaction which the Prussian government undertook in strict conjunction with Austria. The civil war in the Swiss cantons had alarmed the conservative tendencies of the court of Berlin—the revolt of Neufchatel from the suzeraineté of Prussia had offended the pride of the Hohenzollerns. General Radowitz was despatched to Paris, with the Austrian envoy Count Colloredo-Waldsee, to determine with the French cabinet the basis of the contemplated intervention in Switzerland. His mission was unpopular, but he himself became the lion of that wonder-loving city. Radowitz, in return, was intoxicated with the homage paid to him. He declared to his sovereign and friend that 'Louis Philippe's throne rested on a basis of adamant, and that two things were utterly impossible in France—a revolution and a revolutionary war.' Within a few weeks the throne of Louis Philippe was in the dust, and the barricades of Berlin had closed even the access to that capital against the bewildered optimist, who was denounced by the democratic chiefs as the anti-popular minion of the court. He had therefore no active part in the deplorable scenes which followed the conflict of the 18th of March, and the desperate resolution which broke forth in the royal Proclamation of the 21st was the product of Frederick William's own imagination. Radowitz retired at that moment to a small town in Mecklenburg, and whilst there he was agreeably surprised by the intelligence that, through the agency of the Bishop of Munster, he had been returned deputy to the Frankfort Assembly by a small Catholic district of Westphalia. He repaired at once to his post, and from the energy and eloquence he displayed, he almost immediately became president of the committee of the moderate party, and vice-president of the Roman Catholic committee — its president being the Prince-Bishop of Breslau,

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Breslau, now Cardinal Diepenbroech. Radowitz laboured with success to strengthen and defend Prussian interests in the Frankfort Assembly; his relations with the king were openly renewed, and his advice contributed happily to the rejection of the impudent farce of the *soi-disant* imperial crown. But he was no less intent on his own schemes than he was averse to the designs of others. After the dissolution of the Frankfort Convention, he repaired to Gotha, to stamp the projects then entertained by Gagern and the constitutionalists with a decided Prussian character; and it was there, under his auspices, that the scheme known as the Prussian Union was urged upon the minor confederates, and proclaimed to Germany as the realization of all the hopes of *the nation*. At Erfurt, Radowitz alone assumed the attitude and the language of the great lawgiver of Germany; but a few days sufficed to demonstrate that the whole scheme was an imposture, of which its author had been the first dupe, and, step by step, the overweening projector found himself condemned to relinquish every part of his abortive creation. Such an adherent, subtle and devout in the spirit of the Romish Church, pure and disinterested in his moral conduct, ingenious and even whimsical in his conversation, universal in his acquirements, poetical in his temperament, and aristocratical (if the word can be so applied) in his political tendencies, was precisely the minister to overstimulate the excitable character of Frederick William IV., and to conduct him, in the hour of danger, to the last extremity of isolation and of rashness.

But even these personal characteristics of the King of Prussia and his confidential advisers (for others might be named of the same enthusiastic and misjudging temperament, who have been described as men working by magnetism, and thinking from the Apocalypse) would not suffice to account for the enormous blunders he has accumulated on his head, if an extraordinary crisis had not called for new and decisive resolutions, and if these resolutions had not been taken under the mixed influence of ambition and fear. The first impulse of the King, on receiving the tidings of the catastrophe at Paris, was to propose a Congress of German Princes at Dresden, in order to provide for the stability and defence of the Confederation, and he doubtless still intended at that moment to act in conjunction with Austria. General Radowitz was chosen and despatched on this mission. The proposed joint manifesto of the two courts to their confederates is inserted in the Appendix to the General's pamphlet. It bears date 15th March, and is a wise and temperate paper—but it was never acted upon. Before the answer could arrive from Vienna, the events of the 13th of March had shaken the Austrian monarchy to its foundation; the veteran statesman who had formed and guided the federal

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federal relations of Germany was swept from office; and, blow for blow, within the same week, the King of Prussia was fighting for his crown on the barricades of Berlin. The King replied to the defeat which he had voluntarily undergone by an appeal to popular enthusiasm. His Proclamation of the 21st of March claimed the headship of Germany at a moment when his own hereditary throne tottered beneath him, and when all authority was at the feet of the populace; and he demanded, in the most pompous language, what amounted to the summary abolition of the existing federal laws of all Germany, and the introduction of an universal Prussianism typified by the adoption of the revolutionary cockade. It is hard to say how far that extravagant production was the result of artifice and calculation, or how far it was produced by the panic of the moment. Certainly the eager zeal of a King of Prussia for a popular movement which had just decimated his faithful troops and insulted his tenderest feelings must have been assumed; and it is impossible to lose sight of the fact, that the overthrow of the constituted authorities in Austria and in other parts of Germany alone rendered possible such an assumption of predominancy at Berlin. Be this as it may, the high-flown promises of the King once more passed current—like the paper-money of a revolutionary government, more from the excitement and ignorance of the population than from their intrinsic value—and they served as the basis upon which the Frankfort Assembly was to raise the structure of a federal state.

It certainly never entered into the mind of the King or his sanguine advisers that, by the strict interpretation of his famous announcement that 'Prussia was merged in Germany,' he or his people could be called upon to sacrifice any portion of their dignity or sovereignty to the common interests of the German nation. The meaning of that proposition was that Germany would merge in Prussia; and it was hoped that the Assembly at Frankfort might have been so governed by parliamentary influence as to effect this object. The presence of a powerful party of Austrian deputies, the jealousy and hatred of Prussia entertained by all the republicans and by most of the minor principalities, and the deference paid to the Archduke John, then Vicar of the Empire, defeated this combination; and the Prussian government, having recovered its own balance by the formation of the Brandenburg ministry in November 1848, proceeded to deal more directly with the federal question. Austria was still, it must be remembered, struggling against the Piedmontese invasion and the Hungarian insurrection, and could do little more than enter her tacit protest against measures taken at Frankfort without her and against her.

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On the 23rd of January, 1849, the Prussian government addressed to its diplomatic agents abroad a circular despatch, which may be regarded as the point of departure for its subsequent operations. In this paper it was first suggested that, as Austria was not disposed to separate herself from the Germanic Confederation, an arrangement might be adopted by which she should be placed on the footing of Holland and Denmark with reference to their German dominions—that is, annexed to the Confederation, *whilst the rest of the German states should form amongst themselves a closer union*—the very terms of the proposed Leagues of 1785 and 1806. Prussia disclaimed for herself any augmentation of territory or of dignity, and protested of her desire to contribute to support the existence and independence of the separate States (which she was notoriously endeavouring to annihilate); but 'the King did not consider the creation of an imperial dignity as a necessary condition to a true and extensive union of the nation.'

This despatch, in spite of the guarded and disingenuous form in which it is couched, may be regarded as the basis of all that has followed; for it distinctly indicated the two great aims of the Prussian policy—the exclusion of Austria from the actual confederation or union of Germany—and the absorption of the minor German States by Prussia. It was, in fact, the express revival of the old Prussian policy, which we have traced from its origin in the preceding century. When this despatch was written, the argument since derived from the Austrian constitution of the 4th of March, which has united in one empire all the dominions of the house of Hapsburg, had as yet no existence; but Prussia had long been aware that her own supremacy in Germany depended on the positive exclusion of that Power which had held supreme sway in the empire for ages before she emerged from the sands and swamps of Brandenburg, and she discovered that it was no less essential to her object with the minor States to cut them off from those relations with Austria which were the only guarantee of their independence. In her acts, even more than in her declarations, Prussia proceeded as if the whole public law of Germany, and the express stipulations as well as the general spirit of the federal treaties, had been totally and for ever abolished. According to her view, that restraint and diminution of independence which every German state had submitted to, herself included, by entering into an indissoluble federal compact, was abrogated by the force of events; and she took occasion to show, by her march on Dresden, by her campaign in Baden and the Palatinate, and by her whole conduct in the Danish war, that whilst she was endeavouring to place the rest of Germany in stricter federal dependence

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dependence on her own policy, she herself acknowledged no authority, even in other parts of Germany, above her own pleasure and her own armies.

It may here be convenient to advert to the only legal pretext by which this revolution in the federal relations of Germany has been defended. It is argued by the Prussian casuists, that the Federal Diet renounced its functions and its power, by its own act, on the 12th of July, 1848, and that act is to be held fatal to the whole authority of the Confederation; but this fallacy arises from a confusion between the CONFEDERATION and the DIET which is described as its '*constitutional and perpetual organ.*' After the revolution of 1848 had shaken all the established powers of Germany, it was resolved, not that the Confederation should be dissolved—on the contrary, that it should be drawn more closely together—but that its constitutional organ should be changed from a council of plenipotentiaries to a temporary head, or vicegerent of the empire, assisted by a popular assembly. When the Archduke John took the oaths of that anomalous office, the Diet legally transferred to him its executive and federal powers as the organ of the Confederation; and whatever powers he exercised in Baden and elsewhere did of course emanate from the federal compact. The organ or form of government of the Confederation might change—the Diet might cease to exist—but that is wholly irrespective of the Confederation itself and of all the rights secured by it. In the discharge of the most important duties confided to it, such as the declaration of war and conclusion of peace, the supreme federal power is expressly vested, not in *the Diet* but in *the Confederation;* and it has happened that foreign ministers, accredited to Frankfort by our own court, have refused to present their credentials as addressed to the Diet, and styled themselves, very properly, ministers to the Confederation. The Confederation was from the first declared to be indissoluble;* its members have the right of developing and completing the fundamental compact; but no such immutability is given to the Diet; and it was perfectly consistent with the principles of the league to modify its form of executive government without invalidating any one of the federal obligations. We shall not here pause

* Final Act of 1820, Art. IV. and V. Since these lines were written we have received a very striking confirmation of this doctrine from the highest and least suspected legal authority—the Supreme Court of Berlin itself. An action has recently been tried in that Court for a seditious libel upon the Confederation published in 1849. The defendant pleaded that it was no libel, as the Federal Government had then ceased to exist. The Court ruled that the Confederation is not dissolved—that a State does not cease to exist because its constitution is changed—its identity subsists under every Constitution: so the continued existence of an indissoluble German Confederation is possible under the most variable constitutional forms, and the validity of the Federal Compact is not impaired by such changes.

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to inquire whether the species of reform which the German democrats sought to introduce was reasonable or politic, nor shall we venture to determine how far a popular assembly is compatible with the fundamental conditions and the public interests of such a league. The experiment was tried—and not only tried, but a new constitution for Germany was actually produced; but so obvious were the absurdities of this scheme that *every State* in Germany rejected it. Prussia spurned the imperial crown which a deputation of shopkeepers placed at her disposal, and the Frankfort assembly ended obscurely in some pot-house at Stutgard.

Thus far Prussia never ventured to impugn or deny the existence of the Confederation. She had even joined Austria in forming the temporary commissions for keeping up the semblance of federal authority—an expedient, by the way, far less easy to defend on legal grounds than the restoration of the Diet. She negotiated in the name of the Confederation; but at last, when the commission had expired, and when her negotiations had ended in a treaty with Denmark, Austria reverted to the only practicable course of calling the Diet together, and Prussia, by the pen of M. von Radowitz, openly denied, for the first time, the existence of her federal obligations. That step, to which she approached by very slow and gradual advances, was a decisive infraction of the whole federal compact—and it shortly afterwards gave rise to an open conflict on the questions of Hesse and Holstein. But whether those questions had arisen or not, some such conflict was inevitable, because two supreme authorities cannot exist in one land; and Prussia had extended her pretensions so far beyond her own territorial rights, that the moment the Diet, or rather the Confederation, began to act without her presence or concurrence, the two powers were on the verge of a collision. The King of Prussia had a perfectly legal and effective course to take in all these questions. He has an equal voice with Austria in the Confederation; he might have formed a powerful party to support his policy; he might possibly have carried the majority with him; but at any rate he was bound to fight the battle on that legal ground only, and not to resist, by an unauthorised armed intervention, the act of a body to which he himself rightfully belongs. If his view was that of the majority, such resistance was needless; if of the minority, it was rebellion. But if the object of Prussia was still the reform of the Confederation, it was a palpable absurdity to deny the existence of the only authority by which that reform could be legally effected, and the transition to the new state of things enforced throughout Germany. Any other course was, in truth,

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to dissolve the League into its primitive elements, in order to reconstruct it by intimidation and violence, or not at all. This difficulty will doubtless be felt at the Conferences of Dresden, since the Minor States have already intimated that the arrangements of Austria and Prussia are not necessarily binding on them, and can only be carried into effect against their will by superior force.

But long before this recent period, to which we have been insensibly drawn to allude, Prussia had deeply embarked in a separate combination of her own. By availing herself of the popular sympathies, which she impudently claimed in spite of the severity with which she had put down popular constitutions and democratic revolutions at home and abroad—by speculating on the weakness of the minor princes and the stupid illusions of the people, she had changed the Frankfort Empire into a project of her own, which was published on the 26th of May, 1849, and is known as the Three Kings' League. That is—to use the pungent argument of the author of *Unsre Politik*—after having rejected the Frankfort constitution on the ground of its subjecting the separate States of Germany to the Frankfort Parliament, Prussia instantly attempted to subject them more absolutely to her own crown. As a political contrivance, this scheme was so clumsy and short-lived that its existence hardly deserves to be noticed, except as an indication of the very coarse impostures which may pass current amongst German politicians: but it served for another reception—this time a congress of German Princes—in the White Hall of Berlin, and it placed the military forces of the minor members of the Union at the absolute disposal of the Prussian minister of war; this last change in the military organization of Germany being a direct infraction of the 5th article of the military organic law of the Confederation.

We shall not weary the patience of our readers by an examination of the protracted diplomatic correspondence carried on between the Prussian and Austrian courts on the subject of their federal relations; for the substance of them may be stated in a few words. Prussia was labouring to reform the federal compact on such terms, that, Austria being virtually excluded from it, all the minor German States would fall under the ascendancy of Berlin, and the King of Prussia would become sovereign of Germany. Austria adhered faithfully to the language in which she had replied to the Prussian note of the 23rd January, 1849. She declared—

'that she warmly shared the sentiment of the governments and nations of Germany for a regeneration of the country by a more intimate union of the German States: that she was ready to co-operate sincerely in

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in this work, if it did not involve the total subversion of all existing relations: that a single State (*un état unitaire*) is not good for Germany or for Austria—and, if *that* is what is meant under the name of a Federal State, Austria must either quit it or dissolve her own empire. The Austrian Government conceives a Germany strong and powerful without, strong, free, and organically constructed within, and still united in itself; but it retains the conviction that Germany can only be really united upon condition that Austria and Prussia are perfectly agreed, and it has therefore endeavoured, though as yet in vain, to come to an understanding with the latter Power.'

Subsequent events have in no respect altered—or rather they have strengthened—the views of the Austrian cabinet; but as the popular torrent of 1848 ebbed away, it soon appeared that these views were not exclusively entertained at Vienna—in fact, that they were common to every court in Germany, except certain petty principalities to which absorption in Prussia seemed likely to bring an increase rather than a diminution of importance. Hence all the efforts and menaces of Prussia were insufficient to keep together the rope of sand she affected to call the bulwark of German nationality, whilst the cause of Austria was adopted even by her ancient rivals, because it was that of law, of federal union, and of peace. By estranging herself from Austria, and by proposing schemes which were incompatible with the existence of that empire as a German power, Prussia was *ipso facto* violating the fundamental condition of the Confederation, which is the equality and union of the two leading powers; she threatened, in her selfish presumption, to deprive Germany of the essential support of the imperial armies, and by standing aloof at a moment of great peril, she unwisely threw the court of Vienna into closer relations with the Emperor of Russia than with its own confederates.

With masculine perseverance and energy Prince Schwarzenberg clung to the German element of the Austrian dominion as to its vertebral column—its spinal marrow. Never was Austria more German—never was she struggling more vigorously and successfully for the maintenance of her authority as a German State, than when these *soi-disant* German patriots of the North thought they could leave her to perish in the Sarmatian or Hungarian wastes. She opened the barriers which had hitherto closed her non-German provinces; she invited emigration; she proposed commercial union; and planned a vast system of railroad communication, which only requires peace to connect her eastern provinces with the heart of Germany. But the more she displayed these natural resources and this liberal policy, the more she was dreaded and repulsed by her rival. The Berlin statesmen appear to have reflected that all their efforts had been barely sufficient

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sufficient to aim at equality with the Empire under the old system. They knew that Prussia has the poorest soil, the most indefensible territory, the worst position in Europe; that her political existence is wholly artificial—wrung from the reluctant earth by military organization. Compare such a realm with the natural resources of Austria—her various and abundant soils, climates, and populations—her productiveness in peace, her indestructible power of resistance. If Prussia may boast of the superior skill of the rulers who have raised her to a rank of all but equality with the Empire, what might not Austria become if the like skill were applied to develop and improve her power? On both sides the interruption of the ties so long maintained between the courts, and the shock given to their federal obligations, had revived the ancient jealousy and resentment. On the side of Prussia there was more ambition; for, as the least and youngest of the great powers, her statesmen and her princes have an insatiable craving for advancement which the older States have ceased to feel with the same intensity; but, on the side of Austria, there was at least equal hatred of the treachery and the artifices which had been employed against that pre-eminence, which she owes rather to her past history than to her actual claims. Such a state of things, with a virtual division of federal Germany, with a disposition on the part of Prussia to deny all federal authority, and with the necessity felt by all the minor kingdoms of protecting themselves by the federal authority against the revolutionary designs which still encompassed them, could not but lead to an open collision.

We shall not ask our readers to follow us into any minute examination of the incidents which brought these conflicting elements to an issue; for, if we have succeeded in extracting from this chaos of incomplete negotiation and inconclusive events the *principles* by which the affairs of Germany are alternately governed, it is needless to add that the disputes with reference to Schleswig-Holstein and Hesse were no more, as far as Germany is concerned, than external symptoms of a deeply-seated disorder. With those symptoms, however, the Austrian Government had to deal—and to deal in its federal capacity. The protracted hostilities in the north, throughout which the King of Denmark and his people had displayed an heroic resolution, still continued, in spite of the treaty of peace which Prussia had nominally concluded on behalf of the Confederation; and the other powers of Europe had testified by the protocol of London their impatience of this systematic invasion of the rights of an independent Sovereign in the name of German nationality. Indeed, it might reasonably be apprehended that the connivance of the Germans at this in-

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surrection would have the effect of bringing a Russian *corps d'armée* to the Eyder—Lord Palmerston's mediation having totally failed to accomplish any purpose whatever. Whilst the lesser half of Germany, seduced or intimidated by Prussia, denied the existence of the Diet, Austria, as the presiding power over that body, once more called it together; and the assembly which was supposed to have lost all action and vitality, gave the best proof of its return to life by a definite policy and an incontrovertible activity. *E pur si muove.* The assent of the minor sovereigns of Southern Germany had been secured at the interview of Bregenz, where it was resolved to brave even the hazard of war rather than allow the exorbitant pretensions of Prussia to remain uncontested. Saxony and Hanover shook off the last trammels of the Three Kings' League; and within a few weeks the same States which had been convoked by Prussia at Berlin to the exclusion of Austria, were re-assembled at Frankfort upon the basis of the federal treaties which Prussia alone seriously rejected. The King of Denmark loudly demanded the interposition of the Diet to restore peace in that portion of his dominions which forms part of the Confederation, and which even his victorious army had respected in its advance to the Eyder. The Elector of Hesse, appealing to the same legal right, but with a far inferior cause, called on the Diet to protect him against the determined displeasure of his own subjects; and his defection was the more bitter to Prussia because he had once belonged to her ideal union, and because his territory, placed between her Rhenish province and the Saxon frontier, is an essential part of the military line on which the defence of the Prussian monarchy depends. Meanwhile the military preparations of Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg had been actively carried on, and the rights of the Confederation were supported by the largest army which Germany had seen on foot since Leipzig. The resolution was taken, once for all, not only to enforce the authority of the Confederation in these minor questions, where it could not be legally disputed, but to obtain from the Prussian government the entire renunciation of those separatist projects which could not but prove fatal to the peace and union of Germany. No menaces were directed against her—no attempt was made to curtail her positive rights; but it was clearly intimated that those rights were to be defined, not by her arbitrary will, but by the laws of Germany and the authority of Europe. In the conferences held at Warsaw in September, Count Brandenburg took a clear view of his position—and he returned to Berlin with the resolution to restore Prussia to her union with Austria and her true place in Europe. The violence of the struggle in the Cabinet cost

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cost that sensible and manly statesman his life, and the momentary ascendancy again acquired by the war-party over the King's feelings again plunged Prussia into deeper embarrassments, and exposed her to greater humiliations. The landwehr was called out; the nation was armed; and when such extreme measures had been resorted to, in a spirit which reminded us to the letter of the fatal armament of August, 1806, before Jena, it became necessary to justify them. Fortunately Baron Manteuffel retained the reins of government, and continued with undaunted firmness the laborious task under which his colleague had sunk. A divided cabinet, an angry heir-presumptive, a vacillating sovereign, and a menacing people, could not divert him from his purpose; and on the very instant of the delivery of the *ultimatum* which must have let loose the enormous masses of combatants already arrayed from the Oder to the Rhine, the last conference of Olmütz was arranged, at which the Prussian minister virtually accepted the terms on which Austria had insisted on behalf of the Confederation. The departure of Baron Manteuffel for the place of rendezvous within the Austrian frontier was simply a prudent mode of giving effect to the *ultimatum* without the disgrace of an open submission; but, in truth, the eminent service which the Baron has rendered to his country and to Europe lay not in his skilful negotiation with his opponent at Olmütz, but in his sturdy resistance to the blind fury of his adversaries at Berlin.

It results from these considerations, whether of the past or of the present, that the whole pith and marrow of the German question may be summed up in two brief alternatives. Austria and Prussia must either live in harmony with each other, exercising a joint ascendancy over the affairs of Germany, and concurring in the fundamental conditions of their federal existence—and this is the basis of the treaties of 1815: or Prussia may pursue that separate course which some of her statesmen ambitiously derive from the policy of Frederick the Great, ever challenging the supremacy of Austria, ever striving to annex the minor states to her own orbit—and this is the policy which led to the German wars of the eighteenth century, and which must again lead to similar conflicts as long as Austria has the strength to defend her immemorial rights, and as long as the minor kingdoms have a spark of independence. The constitutional principles which Prussia has of late affected to espouse—the commercial arrangements she has sedulously conducted—and the military zeal she has displayed in defence of Germany, are matters chiefly deserving of note from the service they may render to her ulterior designs. In themselves, and as far as they are practicable or consistent with the real wants of the nation, all such ameliorations

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are laudable; but they would lose their value in the eyes of Prussia if they lost their Prussian character.

We have seen within the last few weeks how violently and how rapidly the Court of Berlin has oscillated between these extremes; and even now we have little actual security for its adherence to a self-denying policy which rests chiefly on personal ascendancy and accidental influence. But at present the principle of union with Austria predominates, which means, in other and better terms, the recurrence to the sound federal system of Germany. It is ably defended by M. von Manteuffel—and if Prussia has entered with sincerity into the conferences of Olmütz and Dresden, by this policy she must mean to abide, at least as long as that minister retains his influence over the King and his position at the head of affairs:—we hope further, that the present state of doubt will shortly be terminated by the conclusion of more solemn and precise engagements in the same spirit. Germany owes to the one principle thirty-three years of unbroken peace; she owes to the other thirty-three months of incessant convulsion. The Confederation could, as we have now practically seen, bring into the field a million of men—a force, if ranged under one banner, perfectly irresistible in defence of the common rights of Germany; the separate policy of Prussia can at best array one-half of that mighty host against the other half, and consequently leave *Germany* on all sides open and undefended. The united powers of Germany are on their own ground the sole masters of the policy and constitution of their nation; divided, we have seen them resort in humble guise to the Lazienka palace at Warsaw—and the influence of Paris or St. Petersburg may some day outweigh their own. Combined in a strict federal alliance, of which the old Diet was a feeble and imperfect type, they are invincible, and they may become free; split up, and armed for mutual destruction, their cravings for liberty will degenerate into anarchy and *social revolution*, and their national independence will be at the mercy of the first military potentate who may find great resources at the disposal of his ambition. It is superfluous to add that the peace and union of the whole of Germany are matters of the highest interest to this country, since every change which threatens to disturb those relations is an injury to the great bulwarks of Europe. Perhaps, in the agitation of the last few years we might find reason to complain that these settled rules of England's policy have not always been held steadily in view; and it seemed like a sarcasm on Lord Palmerston's policy when we were gravely informed by his admirers that he reckoned Prussia and Sardinia amongst his allies. Prussia and Sardinia have played a very similar game; and it has been the

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the singular fortune of Austria to encounter, on both sides of the Alps, the most reckless acts of aggression which have been attempted in Europe since the peace—both founded, like Lord Palmerston's own policy, on a radical misconception of her strength and a puerile belief in her approaching dissolution. Those attempts have met with the fate they deserved, and the result has shown that, if the Courts of Turin and Berlin did ever receive encouragement from British placemen, it was not sanctioned by the will of the British nation. In these German transactions—(as far as the influence of this country has been felt at all—that is chiefly by its absence)—the coolness and estrangement which had been allowed to spring up for the most incomprehensible motives between the ministers of England and Austria, contributed to encourage the assailants of the latter power, and effectually excluded our representatives from any part in the late conferences where other states were not inactive. By so much, therefore, has the voice of England in the affairs of Europe been weakened and silenced; and in this discreditable attitude we seem likely to remain—unless Lord Palmerston has himself recognised the true causes of his failures, and reverted to a course less inconsistent with the permanent maintenance of our whole German connexions on an honourable footing.

ART. VIII.—*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, Curate of Plumbland, Cumberland. 6 vols. post 8vo. 1850.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cuthbert Southey's first volume did not appear until seven years after his father's death, the public, we think, would hardly have expected an apology for 'delay in bringing forth this work' (*Preface*, p. 1). He intimates that, had he been named as literary executor, the publication would have taken place much sooner. When the poet died his son was only twenty-four years of age; it is well, we cannot doubt, for the book that its completion was deferred till he had turned thirty. We believe it would have been better if a longer interval had been allowed to elapse. Mr. Cuthbert's reading does not seem to have been extensive; of the books that would have been most serviceable as to the political and literary history of his father's times, he has neglected many; there are several immediately bearing on the personal career which he either has not seen or must have turned over in a perfunctory manner. He has not even taken due pains to sift either his father's own works or the correspondence intrusted to his discretion. Nor can we suppose that circumstances

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stances have been peculiarly favourable to him as respects observation of the world. His narrative, creditable as it is to his feelings, and in many passages to his taste, must be allowed to reflect very often the circumscription of a secluded sphere.

Nearly half of the first volume is occupied with seventeen autobiographical epistles addressed to Mr. May between 1820 and 1825; but these bring the Laureate only to the fifteenth year of his age. He often mentioned subsequently his intention to resume 'the history of his mind;' but the editor seems to have thought the nonfulfilment of that design sufficiently accounted for by these opening words:—

'I begin it,' he says, 'hoping, rather than promising even to myself, that I may find courage to pursue it to the end—courage, I mean, to live again in remembrance with the dead so much as I must needs do in retracing the course of my life. There are certain savages among whom the name of a deceased person is never mentioned: some superstition may have attached to this custom, but that the feeling in which it originates is natural I know both by experience and observation. My children never speak of their brother Herbert, and I never utter his name except in my prayers, unless some special cause acts upon me like a moral obligation.'—vol. i. p. 2.

It may interest many to compare these words with an entry in Scott's Diary a few days after the death of his wife:—

'*May* 19, 1826.—We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest, is one of the rules of ultra-civilization which in so many instances strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living mothers—how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling; and as far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.'

But Southey recurs to the same strain at a much later period; in 1837, just after reading Scott's brief autobiography:—

'No doubt,' he says, 'the reason why so many persons have begun to write their own lives but stopped short is, that the recollections of childhood and adolescence, though they call up tender thoughts, excite none of that deeper feeling with which we look back upon the time of life when wounds heal slowly and losses are irreparable.'—vi. 353.

And to another friend—alluding to the letters to May—

'To confess the truth, my heart began to fail; when the cares and griefs of life are to be raised up, it becomes too painful to live over the past again.'—*Ibid.* p. 344.

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It is curious to see how differently Southey and Scott, alike manly, affectionate, and imaginative, felt and acted in reference to the inevitable afflictions of our lot; but it is to be observed that the former avows his shrinking from the past *cares* of life as well as its griefs, and that, freely as both have written about their losses of friends, they alike recoiled from memorializing the other cares, however different in kind, by which no one can doubt that their several existences had been most perplexed. Nothing so puzzles any reader of Scott's letters, considering the frankness of his character, as his reserve respecting his commercial entanglements; the details of which accordingly remain in great measure inexplicable. In like manner we must own that, having studiously read these volumes, refreshing ourselves also with a reperusal of Mr. Southey's chief works, to us the grand problem of his history remains very much in the vague. Neither have we discovered any precise indication of the extent to which he had once coincided with the parties which his maturer mind condemned, nor of the actual stages of his progress. What is even more strange, we should find it difficult to compile from his own words a clear statement of his ultimate creed, either political or religious.

He could not trace his pedigree beyond his great-grandfather, who had joined the standard of Monmouth, and, after narrowly escaping a trial before Jeffries, spent a long and quiet life in the position of a Somerset yeoman. The poet adds, however, that the race bore a coat of arms in times when such badges were not indiscriminately assumed. Be that as it may, the Sedgefield hero's heir adhered to his calling; but he had a numerous progeny, and one of them was sent to London as apprentice to a grocer. After he had been there for some years, a country lad passed the door one day with a hare in his hand; and, the sight awakening associations akin to those of Wordsworth's Susan, the young man resolved not to fix his lot so far from the paternal fields. In due time he become a draper in Bristol; and though his shop was in one of the noisiest thoroughfares, he gratified his fancy by surmounting it with the sign of the hare. Here Robert, his son, was born on the 12th of August, 1774; and though he evidently had few pleasant reminiscences in connexion with that locality, he adds that he had often thought of having a hare cut upon a seal 'in honour of the old shop;'—probably of the only touch of romance which he could associate with his father. The mention of him is exceedingly jejune:—not even on his death is there a sentence of tribute. Whatever may have been his merits as a shot, he was not a thriving tradesman in the poet's boyhood, and

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and became a bankrupt in his adolescence. Two elder brothers were more successful; but no love seems to have existed between them and the drapier; nor, though they were both childless, did his children ever profit by their opulence. On the other hand, nothing can be more enthusiastic than the devotion with which the narrative dwells on the mother. Her maiden name was Hill; and she also was bred among the yeomanry. Her family had lived for many generations on a small possession near Clifton; and it is impossible to read the few lines descriptive of their homestead without suspecting—as who would not willingly believe?—that it supplied materials for the fourth chapter of *the Doctor*. Here in the poet's childhood presided his grandmother, the widow Hill, and here, happily for his health, he spent much of his time under her wing. In fact, he was little in Bristol till he went to school, and afterwards his many holidays were all for the farm. The old lady had been twice married, and had about her offspring by both husbands; but all agreed in making a pet of Robert, who, as the engravings show, must have resembled strikingly his own mother, the flower of the mixed flock. One Tyler uncle, the rightful head of that section, went by the name of *the Squire*. He could not have been many degrees above idiotism—he took no part in any labour that is done under the sun, but sat by the fireside in the winter, in an arbour during summer, from morning till bedtime, without a book, without even a pipe, chewing tobacco and swilling beer. His only outings were, that he walked into the heart of Bristol every Wednesday and Saturday—to be shaved for a penny. Weak as he was, he had a strong memory, and no story that he had ever heard but he could repeat, and occasionally apply with a startling aptness. From him Southey derived the Epigraph of his KEHAMA—*Curses like young chickens always come home to roost:* it owed its Greek dress to Coleridge—but the source is mysteriously indicated on the title-page—Αποφθ. Ανεκ. του Γυλιελ. του Μητ.—On the death of the old dame, her Hill sons dispersed; some of the Tylers also went abroad into the world; and the Squire and a spinster sister removed to a village nearer to Bristol, which has since we believe surrounded it; but the spot was then rural. Robert was as welcome here as he had been at his grandmother's—and Miss Tyler, who, being a good many years older than Mrs. Southey, and also better off as to worldly circumstances, had always predominated over her, assumed the direction of whatever concerned her son. He thinks it worth while to give her history at considerable length. Miss Tyler had had all the benefits of a boarding-school—the mistress whereof is thus neatly sketched:—

'Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol,

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Bristol, while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the Harleian Miscellany, by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school flourished, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited, as long as she lived, by her former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life.'—i. 21.

Miss Tyler of course was one of those liberal pupils. After, as may be supposed (for her person was comely), some experience in the line of practical romance, she had made up her mind for celibacy, but consoled herself by study of novels and poems, in which taste her nephew was diligently trained. He disliked his school and his schoolmasters, and suffered much from the tyranny of the elder boys, whose sports he eschewed, so that all his happiness was at the suburban cottage, where the only annoyance was, that his aunt made him her bedfellow, so that he could not get up soon enough to pore over the fiction in hand. He learned as much Latin as his masters could teach; and though he continued always to confess and regret that he had never been accurately grounded, he had certainly acquired the power of reading Latin with facility, and must have early traversed much more of that literature than boys or men usually do. But the self-education and the English reading at Miss Tyler's were of the highest importance. Hoole's translations of Tasso and Ariosto were the first books in verse that greatly excited him—but he presently turned to his 'master,' Spenser. It was not perhaps so very fortunate that his aunt encouraged him with all her eagerness in his precocious ambition to be a poet. Several pages are filled with the enumeration of epics, tragedies, and we know not what, written before he was thirteen years of age, and all hailed as miracles at home. Nor was her sway confined to the circle of relations:—another ruling passion with her was the stage. Whenever there were players at Bristol, or even at Bath, Miss Tyler was a regular attendant—and more than this, she cultivated the acquaintance of every performer in whom she saw merit, and received them with worshipful hospitality under her own roof. She seems to have lived on their flatteries and adopted much of their manners. Robert always accompanied her to the theatre, and became fixed in her persuasion that only one thing was grander than being a great tragic actor—and that was to be a great author of tragedies. Miss Tyler was imperious in her establishment, and enforced absolute submission to her smallest caprices. Except when the *dramatis personæ* were within call, she was thrifty—and to save fire and her furniture sat in the 'best kitchen.'

'Dust,

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'Dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth. She had a cup buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favourites were included in that class. I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not! On such occasions her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence—her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress. Two servants in my remembrance left her for the sake of marrying; and, although they had both lived with her many years, she never forgave either, nor ever spoke of them without some expression of bitterness. I believe no daughter was ever more afraid of disclosing a clandestine marriage to a severe parent.'

The contrast between this model maiden, and the chewing, boozing, half-witted Squire of kitchen the second, must have been droll enough; but he also was devotedly attached, after his own fashion, to the young prodigy. 'Of all my relations,' indeed the poet says, 'I remember uncle William with the most kindliness.'

He had one uncle in all respects worthy of such a nephew; but the Rev. Herbert Hill appears to have seen very little of him during several years after the dispersion on the grandmother's death. He had, however, seen or heard enough to inspire him with an ardent and hopeful interest. Approving of Miss Tyler's decision that Robert must be trained for one of the learned professions, he handsomely offered to pay his expenses at Westminster and at Oxford. The aunt carried him to London; and, her dignity not condescending to a stage-coach, the journey in postchaises took up four days.

Southey remained at Westminster School from February, 1788, till Midsummer, 1792. The details of his progress in its proper studies have little interest; with such quick talents, in spite of previous disadvantages it must needs have been rapid. The friendships that he formed were not many; but among them were two that lasted to the close, and one of these was exceedingly valuable in its results. We allude to the late Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, of the Exchequer Audit Office, a gentleman of great worth and considerable accomplishments; and the Right Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, who filled a higher station with rare grace, and was endeared to all who ever were privileged with admission to his society. The last time we saw Mr. Wynn he was presiding at a meeting of the committee for Southey's monument in the Abbey—it being held in his own house, which his infirmities no longer permitted him to leave; and it may be doubtful whether but for him his early friend would ever have merited

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merited such a monument. We need not enumerate others whose intimacy was not prolonged beyond the school period—though his fate *as a Westminster* was influenced by some of these. Stimulated by the Eton Microcosm, certain aspiring associates set up a small paper of similar appearance, but which never was heard of beyond the precincts. It was not conducted in a manner agreeable to the authorities, and the chief punishment fell to Southey's share. One article in *The Flagellant* excited special displeasure, and Dr. Vincent expelled the future Laureate; but Mr. Cuthbert has not chosen to enable us to judge in what degree this visitation was merited. There is another little matter on which an editor might have been expected to throw some light. The reader of Lamb's Letters (1837) can hardly have forgotten the extraordinary one addressed to Southey in reference to a neither unjust nor uncourteous remark on *Elia* in the Quarterly Review. The frantic rancour of this performance extracted no answer from Southey, who made allowances for poor Elia's taint of insanity, and what the amiable editor of his Remains calls the 'one genial fault.' Southey's whole conduct on the occasion was inimitably gentle—in no page of his story does he appear to higher advantage. But Lamb's letter, amidst its wild, vague insolence, alluded with fierce distinctness to a tradition that the mutilation of Major André's statue in the Abbey, perpetrated immediately on its erection, had been traced to a Westminster scholar, 'fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom.' Lamb is no weighty authority—nor, assuredly, should we attach much consequence to the story were it better supported; but still it would have been as well to set it to rest by an appeal to either Mr. Wynn or Mr. Bedford.

Just about this time the father's affairs reached the crisis of embarrassment, speedily followed by death. Mr. Hill, however, who conceived Robert to have been hardly used, advised him to lose no time in matriculating at the University. He had been entered in the Dean of Christ Church's list—and proceeded to wait upon that dignitary; but Cyril Jackson had taken a stern view of the Flagellant case and erased his name. This disconcerted him; but he found admission at Balliol, a college then holding a reputation very inferior to what it has since acquired under two energetic Masters—especially the present one, Dr. Jenkyns, Dean of Wells. Southey's residence here* was brief and interrupted—

* Mr. Cuthbert Southey, though himself an Oxonian, does not mention the locality of his father's rooms; which may seem strange to those who know how eagerly every Cambridge freshman gratifies himself by ascertaining the whereabouts of Milton and Gray. They were, however, remembered as Southey's so long as repairs could keep together a rambling structure situated near the head of Balliol Grove, and rightfully styled the Rat-Castle.

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neither happy nor profitable. He used to say he had learned only two things at Oxford—to row and to swim; and that he often dreamt of school, but never of college—a very uncommon circumstance surely. He arrived (17th Jan. 1793) in the highest fermentation of boyish liberalism. 'Is it not rather disgraceful,' he says, 'at the moment when man and monarch are contending, to sit and study Euclid and Hugo Grotius?'—the latter name being one of a hundred confessions that his liberalism had extended to religion. The point left obscure is the precise extent of heterodoxy. His only early statement at all bearing on that question is that he had never been an atheist; and this is frequently repeated. Bedford writes on the death of Marie Antoinette, expressing great horror—and regret in believing that Southey's view of the matter would be different. Southey is hurt; he had read the fate of the Queen with 'grief and indignation,' and complains that his friend, 'unable to cope with his arguments for republicanism, grasps at the crimes of wretches calling themselves republicans.' So far well; only his most intimate friend would hardly have suspected him of approving the atrocity of June, unless they had differed as to the 'contention between man and monarch'—that is, the judicial murder of the preceding January.

From the lines to the Chapel Bell;—

> 'Go thou unto the House of Prayer,
> I to the woodlands wend my way;'

and other *juvenilia* we all knew with what contempt he regarded the religious observances of our college system; but his son shows that he carried the same fervour into very small departments of rebellion. His wrath was flaming against the law (not as the Editor supposes of Balliol, but of the University) against wearing boots with the gown. By the Editor's time we suppose it had fallen into desuetude; but it was not so absurd as he seems to decide, as the regulation of an age when no one wore boots unless when he had the intention of mounting a horse. The freshman's more successful resistance to hair-powder, which, though already laid aside by some of the Whig leaders of fashion in London, was still worn by every academic, may not have been wholly prompted by his worship of Brutus; for he had a profusion of fine dark hair curling naturally, and the early portraits, as well as various passages in the autobiography, indicate a full sense of this advantage. There is almost a total blank as to his reading. His son found, as was to be expected, the tradition that he was a *helluo librorum;* but his letters mention few authors save Rousseau, Godwin, and the like. Voltaire seems always to have repelled him by the deliberate coldness of

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of his immorality. He had no trouble from his tutor. That person, 'being half a democrat,' took no offence at Jacobin theories. After a few weeks he said, 'Mr. Southey, you can learn nothing from my lectures, so you had better pursue whatever studies you have in your own way.' Erudite and exemplary Mr. Howe! Southey was disgusted with the bacchanalian excesses then common among undergraduates—and mixed with, or ruled over, a small knot of youths, like himself staid in everything but their tenets. But the University seems to have added hardly a name to his catalogue of friends. The only memorable connexion of that date is Samuel Taylor Coleridge—and Coleridge came to Oxford only as a visitant—shortly after his abrupt evasion from Cambridge, and brief service as a Dragoon under the euphonical *alias* of Silas Thomson Cumberbatch. This meeting was one of the most important incidents in the life of both. Coleridge, by two years the elder, had sundry other advantages—from nature (we express the almost universal opinion) a richer endowment of genius, and, however irregular his modes of study, a depth and solidity of classical scholarship never approached by Southey, with a stock of general reading very considerably, in those days, beyond his. He had embraced the doctrines of the time with equal rashness, and perhaps his imagination had carried them to a still wilder extravagance. He could expound them with far subtler analysis, and already illustrate them with a marvellous affluence of words. Born alike poet and orator, he might in either walk or in both have left a fame of the highest rank, but for the disease implanted also in his fabric, and an indulgence to which, as thence in great part resulting, it may seem hard to apply the name of vice, but which operated, until the day was far spent, in tarnishing the rightful glory of his gifts and acquisitions. That such resources, revealing themselves at such a period, were destined for contemporary mastery and for colossal monuments, few who listened seem to have doubted—not certainly the younger enthusiast 'held by his glittering eye.' Coleridge's stature lifted him above jealousies; the acuteness of his criticism was combined with a generous disposition to exercise it rather in the detection of the good and the interpretation of the beautiful than in the measure of shortcomings. But it is little to say that he had encountered no such neophyte as Southey—none to be compared to him as to mere talents and knowledge—but, above all, no one with whom he could sympathize in better things than revolutionary zeal—one who had at least kept his faith unshaken in the government of God and the immortality of man, and who, in spite of all the intellectual intoxications of youth, still preserved the purity of childhood in his heart and manners.

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In his second term we find Southey acknowledging that he foresaw the disappointment of his uncle's views in undertaking the expense of Oxford. Though he had never been distinctly told so, he could have no doubt that the object was his preparation for Mr. Hill's own profession; but he had now made up his mind that it would never again be possible for him to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. Bedford had by this time entered on his duties as a clerk in the Exchequer, and Southey consulted him as to his own chances of obtaining some similar appointment. He conceived that the hours of attendance at one of the government offices would provide for his modest wants, and leave leisure for the industry from which alone he anticipated honour. Bedford's family were not without influence—Mr. Wynn's had a great deal—and from both he might count on every exertion; but Grosvenor, whose youngest letters show thorough sense in combination with tender affection, replies that, were an application made to the head of any department, his first step would be to inquire as to the candidate's character, and Southey could best guess what would be the answer from Balliol. Southey replies as frankly that he has made his republicanism notorious—that he sees the hopelessness of his suggestion. Already some dreams of emigration had crossed him; but the outfit was a grievous obstacle. He had more reasons than Bedford knew for fretting under these perplexities; and they were at their height when Coleridge arrived on his visit to Burnett, a brother undergraduate who had happened to spend a week at Cambridge, and had imported rapturous stories of the young oracle of Jesus—a Socrates early and late in his open market-place fashion of teaching, though anything but a cross-examiner, and who, if he had found philosophy in the clouds, would have left her there.

The ex-Cantab and ex-Cumberbatch (not, as the reverential Gilman carefully reiterates, *Cumberback*) brought with him an American programme complete—a cut-and-dry scheme for the reduction to immediate practice, by a chosen band, of the doctrines of what our Socrates called *Aspheterism* or *Pantisocracy*—scene, the banks of the Susquehanna—which river, as he afterwards confessed, had been elected for the sonorousness of its name. The doctrines were simply these by which Rousseau had debarred the St. Simonites, Fourrierists, and Proudhons of successive notoriety, from any claim to originality—by which the seeds had been planted of that portentous disease, now envenoming proletarian life throughout what was Christendom, and reflected boldly in the mob-flattering literature of the Continent—in our own as yet through a veil of verbiage. Southey was an eager recruit. It was part of the programme that each adventurer should

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should take with him a helpmate—they were to be patriarchs of the first real *Community*

'In Freedom's UNDIVIDED DELL,
Where Toil and Health with mellow'd Love shall dwell.'

(The capitals are Coleridge's.)—In this respect Southey was provided. From a single phrase in a letter of much later date we infer that his attachment to his future wife had sprung from a very early familiarity—'one who had for years been to me as a sister was now to be something more;' but the editor throws no light on the course of the intimacy. He states enough, however, to leave no doubt of the monstrous improvidence of the engagement. A Mr. Fricker, a sugar-boiler, had, like Southey's own father, become bankrupt and died soon afterwards—'leaving a widow and six daughters entirely unprovided for.' With one of these young ladies the undergraduate had exchanged his vows—and to consult with her he now hastened back to Somerset. Miss Edith had no objection to the sound of *Susquehanna;* one sister had already married Lovell, a friend of Southey's, also a poet, and willing to be of the expedition; a third (we believe, the prettiest) was shortly addressed by Coleridge, and Sara agreed to share his fate; Lloyd, another poet, pauper, and recruit, had equal success with a fourth. The list was doing well:—could it be questioned that, when the scheme was properly advertised, some merchant prince would hasten to subscribe the funds?

As respects Coleridge, the sequel has been abundantly explained in the *Recollections*

'Of Cottle—not he whom the Edda made famous—
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos.'

The part of Southey was sketched in one of his prefaces (1835)—his letters to May now fill up its detail—and amusing the detail is; but we must content ourselves with little more than a reference. After halting a day at Bath, where his mother was living, he walked over to his old home. His fond aunt had been luxuriating in the prospect of high Oxonian distinction—rapid ascent to the honours of the Church. They counted among their ancestors a Bishop Croft of the days of James I.; this was the *magnum bonum* of the tree. It was her Robert that she had contemplated as the rebuilder of their consideration in the world. This lady's studies had not included divinity—but she was seen in her own pew every Sunday, and looked down on all dissent as vulgar nonsense. Imagine her feelings when these novelties were at once revealed to her—that her all-promising nephew had renounced the creed of the Church—that his reveries about Greece and Rome had settled into the theory of *Aspheteism* and the scheme of

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of the Susquehanna—and, lastly, that his object in thus revisiting Bristol was not to refresh himself after severe classical fagging with the romantic sympathies of her bower, but to complete arrangements (hitherto wholly undreamt of) with the destined partner of his expatriation? On this last news it is not difficult to conceive that the spinster, whose housemaid trembled to avow a prudent match, must have exhibited her most tragic attitudes. But she topped her part: the communication took place at night—it was pitch dark and the rain falling in torrents. After a short pause she ordered the young man to quit her house—and for ever. He was turned literally to the door—'penniless'—and had to walk nine miles to Bath for his night's lodging. Miss Tyler kept her resolution—though she lived for a good many years after this, she never saw Southey again.

No moneyed allies appearing, after a short interval the four or five fraternal bards were reduced to sore difficulty. We do not see how the two immortals could have weathered the storm but for the chance that brought them acquainted with Mr. Cottle above mentioned—a young man of exuberant feelings, who had just commenced business as a bookseller, and, being himself a poet, was ready to invest capital in verse. By what slow instalments of MS. Coleridge made any attempt to discharge his side of the obligation, worthy Cottle's uncomplaining narrative has offered to instruct an ungrateful world. As for Southey, he had already in his desk, besides minor pieces, the epic of Joan of Arc—which the year before (anno ætat. 19) he had written in six weeks, when on a visit to Bedford at Brixton. Coleridge, ever ready for anybody's work rather than his own, suggested the interpolation of a whole book, which would give additional effect to the fable, and actually wrote the book himself, which was accordingly included in the first edition, though Southey felt it proper to replace it by one of his own afterwards. The first proof-sheet opened his eyes to the necessity of corrections, and he was, he says, often so poor in the interval that he walked the streets because he had nothing wherewith to pay for a dinner. Cottle was not more accessible on the score of advance than Southey reluctant to encroach. The bookseller's 'Recollections' afford hope that Coleridge never permitted himself to experience quite such extremities.*

* For example:—'Dear Cottle,—Shall I trouble you (I being over the mouth and nose in doing something of importance, at —'s) to send your servant into the market, and buy a pound of bacon and two quarts of broad beans; and when he carries it down to College St. to desire the maid to dress it for dinner, and tell her I shall be home by three o'clock. Will you come and drink tea with me, and I will endeavour to get the etc. ready for you. Yours affectionately, S. T. C.'—*Recollections*, vol. i. p. 55.

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A joint volume of minor poems, by Southey and Lovell, made its appearance in the course of the autumn—but that volume was never republished, nor are we sure that any of its contents were. Meanwhile, the revision of Joan proceeded slowly; and as an immediate expedient it pleased both Coleridge and Southey to deliver lectures. How much Coleridge ever did of what his advertisements promised we do not know. Southey announced twelve lectures 'On general history'—the first 'On the Origin and Progress of Society,' the last 'On the American war;' and these were all given, except one, which Coleridge insisted on supplying, but forgot to keep his appointment. Mr. Cottle says that Southey (fee in all 10*s.* 6*d.*) was 'well attended and much admired;' but Mr. Hill, now chaplain to the factory at Lisbon, came home on furlough just after the last lecture had been delivered, and was alarmed at what he heard of the doctrines. The other intelligence he had must have been uncomfortable, but he was too wise for demonstrations. The fairest chance, he thought, would be found in the interruption of communings with the Aspheteist bards and the applausive clerks and shopkeepers of Bristol—absence from Miss Edith—a total change. Southey had no fear that any novelties could weaken his love or his philosophy—and he had the curiosity of his years: he readily agreed to accompany Mr. Hill (*viâ* Corunna and Madrid) to Lisbon, and spend six months as his guest. Before leaving Bristol, however, he took a step which we cannot but think unfair to his uncle. He should not have *secretly* married beforehand.

'When the day was fixed for the travellers to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united at Radclift church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name, until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.'—i. 254.

From Falmouth, where he embarked, he writes to the only original confidant, Cottle—

'I have done my duty. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband; and should I perish by shipwreck, or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would love, cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow.'—i. 258.

As we are not reviewing a novel, we must say that this explanation removes none of our objections. Love is an adroit casuist, but we cannot see that Southey, who had just completed his twenty-first year, was entitled to impose, as he believed he was doing, by his first act as *sui juris*, a serious permanent

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burden on the relations, none of them wealthy, whose advice he was trampling upon.

Mr. Hill did everything to make his nephew's stay with him agreeable and profitable. Southey then laid the foundation of that familiarity with the languages of the Peninsula of which his career shows such abundant fruit. The expedition therefore was an epoch in his life—but it is passed over in one sentence of the biography; nor can his own two little volumes of Letters on Spain and Portugal, published soon after his return (1797), be referred to as a very satisfactory supplement. His chief associations were naturally with the younger members of the English colony, among whom he found no lack of sympathy for his liberalism. Here, however, he added one to his never copious list of real friends—Mr. John May. In later years, we may observe this gentleman fell into embarrassment, and the Laureate instantly transferred to him the whole of what he then (1821) possessed in the funds—above 600*l.*—in recording which noble act the editor adds that it was done in requital of similar benefits of remote date (v. 102). Southey's notions of friendship were so high that he accepted help from the purse of a true friend with no more reluctance than he would have taken it from a brother. He was never, however, in the slightest degree careless as to money. Even at this time, his son says, his need of occasional help was caused by his exertions on behalf of relations. The allusion, we presume, is to the Fricker family, who lost during his absence their only other stay, such as it was, by the sudden death of Lovell. Mr. Hill observed with regret that the allotted six months had produced no alteration in his nephew's opinions. His account of him when he was leaving Lisbon is interesting:—

'He is a very good scholar, of great reading, of an astonishing memory. He is perfectly correct in his behaviour, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. Were his character different, or his abilities not so extraordinary, I should be the less concerned about him; but to see a young man of such talents, by the misapplication of them lost to himself and to his family, is what hurts me very sensibly. In short he has everything you would wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence.'

At parting the uncle repeated his urgent advice, that, since the Church was out of the question, either law or medicine should be adopted. Southey promised to try one or other, and kept his word. He found at Bristol, on settling in lodgings there with his bride, a vehement excitement in connexion with medical or quasi-medical subjects. Dr. Beddoes's Institution was the great object of attraction, owing principally to the wonderful resources of ingenuity displayed by his stripling assistant, the future Sir Humphry Davy. Davy's early verses were only

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only less extraordinary than his chemical experiments. Poetry and the romance of science attracted Southey; they became close companions, nor did the development of widely different tastes and fortunes affect the attachment. But Southey, when he passed from the chemical lectures to anatomy, was disgusted. He then entered at an inn of court; kept several terms; and spent many hours of every day upon the elementary law-books. He tells us that he found the study interesting, readily apprehended what he read, but could by no effort retain it in his memory. His efforts, we think, could hardly have been vigorous. He adds, what was probably a more serious obstacle, that he had no turn for oratory—and, after some observation of the courts, perceived that if he were to persist he could hope for nothing, unless in one of those laborious walks of the profession which seldom lead to affluence, never to the gratification of vanity or ambition. From this, too, he desisted. The truth is, his epic, put forth during his travels, had met with a reception which even he ultimately seems to have felt was more than it deserved. He candidly says that at that time the periodical criticism possessing any vogue was in the hands of men alike hostile to the Church and the Monarchy—that the politics of his Joan conciliated their benevolence—and that from this circumstance he derived one great advantage, inasmuch as these guides of opinion, having committed themselves to a warm acknowledgment of his talents, could not retract on that head, even when most irritated by his lapses from their creed. The immediate result was that, as soon as he had put the last hand to his Portuguese Letters, he became himself a contributor to the Monthly Magazine and other prints. But we need not dwell on the minor causes of his final adhesion to the press as his sole calling. Ever since superior education was opened to a wide sphere of the community there has been no scarcity of adventurers who, on the threshold of life, shrank from the slower and severer toils of the professions in which learning is ministrant to the practical necessities of society, and preferred the more precarious careers in which it may be possible, by a single leap, to reach the pinnacle of conspicuousness; but the great Revolution with which Southey sympathised, originating in a general spirit of impatience with established superiorities and traditional reverences, prodigiously quickened the impulse of that eager vanity. Hence the widely spread machinery of intellectual mischief to which Europe owes her late convulsions and still deepening uneasiness. Of such spirits at the close of the century England had her share; but happily the few of commanding ability soon saw the evil of their ways; and among these few perhaps Southey is the one on whose history we have

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most reason to look back with thankfulness, as he was endowed beyond any other with the dexterity of talent and the capacity for varied exertion which constitute the most effective equipments of the literary demagogue.

His apology for reproducing Joan of Arc in the collective edition of his poems amounts to a confession of his faith that nothing which he had once put forth would the world willingly let die. It would have been as well if this conviction had restrained his sexagenarian pen from any tampering with the text: for certainly, were Joan ever to be re-edited by a stranger, that would be replaced, and the new readings, if preserved at all, noted on the margin: and rightly so, because the main interest of the work is in the fact of its date, but, moreover, because in a critical view the alterations are not improvements. As far as we have compared the texts, wherever the old one has been touched it has been frozen. Nor was he justified in saying that he felt no compunction as to any of the sentiments, and had endeavoured merely to amend the crudities of execution. He must have forgotten when he wrote his preface what he had actually done—his erasure, for instance, after v. 288 of Book III., of these lines completing his description of an ecclesiastical synod:—

> 'The Doctors met; from cloister gloom recluse,
> Or from the haunts luxurious of abode
> Episcopal, they met;' &c.

Compare, in like manner, the two conclusions for Book IX. and the two for Book X., and consider in the prophetic enumeration of the grand sins of Paris (Book III. v. 94, &c.) the striking out of the execution of the Girondins:—

> 'Of Brissot murder'd, and the heroic wife
> Of Roland! martyr'd spirits, patriots pure!'—

and substituting the '*papal craft*' of the St. Bartholomew massacre. It will, we think, be found that an attempt has been made to obliterate *passim* the *communism* of the youthful doctrine; thus 'the mighty' as equivalent to 'les aristocrats' of Madame Roland are replaced by 'the oppressor.' These are small matters, but smaller still is the *crambe recocta* of 'the Satanic school' thrust into the *Visions* of the Maid of Orleans.—Book II. v. 286.

The patches, after all, leave the main drift what he found it—namely, beneath the shadow of France's old monarchy, defended against the Plantagenet by the heaven-directed maid, to set forth the French Revolution as assailed by Pitt and a sinful conspiracy of crowned heads, but destined to 'blast the despots.' Had the epic been originally what he made it in 1837, it would hardly have gained less praise from the dissenting reviewers of 1796.

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While Southey was in Portugal Coleridge married, and, his theological studies having now conducted him to Socinianism, he had made sundry efforts to establish himself as a preacher of that persuasion; but from his incurable unpunctuality, no congregation would elect him. His private discourse had probably the chief share in bringing Southey to adopt the Unitarian creed*—in which both seem to have halted for several years. Coleridge lectured too on politics and morals in various places besides Bristol, and for two or three seasons the brother bards, as well as their chief allies—(all save Coleridge's schoolfellow and now Southey's dear friend Lamb†)—continued in a perpetual shifting of domiciles, exciting the alarm of provincial authorities by their loose talk, and (among better labours) supplying the press with effusions that gratified its revolutionary managers, and merited the castigations of the Anti-Jacobin. Both poets wrote for the newspapers named in the *New Morality*‡—and their private habits are not left unmarked by Frere:—

> 'Couriers and Stars, Sedition's Evening Host!
> Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post! . . .
>
> And ye five other wandering bards that move
> In sweet accord of harmony and love,
> Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb and Co.,
> Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!'

Southey's harp at least was never a mystic one. There needs no Apocalyptic interpreter even for the Visions of his Maid of Arc; and Frere's colleague, Canning, was the best commentator that his minor poetry, of what we may still call the Bristol period, could have found. Witness among a score of lethal and eternal pleasantries:—

> 'For thirty years secluded from mankind
> Here Marten linger'd. Dost thou ask his crime?
> He had rebell'd against the King, and sat
> In judgment on him.' &c.
>
> *For one long term, or ere her trial came,*
> *Here Brownrigg linger'd. Dost thou ask her crime?*
> *She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,*
> *And hid them in the coalhole.* &c.

---

* Yet the editor says,—'However vague and unsettled his thoughts on such subjects were in early youth, he had *never doubted the great truths of Revelation.*'—vol. iii. p. 6. We merely blame haste in writing.

† One evening, when they were all enjoying themselves at a little city tavern, immortalized by *Elia*, Coleridge, who had been narrating some of his Unitarian progresses, said,—'But you, Lamb, I think never heard me preach!' 'P—preach,' said Charles, with a most emphatic stutter, 'I n—never heard you do anything else.'

‡ 'For his verses in the *Morning Post* Southey was paid in all 149*l.* 4*s.*'—vol. ii. p. 313.

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'*Dactylics.* Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Cold are thy famish'd babes! God help thee, widow'd one!'

Wearisome sonnetteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy democratic lays—
Dactylics call'st thou 'em? God help thee, silly one!

'*Sapphics.* Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked:
Fast o'er the black heath rattling drove a chariot:
Loud blew the wind; unheard was her complaining—
On went the horseman!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how ye came to grind knives:
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the Squire, or Parson of the Parish,
Or the Attorney? &c. &c.

Many republican and communistic ditties, having escaped Canning's parody, were not even fished up for the omnivorous Galignani; nor did Southey's paternal instinct revive them for his own ultimate collection. Others—those above quoted for example, and the 'Lines to the exiled Patriots Muir and Palmer'—must now be sought in Galignani alone. The poet's final estimate of them will not be disputed; but, on the principle by which he justifies the resurrection of the Arc epic, these things also should have found a place in the volumes of 1835.

The correspondence brings out an unexpected trait in connexion with his heterodoxies. Discarding gradually all the governing tenets of those years, he was still more slow to part with their mere personal prejudices. We need not, perhaps, wonder that he writes thus in 1807:—

'It is to me incomprehensible why the memory of Pitt should be held in such idolatrous reverence—a man who was as obstinate in everything wrong as he was ready to give up anything good.'

But it is startling to find that one of his worst grievances in connexion with the editorial processes of this Review was (iii. p. 349) the obliteration by Mr. Gifford, in August, 1812, of a sneer about Pitt's *talents;* and we think the very last time he is mentioned in the correspondence he is 'the babbler Pitt.' He found no place in the *Vision* of 1821—if he had, we cannot doubt it would have been in some deep damnation of dactyl and spondee. In February, 1827, the observation of his birthday is thus alluded to:—

'New men will come forward, and some of the old ones be seen in new characters; but for statesmen, such as they are and long have been in England, there will always be an abundant supply. What can be expected as long as St. Pitt and St. Fox have their red-letter days in the political calendar?'

The first hint of recognising him as 'a great statesman,' occurs at

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at p. 82 in the third volume of the History of the Peninsular War, which was published in 1832! Still more strange—down to the close of George the Third's real reign, 1811, he is never mentioned in the letters with a shadow of respect—nay, we believe the first time that even *the poet* expresses anything of what is now at least the national sentiment respecting the good old King is after his death, in those hexameters of 1821. What makes these circumstances so curious is the contrast we have in his comparatively prompt abandonment of antipathies which might have been expected to prove their root deeper. The explanation is probably to be drawn from a remark of his friend Henry Taylor, that he rarely expressed himself bitterly about any man with whom he had once conversed. Of this a striking instance is Canning. They happened to be thrown together one autumn at Lowther Castle; Canning was enjoying a holiday, happy, and willing to make all about him happy. Southey could not resist the charm, and afterwards, even when their politics are least in sympathy, Canning is never alluded to without personal tenderness.

We must hurry over the few incidents that stand out among the details of some years of wandering and struggling. In the first place, not long after his return from Portugal, Southey received from Mr. Wynn (in fulfilment of an Oxford promise) a bond insuring to him, while he should choose to retain it, an annuity of 160*l*. Charles Wynn, being but a younger son, though of a great family, was never we believe possessed of more than very moderate means, his station in the world considered. Southey applied the money on a life assurance; but though his available income was not increased, his cares were signally lightened. After various changes of residence, and all but establishing himself in Wales—the motive being his desire to learn the Welsh tongue, with a view to materials for *Madoc*—he was induced to pay Coleridge a visit in Cumberland, where that 'weary way-wanderer' had for a season set up his rest. Coleridge occupied a few rooms in Greta Hall, a house of some size, with a small patch of ground attached, almost within the town of Keswick, but still possessing all the attractions of a country residence in the most charming of countries. Wordsworth, who, during a sojourn in the west of England, had knit a friendship with Coleridge, was now settled in his own district at Grassmere—gradually, like the others, reclaiming himself from similar extravagances of opinion, and, by help of a legacy of about 1000*l*. from a young friend (*his* humbler Wynn), enabled to sit down there in a most lowly cottage, contented—with an income not exceeding that of a peasant—to devote himself with one heart to his high vocation. Though Southey (strange it will seem)

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seem) saw at first very little to admire in the Lyrical Ballads, he was infinitely struck with the masculine conversation of Coleridge's new friend; and the beauty of the scenery, with Coleridge's companionship, and Wordsworth within easy reach, led him to pitch a tent also among the Lakes. He hired another division of Greta Hall; not exactly, however, as yet with the full feeling that he had found his home. For Wynn had always entertained the hope that, when Southey's democratical effervescency should have cooled (as he by this time saw it was pretty sure to do), his connexions might enable him to procure for his friend some post that would relieve him from his incessant labours for the press, and yet leave leisure for the Muses. Nor was it long before some prospects of this nature opened. Southey's health had been shaken by his toil. A warmer climate was recommended; and Wynn entered on negotiations for an appointment in the south of Europe. It had at one time been all but settled that he should accompany to some court, as private secretary, Sir William Drummond—the eccentric envoy known in literature by his classical translations and the infidel Œdipus Judaicus. This plan, however, failed; and Southey, his case becoming more alarming, revisited the Peninsula in 1801—to which we owe some letters, now first printed, and very superior to the series of 1795. Shortly after returning from this expedition, which powerfully increased his passion for Spanish and Portuguese studies, he owed to the same kindness the offer of the situation of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; and this was accepted—Southey transferring himself to Dublin, and his wife setting about preparations for following. But it turned out that Corry had very little work for a secretary of Southey's calibre. There was hardly anything to do but what the office-clerks sufficed for; so he suggested that Southey might fill up some vacant hours by taking a share in the education of his son. But this proposition offended the poet's dignity, and he threw up the connexion *in toto*. He called to mind, we dare say, Boswell's story of the young citizen suddenly succeeding to a plum, who, on being reminded that his education had been imperfect and that it would be well to get him a tutor, said, that was just what he had been thinking of, and that he should like to know what salary would satisfy *Mr. Burke!*

These occurrences indicate a change within. In February, 1800, Southey already speaks of his 'preservation,' and ascribes it to what, no doubt, in the absence for a time of all high sense of religion, were his main preservatives as respects the deeper dangers of Jacobin sympathy—'feelings romantically refined,' and thence 'an

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'an almost stoical morality;' the influence, in short, of a virtuous love, and the fond anticipation of a happy home. But of the same date is his first reference—the first of many—to a very marking influence—namely, his disappointment as to Buonaparte. 'Even his destruction of the Mamelukes cannot atone for his rascally Constitution.' The 'child and champion of Jacobinism' lost favour as soon as he set his heel on the neck of the Revolution—but not before:—

'The French are children with the physical force of men; unworthy, and therefore incapable, of freedom. Once I had hopes; the Jacobins might have done much, but the base of morality was wanting, and where could the corner-stone be laid? They have retarded *our* progress for a century to come. . . . Our only hope is from more expeditions, and the duke [of York] commander; new disgrace and new taxes may bring the nation to their senses, as bleeding will tame a madman. Still, however, the English are the first people, the only men. Buonaparte has made me Anti-Gallican.'—vol. ii. p. 46.

The reactionary process once begun made decisive advances; but the same is still the leading confession in the lines on Emmett in September, 1803:—

'Oh, what a lovely manhood had been thine,
When all the violent workings of thy youth
Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely spared!
How had that heart—that noble heart of thine—
Which even now had snapp'd *one spell*—which beat
With such strong indignation *at the shame*
And guilt of France and of her miscreant Lord—
How had it clung to England! With what love,
What pure and perfect love, return'd to her,
Now worthy of thy love, *the Champion now*
For Freedom!'

Frequent are his references to the 'blessed peace of Amiens which reconciled him to England.' (vol. iv. 125, &c. &c.) He then—and to all appearance for many years after—regarded it not as a truce, leaving the principle and object of our war with France unchanged, but as the all-important gulf between a war of aggression and a war of defence. Addington, by whom it was patched up, was the first minister under whom he was willing to touch the salt of the monarchy. We need hardly remind any of our readers that Wynn was nephew to Lord Grenville—that the Grenvilles had joined Addington against Pitt—whom Southey so steadily persisted in considering as the parent of the 'conspiracy' against the Revolution, and (what all now know to have been diametrically the reverse of the fact) as the one man whose implacable antipathy to the cause of Freedom rendered peace hopeless so long as he held power;—finally, what may not have been without

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out its effects, that the wits of the Anti-Jacobin were the skirmishers on the side of Pitt as against his successors, and that *the Doctor* had become the grand butt for the archery which yesterday pierced and tore the ill-riveted armour of the Pantisocrats.

After Pitt's death Mr. Wynn was again in office with All the Talents, and Southey's letters during that brief reign assume very much the tone of Grenville-Whiggery—except that he did not partake in their general pro-Catholic leanings. From the date of his first visit to Portugal—from as soon (he told his mother) as he 'saw the mummery and smelt the friars'—he took up a fervent antipathy to the discipline of the papal system, to which afterwards was added a most serious indignation with its doctrinal corruptions. The foremost result of his calmer study of English history too was the conviction that to admit Roman Catholics to the full franchises of our constitution must sap the foundations of that constitution, its essential principle being Protestantism. These views are avowed during the sway of the Talents; he then however conceded one important point to his friends. His little glimpse of Ireland (*regnante Doctore*) had filled him with horror of her whole social condition; and he signifies his willingness to acquiesce in an attempt to introduce some element of civilization there through the recognition of the Romish hierarchy, its endowment, and an improvement to be thence contemplated in the feelings of the priests as subjects. Subsequent reading and observation, as we all know, satisfied him that this was an idle dream; and on the whole, the two subjects on which, after his general change of views, he was throughout most consistent, were Buonaparte and Popery. He took the part of the Foxites and Grenvillites as to the immediate grounds of their breaking with the King in 1807—but that did not touch his broad objection to their pro-Catholic policy for England.

He continued, during the earlier part of the Portland administration, to write like an adherent of the discomfited Whigs; he does not begin to soften towards the government until the Whigs had decidedly thrown their weight into the scale against the war in the Peninsula; and even after that, it is by very slow degrees that he drops his personal dislike and contempt for the chiefs of the Tory cabinet.

When the Talents were in their death-struggles Wynn made a last effort to 'get something out of the fire' for his friend—whose reputation had now been elevated by *Thalaba* (1801) and *Madoc* (1805); and being obliged to choose on the instant between an office of 600*l.* a year in the West Indies and a pension of 200*l.*, he felt that he should meet Southey's inclinations by securing the pension, which, however, being reduced by charges to 160*l.*, barely

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barely enabled the poet to give up Wynn's private allowance. This, nevertheless, must have been a great comfort; and, the affair arranged, he at last made up his mind that he had nothing further to look for but from his literary industry, and that all thoughts of moving from Keswick might be abandoned.

Before the close of the summer he thus sketches his habits. Besides work for the Annual Review, &c. &c., he had then in hand *Kehama*, and a History of Portugal, which was never completed:—

'My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta. After tea I go to poetry, and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life,—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish.'

Of nearly the same date is this remarkable passage. We have seen letters twenty years later in which he uses almost the same words:—

'Don't swear, and bid me do one thing at a time. I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time—no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much: for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself; and so I do everything by heats; then, by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is come round.'—iii. 46.

Such, with wonderfully little variation, was for nearly forty years his daily life. The alterations that took place in his circumstances were not such as to affect it. In 1808 he agreed to supply the *History* for the Edinburgh Annual Register, at a salary of 400*l.*; but the work was unsuccessful, and disgusts soon interrupted the arrangement. The loss was made up by his connexion with the Quarterly Review—to which Scott introduced him in 1809—and which introduced him to Mr. Croker—whose influence with the Regent (backed by Scott's) procured for him in 1813 the appointment of Poet Laureate, with a salary of not more than 100*l.*:—

'That wreath which in Eliza's golden days
My master dear, divinest Spenser, wore;
That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays,
Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel bore—
Grin, Envy, through thy ragged mask of scorn!
In honour it was given, with honour it is worn.'

He was much gratified—but there was nothing to disturb his routine. In it the only change worth noticing was, that by and bye

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bye he rose earlier and did all his poetry before breakfast, having found that such work in the evening made him too nervous for sleep.

Till past the prime he had no habit of bodily exercise, of which he boasted himself 'as independent as a Turk,' and thought he could sufficiently balance scores in that matter by a few days of mountain climbing when he happened to have with him friends new to the scenery. At last he made 'the sad discovery that he had a stomach,' and adopted the rule of walking out for two hours before dinner in whatever weather, barring only snow; but even then he carried a book in his hand, and, unless his children were resolute to cling about him and make him tell them stories, read diligently as he walked. He dined at four, and then lay down on his sofa to read himself asleep—the short nap thus enjoyed being his soundest and sweetest, and of all things what he most missed when by any chance away from home. He wakened for his tea—turned to work again; and if he had received proof-sheets, they were now corrected, which job, he confesses, was always the supreme luxury of his existence; he supped lightly at nine, indulged himself for an hour or so with some solid composing folio and a single glass of hot rum-punch enriched with a little black-currant jelly—which sounds comfortable—and so to bed. Milton's *nightcap*, in the Paradise Lost time, used to be 'a pipe of tobacco and a glass of fair water'—a combination not unworthy of his at once luxurious and austere Muse.

Never perhaps, save in some monastery of the better orders and days, or among the great scholars of the seventeenth century, was there such a constant diligence in authorship. The only moderns who covered as much paper—Voltaire, Goethe, Scott—contrived in general by rapidity of brain and hand to acquit themselves of it within a certain proportion of their hours, and have time for healthy relaxations. The two last, moreover, were physically giants, and Voltaire was, as Goethe said, 'tough as whalebone.' But Southey was not robustly formed, nor—wonderful as was the quantity of his writing—was he a very rapid writer. All that he did was the product of steady exertion. He spared no pains. His MSS. show few erasures or interlineations—but the reason is, that he finished every sentence or stanza in his mind, and often wrote it in pencil before he turned to his inkstand. Nor did it cost him any favourite indulgence to bestow almost all his hours in this fashion. Hater of towns as he was, he had no turn for any out-door occupation, except merely a stroll in the air or a little sail on his lake. He had inherited none of the drapier's sportsmanship; the only animals he affected

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affected were cats (he called his house Cats' Eden); he was never tempted to farm a homefield—not even 'cultiver son jardin;' and, as to society, he shrank from all but what was to be had without interrupting his toil—that of the ladies of his own home and their children; now and then the addition of an old friend on a visit; in the touring season glimpses of well-introduced strangers, who came prepared to admire and assent; and, very occasionally, a solemn supper or tea-drinking with some of his few familiar neighbours—mostly, it seems, retired spinsters, who were but outlying supernumeraries of his spotless harem. Had he been a parson, the only canon of Sidney Smith's famous Charge in rhyme to which his obedience would have been difficult, is the one about dining with the squire. Living at the end of a country town, which had we suppose the usual amount of charities, boards, &c., there is no hint of his taking the least part in any of their concerns. He says towards his end, that he had never made a speech since he was a schoolboy. The felt want of faculty in that line may have disinclined him for a public meeting or even parochial committee; but it is surprising that, with his earnestness in the cause of the poor, he should have found it possible to keep away entirely from the practical exertions in their behalf which occupy some part of most country residents' leisure. His seclusion from the community about him, in all its departments and degrees, must have been far more complete than anybody would have guessed. His son says, apparently unconscious of the curiosity of such a fact, that, after he had lived thirty years at Keswick, he does not think there were twenty people of the lower classes in the parish whom he knew by sight (vi. 13). How different from his two poetical intimates! We venture to say Wordsworth was well acquainted with every second creature, high or low, whom he could encounter within twenty miles of Rydal. As for Coleridge, there was never an old-clothesman that took Highgate Hill in his beat, but had the honour of the Ancient Mariner's familiarity—had heard him *preach* fifty times on the sublimities of Isaiah, and been as often encouraged to open himself as to the vexed questions of the synagogue and the ups and downs in the demand for felt. Yet Southey always conceived that the natural bent of his genius was for the drama—and what he most resents in his critics, on every fresh exposure of incapacity, is their blindness to the felicity of his dramatic touches.

His son describes him as pursuing his tasks in his solitary book-room: it was so, of course, in later years, but we remember when such did not seem to be the rule. As we recollect him (a long while ago, alas!) he was to be found at mid-day seated

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seated at a rather tall desk in the middle of the apartment, while three or four ladies were either busy with needlework by the fireside, or in corners copying extracts. The room was spacious, and entirely surrounded with the *élite* of his books, mostly Spanish and Portuguese, and bound in vellum. But the whole house was a library. We remember the Bollandist Vitæ Sanctorum —about a hundred folios—ranged in the lobby. Works held unworthy of costly binding were clad in calico by the ladies, and had a garret to themselves, styled the Cottonian Library. The extracts, made by himself or his handmaidens, were not exclusively for the purposes of the manufacture in progress at the desk. He did not content himself, when anything met with in reading struck him as likely to be available upon some future occasion, with entering a reference in a table-book;—he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes. Hence the rich magazine he could always draw upon for his notes, appendices, and wonderfully tesselated essays. Hence, too, the materials for the handsome volumes entitled 'Southey's Commonplace Books,' of which three have been published by his son-in-law Mr. Warter; and they are anything but the dry shreds and sweepings that, considering the extent of Southey's finished performances, might have been anticipated under such a title. His refuse is worth the best of other men's gatherings. The volumes may be read with interest, and will be valuable for reference—for they have the great advantage, which both the Life and the Collected Poetry want, of AN INDEX.

The reader, if he has not seen the Memoirs, will have been surprised at the amount of the lady-congregation surrounding the desk at Greta Hall. This opens one of the most charming chapters in the history of the man. He had no sooner a roof of his own over his head than he invited his wife's widowed sister, Mrs. Lovell, to be his guest. She remained to his death, and his son describes her as still resident at his own curacy—(which will soon, we trust, be deserted for a good rectory)—'the last survivor of all those whose hopes were once bound up with the project of the Pantisocrats.' But more—Mr. Coleridge, from whatever causes, did not continue for more than a few years to live in family with his wife and children. His early adventures had probably fixed wandering propensities upon him. He quitted Keswick, intending, it would seem, merely a short absence—but so it was that he kept shifting about from one lodging to another, in London, in Bristol, in we know not how many towns, until, in 1816, most happily for himself, he was received under the roof and care of Mr. Gilman, an apothecary at High-

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gate, with whom and his equally kind wife he spent the rest of his days. Though tenderly affectionate, he never after an early date occupied the proper position of a *pater-familias*. His wife and daughter (the inheritrix of his genius and almost rival of his attainments) composed thenceforth part of Southey's household; and the supervision of his two sons' education devolved also upon the Laureate—who took on him with perfect readiness all these additions to his proper burthen. No man ever exhibited a brighter generosity. This must have cost him many a pinch. But there was also, we cannot but observe, another unfortunate consequence. The largeness of the domestic circle must have been a constant obstacle to anything like a free mixture in external society; and it is to the smallness of his habitual intercourse with other *men*—with minds at all on the level of his own—that we ascribe a degree of self-esteem unworthy of one of such intellectual rank and of such noble virtues. Environed with these ladies—who of course worshipped him as devoutly as Miss Tyler had done in the outset—and corresponding almost exclusively (in a confidential sense) with old friends who had little connexion with literary matters unless as through him, he never parted from the notion that literature is by far the grandest object of human concern,* and indulged himself, not only with holding, but with eternally proclaiming the conviction, that whatever he wrote was destined to be classed by posterity with the very highest creations of genius and skill.

The truth seems to be that his most ambitious efforts met with moderate success out of doors—which begot in him a persuasion that immediate popularity was incompatible with excellence. He believed his works too good for his generation, and that if he had condescended to be a worse writer he would have been a more famous man. He brought himself to fancy that there were not a dozen persons living whose approbation was desirable, and of these, he said, Mr. W. S. Landor was the only one whose praise elated or whose censure would have humbled him! He reversed the doctrine of Boileau, who numbers it among the qualities of a man of genius that he pleases every one but himself;—but the author who despises the public has no reason to complain that the public refuse to read him. A so-called Revelation of St. James was proved to be spurious, even to those who would have swallowed Castilian from Santiago, by the plentiful sprinkling of modern Spanish phrases. A learned ecclesiastic contended that the apostle, clearly foreknowing the date of

* 'Literary fame is the only fame of which a wise man ought to be ambitious, because it is the only lasting and living fame. Buonaparte will be forgotten before his time in Purgatory *is half over*.'—iii. 144.

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the disinterment of his manuscript, had employed the language that would be then in fashion. Without some such gift it is a dangerous experiment to repel the living and consult the taste of unborn ages. With rare exceptions the darlings of posterity have been the delight of contemporaries. In the few cases in which neglected genius had predicted a posthumous renown the verification of the prophecy has been held to justify it—but before it can become any man to oppose the verdict of contemporaries by pronouncing panegyrics upon himself in the name of posterity, he ought to show a commission from posterity to speak in her behalf.

As yet we see few proofs of his Seership. He continues to be cultivated by the habitual devotees of literature, but makes little way with the world. No writer of verse, so skilful and by half so prolific, is less quoted: how few of his lines have passed into household words! Nor have foreigners offered compensation. Of all the eminent English authors of his time he has made the least impression on the Continent.

Before leaving the editor's pleasing sketches of his father's habits, we may say one word on what we consider to have been another unfortunate feature—the device of substituting variety of desk-work for fair exercise out of doors and a certain allowance of reading for the mere pleasure of reading, without the constant thought of turning whatever was read to some purpose in the way of writing. He would have more than two strings to his bow, and no wonder that the bow was in the long run overbent. To have on hand at the same time an Epic Poem—a History—a political or historical *article* 'of pith and moment' (as he says his own always were)—and also keep up a very extensive correspondence—all this was making a frightful demand on himself. Πονου μεταβολη ειδος εξ' αμπαυσεως. Every one knows that, whether we walk or ride a journey, the pressure of fatigue is much lightened to man or horse by inequality of ground, different muscles being subjected to the strain according as the movement is uphill, downhill, or on a level. To a certain extent, no doubt, similar relief is attained by diversifying the labours of a desk; but we question if the benefit be not more delusive in the upshot. The phrenologists have mapped out the brain into we forget how many provinces, but the plan of working it by divisions has not yet resulted in proof that the aggregate of work may be largely extended with safety to that part of our organization as a whole. We are no more materialists than was John Abernethy, who, after reading a certain treatise, told his class that it would amuse them all, but had left him unconvinced that Paradise Lost was secreted from some particular

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particular gland in the fabric of John Milton. But the final softening of the brain in so many men of extraordinary intellectual industry would alone be sufficient to show what part of the bodily system is most tested in their exertions; and probably Southey's decline was more gradual and gentle than that in some otherwise parallel cases, simply because it was not urged to a summary manifestation by any one violent effort, but followed from the apparently placid persistence in a daily round of what is familiarly called taking too much out of oneself. If his friend Lord Ashley could have put a clause for him into his Short Hours Bill, he might have been a hale old Laureate, for aught we can see, to this day. It would never have occurred to the noble philanthropist that his juvenile charges would be sufficiently guarded by a law which, while forbidding more than a decent sum of labour at the mill, should leave it possible for the cotton-lord to transfer them for a second spell to the bleacher or the papermaker.

Let it never be forgotten that not only did Southey thus overstrain himself from year's end to year's end, for the behoof, in large measure, of kindred who had no very special claim upon him, but his time, his only property, was also at the service of talent or the friends of talent wholly unconnected with him. One of his first labours, amidst the most anxious of his own struggles, was an improved edition of Chatterton, undertaken purely for the relief of his sisters, who had been unfairly dealt with by a person formerly intrusted with their MSS. Ten years later, in like manner, he arranged the Remains of Kirke White and wrote his Life, all exclusively for the benefit of the bereaved family, in whose fortunes, moreover, he continued to take an almost paternal interest ever after.

The editor gives a list of his father's published writings —a roll of startling magnitude. It comprises, between 1794 and 1837, eighteen volumes of poetry—to which add one volume posthumous;—History of Brazil, 3 vols. 4to.;—History of the Peninsular War, ditto, ditto;—Naval History of England, 4½ vols.; Book of the Church, 2 vols.—and Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; the Lives of Nelson, 2 vols.—Wesley, 2 vols.—Bunyan—Uneducated Poets; that of Cowper, long and careful, prefixed to a not less careful edition of the poetry and letters; —translated and annotated, in 4 vols., Amadis de Gaul—in 4 vols., Palmerin of England—The Morte d'Arthur, 2 vols. 4to. —Chronicle of the Cid—Expedition of Orsua;—Letters from Spain and Portugal, 2 vols.—Espriella's Letters on England, 3 vols.—Omniana, 2 vols.—Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, 2 vols.—The Doctor, 7 vols., &c. &c. The volumes enumerated are in all *one hundred and nine.* The editor

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omits the two of Select Essays from the Quarterly Review, 1832, but he gives a list of his father's contributions, as far as he could trace them, both to this and to other journals, and the articles in this list (which is exceedingly imperfect) are in number —to the Annual Review, *fifty-two;* to the Foreign Quarterly, *three;* to the Quarterly, *ninety-four;* in all, one hundred and forty-nine articles—sufficient, we have no doubt, to fill at least twenty 8vo. volumes of the usual capacity. The aggregate, therefore, is *one hundred and seventy-nine volumes*—in itself a library.

And all this is without counting his correspondence, of which the next generation, at all events, will have access to more than one series of interest nowise inferior to any now in print. How many are the once dominant lords of the republic of literature whose treatises slumber, while the familiar communications to which they attached no importance, or the notes of their talk, however loosely set down by disciples, are pored over with untiring curiosity! We are far from predicting that the studious of future ages will pay scanty attention to Southey's published works, but, whatever of him may be dropped, his correspondence will not. Nor, should even almost all besides feel the chilling influence of time, would posterity, versed in his letters, see him only in an undress. We have heard him say, 'I from the first tried to express myself, even in the slightest note, as well as I could:—it was due to others—it was due to myself—it is now a part of me to do so.' There may perhaps be regretted accordingly some of those charms of entire ease which we prize in one or two great epistolary collections—that of Swift for example, who said of himself that when he had begun a letter he never dreamt of pausing 'till his elbow was sore.' But then people should recollect that, even if they had heard Southey's talk, they might probably have admired many things more than its apparent *abandon;* that, however frank and manly the substance, its garb would still have been that of the unwearied penman who instinctively forecast and balanced every sentence.

We have said that his confidential letters are mostly to not very distinguished persons;* and this is much to be regretted, for it is otherwise with the best of them. The few to Scott in these volumes are superior, we think, to almost any of the others. The very highest merit and interest, however, belong to the series addressed to William Taylor, and published, with the living Laureate's consent, in his Memoirs (1843).

It will be fair to give a few specimens of Mr. Southey's epistolary criticism on himself:—

1800.—'Joan of Arc has revived the epomania; but it is not every

* From whatever cause, comparatively few letters to Mr. Wynn are printed.

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one who can shoot with the bow of Ulysses; and the gentlemen who think they can bend the bow because I made the string twang, will find themselves somewhat disappointed.'

1800.—'Thalaba is finished. You will, I trust, find the Paradise a rich poetical picture, a proof that I can employ magnificence and luxury of language when I think them in place. One overwhelming propensity has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal.

'Thalaba is a whole and unembarrassed story. I know no poem which can claim a place between it and the Orlando. Let it be weighed with the Oberon; perhaps, were I to speak out, I should not dread a trial with Ariosto. My proportion of ore to dross is greater.

'I know not whether Wordsworth will forgive the stimulant tale of Thalaba,—'tis a turtle soup, highly seasoned, but with a flavour of its own predominant. His are sparagrass and artichokes, good with plain butter, and wholesome.'

1805.—'Most praise I have had for Amadis, for the obvious reason that it excited no envy;—they who were aiming at distinction as poets, &c., without success, had no objection to allow that I could translate from the Spanish. But praise and fame are two very distinct things. Nobody thinks the higher of me for that translation, or feels a wish to see me for it, as they do for Joan of Arc and Thalaba. Poor Thalaba got abused in every review except the Critical;—and yet there has not any poem of the age excited half the attention, or won half the admiration. I am fairly up the hill.'

'No further news of the sale of Madoc. The reviews will probably hurt it for a time; that is all they can do. Unquestionably the poem will stand and flourish. I am perfectly satisfied with the execution—now eight months after its publication, in my cool judgment. William Taylor has said it is the best English poem that has left the press since the Paradise Lost;—indeed this is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there is no competition.'

1810.—'The objections which have been made to the style of Madoc are ill-founded. It has no other peculiarity than that of being pure English, which, unhappily, in these times renders it peculiar. The metre has been criticised with equal incapacity on the part of the critics. Milton and Shakspeare are the standards of blank verse: and by this standard I desire to be measured.—You appreciate the story with true judgment, and have laid your finger upon the faulty parts. This it is to have the inborn feeling of a poet. Of the language you are not so good a judge, because you have not mastered the art.'

'Very very few persons will like Kehama; everybody will wonder at it; it will increase my reputation without increasing my popularity. I care little about this; every generation will afford me some half-dozen admirers of it; and the everlasting column of Dante's fame does not stand upon a wider base.'

1815.—'Nothing can be more absurd than thinking of comparing any of my poems with the Paradise Lost. With Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer, there may be fair grounds of comparison.'

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Addressing to a younger bard some admonitions against the bad models of their time, he thus concludes :—

Jan. 1819.—'You will say that this opinion proceeds from the erroneous system which I have pursued, and which has prevented my poems from obtaining the same popularity as those of Lord Byron and Walter Scott. But look at those poets whose rank is established beyond all controversy. Look at the Homeric poems; at Dante, Ariosto, Milton. See what it is by which those poets have rendered themselves immortal, who, after the lapse of centuries, are living and acting upon us still.'

In his consolatory doctrine—that to be received with general applause ought to be for any poetical adventurer the best evidence that he has not deserved it—the author of *Madoc* might count on prompt acquiescence from the author of *Gebir* :—

1810.—'At present, the surest way to become popular is to have as little of either thought or feeling as possible.'

But how must the habitual indulgence have dulled Southey's native delicacy when he could write thus, after some fierce denunciations of the current criticism on his own epics, to the then most popular of living poets !—

July, 1809.—'The public never can like anything which they feel it difficult to understand. They will affect to like it, as in the case of Burke, if the reputation of the writer be such that not to admire him is a confession of ignorance; but even in Burke's case, the public admiration was merely affected.'

The English reader can no longer smile in his old serenity over the egotistical extravagancies of a Chateaubriand or a Lamartine. We cannot afford to be so bountiful as to works of other classes :—

'I have always flattered myself that my *History of Brazil* might, in more points than one, be compared with Herodotus, and will hereafter stand in the same relation to the history of that large portion of the new world as his work does to that of the old.'—v. 133.

This was bold enough. In another place he predicts that as a historian he will rank above Hume, Robertson, Gibbon—all the three.—We conclude with a fragment which, with a very little modification, we could readily adopt :—

'*The Doctor* is very much like a trifle, where you have whipt cream at the top, sweetmeats below, and a good solid foundation of cake well steeped in ratafia. You will find a liberal expenditure of long-hoarded stores, such as the reading of few men could supply; satire and speculation; truths, some of which might beseem the bench or the pulpit, and others that require the sanction of the cap and bells for their introduction. And withal a narrative interspersed with interludes of every kind; yet still continuous upon a plan of its own, varying from grave to gay, and taking as wild and yet as natural a course as one of our mountain streams.'—v. 190.

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Few of our readers, no longer young, can have forgotten how commonly, after he had published his Book of the Church, wonder was expressed that, so exemplary in his manners and so zealously upholding our ecclesiastical establishment, he had never been induced to take orders. This feeling would have been strengthened had the public obtained access to various letters now printed, in which he dwells upon it as one of the wise parts of the Romish system, that men often enter the service of that Church at an advanced period of life, after large experience of the outer world and with a wholesome sense of its vanities. We have, however, glanced already at the uncertainty in which these volumes leave us as to the actual progress of his religious opinion; and the truth is that, as far as we can see, it was not until very near the end of his active life that he could conscientiously have set his hand to the Articles of our Church. In March, 1832, a chair in the University of Durham, then newly projected, was proposed to him; and he signified willingness to accept it, provided he were made sure of emolument equal to what he must sacrifice. This condition was not satisfactorily met; but no difficulty had been started as to the matter of subscription, and we presume it would have been as necessary at Durham as at Oxford. Now this is the earliest day at which we have any evidence of Mr. Southey's being prepared to sign the Articles;—and neither was there any subsequent occasion for his manifesting his feelings on that subject, nor do his letters enable us to form a guess as to what his scruples had latterly been founded upon. In short, they contain nothing at all in the nature of a distinct confession of his belief later than March, 1819; when he wrote a letter, one of the most striking in the book, part of which we shall transcribe. A gentleman of ability, personally unknown, sent him some MS. work, with a detail of his own history, avowing himself a complete infidel, and stating that, being resolved on self-murder, he wished to leave all his papers to him who had so skilfully edited Kirke White's Remains. Upon receiving two or three letters from Southey, he agreed to drop his suicidal scheme; but at length, after an interval of six years, he accomplished it. One letter to this person, while still 'intent to kill,' has been recovered; and we think our readers will concur with us as to its curiosity, when they consider that Southey began his Book of the Church in 1811 (vol. iii. 320), and kept working on it at intervals till it was published in 1824. Nor is it curious only for the general outline of his creed in 1819—the reliance he then places on ghost stories, as (apparently) the strongest argument for a future state, strikes us as hardly a less remarkable circumstance:—

'Keswick,

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'Keswick, March 2, 1819.

'Your letter, my dear Sir, affects me greatly. It represents a state of mind into which I also should have fallen, had it not been for that support which you are not disposed to think necessary for the soul of man. O Sir! Religion is the one thing needful. Without it, no one can be truly happy (do you not feel this?); with it, no one can be entirely miserable. Without it, this world would be a mystery too dreadful to be borne—our best affections and our noblest desires a mere juggle and a curse—and it were better indeed to be nothing than the things we are. I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creed. I am a Christian; and so will Turk, Jew, and Gentile be in Heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them. I do not fear that there will be a great gulf between you and me in the world which we must both enter; but if I could persuade you to look on toward that world with the eyes of faith, a change would be operated in all your views and feelings, and hope and joy and love would be with you to your latest breath. . . . . I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, the spirits of the dead have been permitted to appear. I believe this, because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to presume that such things should be. You will receive this as it is meant. It is hastily and earnestly written, in perfect sincerity, in the fulness of my heart. Would to God that it might find its way to yours. But whether your lot be for life or death, dear Sir, God bless you!—R. S.'—v. 13.

The reader of Taylor's Memoirs will recollect both letters by Southey and anecdotes of him sufficiently in keeping with this un-Athanasian strain: it is, however, much more puzzling in the case of a stranger—and such a stranger—than with reference to an old friend like William Taylor, with whom the poet had so often sat at the feet of the Unitarian Gamaliels—'whose faith stands below zero' (vol. v. p. 185). As the other Taylor says, it was hardly possible for him to judge hardly of anybody but a stranger; but how sternly, how bitterly, how fiercely, he was apt to express himself concerning *the unclean* with whom he came into collision on any subject of religious or political controversy, we need not remind any of our coevals. The oddest point is that, granting to himself and his early allies the amplest indult for strenuous, and in their case continued, propagation of the wildest heterodoxies, and at the same time claiming for himself unlimited deference as the mature advocate of antipodal doctrines, he should have carried his self-esteem so far

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far as to refuse all charity for comparatively trifling mutations of opinion on the part of *strangers*—and this on the ground, not, indeed, that they *were* comparatively trivial, but that they had been adopted after mental processes *ex facie* comparatively natural and modest. Begin below zero and end with Laud—begin with Tom Paine and end with George IV.—that is quite intelligible; but if you do not advance straight on from stage to stage, if you have ever hesitated and retraced a step for consideration, he gives you up. Wonderful to say, the same indulgence is your due if you began at the right end and moved backwards with unswerving steadiness till you reached the superlative of wrong; but denied if in your unhappy course you even for a moment obeyed a saner suggestion and faltered or paused before jumping on again towards your goal of perdition. Thus he has no objection to concede that Cobbett, who started as an ultra-Tory and ended with the ballot and the sponge, might have been an honest politician; but because Jeffrey first applauded Pitt's Antigallican policy and then opposed the Peninsular war, and because on the subject of Parliamentary Reform his Review displayed in the course of thirty years some not less salient inconsistencies, Southey avows his incapacity to give Jeffrey the slightest credit for sincerity. (See *Taylor*, vol. ii. p. 265.)

But, to say the truth, we suspect that even Mr. Jeffrey might have obtained mercy for his political hesitations, had he not been so unfortunate as to embrace incurable heterodoxy on the subject of Southey's poetry. One of the most startling revelations in these Memoirs touches on this head. In December, 1807, when Walter Scott, first and last a Tory, but nevertheless an original contributor to the Edinburgh Review, makes an effort to enlist Southey in the service of that journal, assuring him that Jeffrey 'holds his general talents in high esteem,' &c. &c., Southey answers in towering indignation that Scott should for a moment suppose it possible for him to write in a journal which opposed the backing of Spanish Patriots and advocated Catholic Emancipation (vol. iii. pp. 124-127): very polite to Scott—but is that all? Turn back a few pages, and you find that in June, 1807, there had been a quarrel between Jeffrey and the house of Longman, then the chief proprietors of the Review—that the Longmans had planned its removal from Edinburgh to London, and its future management there by some English editor, without however (the Longmans being Whigs, and at any rate not being idiots) the least idea of altering the politics of the great organ of Whiggery; and behold, Southey, on hearing of this from 'our fathers of the Row,' answers immediately that he will, in case of such merely editorial change, write for their journal, and, 'whatever

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'whatever his hand found to do, do it with his might' (vol. iii. p. 97). Now, certainly, the Edinburgh Review had undergone no political revolution between June and December, 1807;—indeed, in his letter to *Longman*, Southey expressly states that he consents to write for it 'though disapproving of its principles.' But Madoc had been sharply handled by Jeffrey very shortly before the correspondence with *Scott*. The poet and his critic met once or twice not long afterwards, and their meeting was civil; but Southey's letters on the occasion overflow with a sort of contemptuous merriment which must sadden every reader. He makes himself particularly jocose about Mr. Jeffrey's physical stature—which to be sure was not much above Napoleon's—'It is impossible to be angry with anything so little!'

We shall say little more as to the 'Quarrels of Authors.' The seriousness of Southey's *amour propre* was not favourable to him when pitted against a *persifleur*. When about to enter the lists with Byron, he says with truth that he has 'the better cause,' but adds, with equal error and presumption, 'the stronger hand.' 'I am no self-flatterer, *Heaven knows!*' he tells Mr. Rickman. Utterly unjustifiable as Lord Byron was, there can be no question of his superiority as athlete and master of fence. The fact is, he was (except for one *insane* moment) cool; he had, we are satisfied, little or no real feeling against the Laureate; but the Laureate's history and bearing in literature were convenient for him when desirous of holding up the reprobation of all sober-minded people as the mere doing of apostate spleen and pharisaical envy; nor do we think any one can now well fail to see the line between his got-up indignation with the 'quaint and mouthy' denouncer of 'the Satanic school'—(a phrase which must have given him and his satellites many a chuckle)—and the white heat of his wrath against the lawyers whom he believed to have given aid and advice in the unhappy severance from his wife, and therewith from England. The moral gravity of Southey's prose, to say nothing of his hexameters, could avail little against the concentrated pungencies of Don Juan. The wicked world took the laugher's side. But, as Falstaff says, the more camomile is trodden the faster it grows. His letters to the *clean* while the battle rages, remind us of nothing so much as Don Quixote boasting to poor frightened Sancho of his prowess, and never showering more contempt on all caitiffs who dare to confront him than when he has been most bloodily belaboured. Of all the confidants with whom he delights to expatiate in this style, the one most favoured seems to be a meek awe-stricken schoolmaster who, ever since college-days, had lain buried in some Devonshire village. What a sensation one of the Keswick bulletins must have made in his Parish Club! It

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It may surprise happy innocents who have never had any connexion with periodical literature to find that these letters abound in tart and sometimes fiery reflections on the conduct of the Quarterly Review. This style of writing to third parties about those with whom he was contented to co-operate, so much to his own pecuniary benefit, for more than a quarter of a century, does not appear to us very becoming; he must have been early convinced that, however his talents were prized, there was no inclination to let him erect at Keswick a chair of virtual supremacy over his colleagues; and we think it will be felt that, this point once quite ascertained, he should either have dropped the alliance or his private sneering and grumbling. No. CLXXV. may be tolerably impartial; for the mutterings here made audible belong to a Lilliput of the dead. We suspect that Southey had never entirely rid himself of his ancient disfavour for Gifford as the editor of the Antijacobin. A little personal intercourse would probably have put an end to this, but the poet's visits to town were few, and when here he could see scarcely anything of our old governor, whose health was feeble, and his habits secluded. The two men, we think it certain, never sat at meat together. Gifford died without having even once partaken of the late Mr. Murray's overflowing hospitality. His curtailments were, we have no doubt, judicious. It may be possible that he now and then altered for the worse phrases which Southey had deliberately pondered and trimmed—he was obliged to decide perhaps in a moment. The correspondence, however, points out but one case in which this was clearly so—and we firmly believe that, on the whole, even as to mere words, Southey, like the rest, owed a great deal to that sharp superintendent—who after all bore the responsibility. The amusing point as to the Laureate is, that he seems to have pretty nearly made up his mind to accept the helm whenever Gifford should resign it, and in anticipation of being invited to do so, which he never was, communicates to the same schoolmaster who had so long sympathised with his sufferings under the editorial pruning and paring, his own views and plans for a system of administration identical with the old gentleman's. He groans over the expenditure of time he must anticipate 'in *correcting communications when there was anything erroneous, imprudent, or inconsistent with those coherent opinions which the Journal should have maintained under my care.*' &c. &c. (vol. v. 127).

The monstrous extravagance of the compliments exchanged between Southey and the two or three bards with whom he was really cordial, will astonish prosaic minds. We may smile gently when he says of Wordsworth that 'a greater poet never has been nor will be' (vi. 76). But it is a little too much to be told

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told that Mr. Landor's Latin verses are of 'the best kind'—(Virgil being elsewhere styled 'a bad poet'—vol. iii. 87)—that this gentleman's *Julian* contains the 'grandest image of power that ever poet produced,' and 'never was a character more finely conceived than Julian' (iii. 299)—that his *Gebir* 'contains the finest poetry in the language' (iii. 312);—and finally, that *Zophiel or the Bride of Seven*, by a Mrs. Brooks of New England, who had brought her MS. to the musnud at Keswick, is 'by far the most original poem that this generation has produced' (vi. 233). There certainly does not seem to have ever lived a man whose judgments of others depended more on their expressed opinions of him.

So many men of letters fall into weaknesses not unlike these, that we have felt it our duty to point out how such things detract from the estimation even of a great author. To recur to pleasanter topics—the letters fill up the outline of his domestic as well as literary life with most abundant detail. Everything that regards him in his home character is thoroughly delightful. Wise, good, generous, and gentle in every such relation, if ever man was, was Southey. He joined to a manly spirit the sensibility of a woman. He frequently wept in his sleep when dreaming of the friends and relations who were dead; nor did his affection evaporate in sentimental sorrow. He was full of practical kindness; fond and playful in his family; strong and steady in his attachments; and prompt to assist depressed genius, or what he took for such, with his patronage and his pen. His benevolence was diffusive—but his friendships were few. He was aware that his conversation was below the promise of his powers, and a sense of inferiority in company may have chilled those genial manners, and checked that flow of soul, which might have been expected from the warmth and indeed the real hilarity of his nature. How beautifully he describes himself in his evening to the author of *Philip van Artavelde*—the only man greatly his junior whom he seems to have taken into his closest confidence! Perhaps the most curious part of the confession is that respecting women beyond his own group. Many will probably connect this with one of the most noticeable traits in him as an imaginative writer. No other eminent one of his own day could be named who never reveals the element of voluptuous feeling. Those most incapable of showing it as swaying them, who the most manfully and chivalrously restrained it in their verse as in their practice, still indicate it plainly enough;—it is very largely interfused in Coleridge—it is present, though always gracefully veiled, in Scott—it is not absent in Wordsworth, any more than it was in Milton.

'Most men play the fool in some way or other, and no man takes more

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more delight in playing it than I do, in my own way. I do it well with children, and not at all with women, towards whom, like John Bunyan, "I cannot carry myself pleasantly," unless I have a great liking for them. Most men, I suspect, have different characters even among their friends,—appearing in different circles in different lights, or rather showing only parts of themselves. One's character being *teres atque rotundus* is not to be seen all at once. You must know a man *all round*—in all moods and all weathers—to know him well; but in the common intercourse of the world, men see each other in only one mood—see only their manners in society, and hear nothing that comes from any part lying deeper than the larynx. Many people think they are well acquainted with me who know little more of me than the cut of my jib and the sound of my voice.'—vi. 185.

He had his share in the common afflictions of life, and bore them as became one who had attained to a happy and constant sense of religion. His letters on the loss of children are deeply touching—but, above all, those on the terrible calamity that came upon him when turned of sixty, through the mental disease of his wife. Several years ere this occurred we can trace something of that feeling which probably begins to chequer the reflections of most men, who reflect at all, as soon as they have entered on the stage of physical decline—but more especially of such as, through vividness of imagination, possess memory to an extent unknown among those of clay less refined. Thus he says, as early as 1824, to one who had, like himself, met with a sore bereavement,—

'Your ill news had reached me some days ago. There are many things worse than death. Indeed, I should think any reasonable person would prefer it to old age, if he did not feel that the prolongation of his life was desirable for the sake of others. If the event be dreaded, the sooner it is over the better; if it be desired, the sooner it comes; and desired or dreaded it must be. If there were a balloon-diligence to the other world, I think it would always be filled with passengers. You will not suppose from this that I am weary of life, blest with enjoyments as I am, and full of employment. But if it were possible for me (which it is not) to regard myself alone, I would rather begin my travels in eternity than abide longer in a world in which I have much to do and little to hope.'—v. 191.

Blest he still was with 'many enjoyments'—but his 'full employment' was telling on the willing labourer—and with his wife's society he not only lost the first of all his pleasures, but an ever-watchful dispenser of his scanty income. Now for the first time, his unmarried daughters not being sufficiently advanced for household management, he had to face a world of small troubles that disturbed and worried him. By-and-by the lady in so far recovered that it was judged safe to remove her from the 'Retreat' at York, and establish her in an upper

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upper apartment of Greta Hall. Southey thenceforward devoted much of every day to her sad seclusion—she was sensible to his attentions—his appearance always composed and gratified her. He could hardly tear himself from her so long as the good effect of his presence was visible—yet the desk-work must not be diminished—on the contrary, this illness entailed fresh expenditure.

The remaining incidents are few. It is sufficiently known that, soon after the publication of his Book of the Church, Southey was informed, to his utter astonishment, that by the Protestant influence of the late Lord Radnor he had been returned for Downton, and that he declined the seat on the avowed ground that he possessed no qualification, nor was shaken by the instant offer of a factitious one. Vanity he might have—but it was entirely literary; he coveted no such distinctions or decorations as captivate plebeian ambition. Few can have forgotten that early in Lord Brougham's Chancellorship (January, 1831) he wrote to Southey about a new order of *British* knighthood, in which he wished the Laureate to be enrolled, to which he replied, that 'if there were a Guelphic order he should wish to remain a Ghibelline' (vi. p. 136). Every one, too, is likely to recollect that, towards the crisis of his first government (Feb. 1, 1835), Sir R. Peel offered Southey a baronetcy—that this also he declined on the ground that he had nothing wherewith to endow a hereditary title—and that Sir Robert then obtained for him a second pension of 300*l.* per annum. The letters of Peel and Southey, in connexion with this last affair, are in the highest degree honourable to both. We have seen it suggested that the Minister must have been aware of the Poet's straitened means, and offered the baronetcy, not in any expectation of its being accepted, but by way of giving him a fair occasion for stating his circumstances explicitly to himself, who had the pension fund, as well as the honorary patronage of the crown, at his disposal. We must dissent from this view—we do not think such a course would have been consistent with the character which Sir Robert Peel always acted up to, unless when tempted aside by considerations here out of the question. Our belief is that he had overlooked or forgotten the Downton matter of several years' previous occurrence, and was simply under what must have been the general impression of the world in which he lived, that in an age when, as all knew, some literary men drew large gains, the Laureate must have realized a fortune. Alas! the preceding Christmas was the very first at which he found himself in possession of money sufficient for the usual expenditure of a year. Age was creeping on: none of his recent books had been very popular—several had been much otherwise.

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The average income from his great Poems and Histories seems to have gradually fallen to a mere trifle—one year he states it as but 25*l.*! Great, therefore, was the comfort of the additional 300*l.* per annum; but it came too late to counteract the lifelong overwork.

Mr. Southey, about a year and a half after his Edith's death, married Miss Bowles, an old friend highly graced with intellectual accomplishments. But even before the alliance took place (June, 1839) the alteration in his aspect—the shrinking of his frame—the lowered tone of his spirits—nay, a certain confusion of memory, had been apparent to those who saw him only occasionally. Very soon afterwards he gave way, and by rapid steps sank into a state of painless imbecility—incapable of any exertion—his time spent mostly in wandering slowly about his room, taking down this volume or that, and finding toys in the instruments of his old industry, the companions of his bright hours. We have no hint of his idle placid dream being interrupted by any painful flash of reminiscent consciousness—nothing like the exclamation of Marlborough when he crossed the mirror, '*That* was once *a man!*'—or Swift's laying his hand on the Tale of a Tub, and closing it with the deep whisper, 'What a genius I had when I wrote that book!' It deserves to be mentioned, as a curious physiological fact, that during this melancholy interval his hair, previously thinned and almost silver-white, had recovered to a certain extent its original colour and curl (vi. 390). The Laureate expired, on the 21st March, 1843, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His mental abeyance had then continued for nearly four years.

His figure was tall and elegant—his countenance elevated in expression and finely formed—with the exception of the chin, which was too small and also somewhat retiring. The portrait by Lawrence (now at Draycote Manor) is the best that we have seen; but that by Opie, engraved for this book, has also great merit. The recumbent statue by Lough, which now covers the grave in Crossthwaite Church, receives high eulogy both as a likeness and as a work of art. A monumental bust has also been placed in Poets' Corner—but we must confess a doubt whether cenotaphs should be erected in Westminster Abbey to any who have not lost an English grave by dying in battle.

What Raleigh said of some ancient worthy may be applied to Southey, that his writings, like the Colossus of Rhodes, though they had not been praiseworthy for their execution, would have merited admiration for their vast bulk. The composition of his works was a small part of the labour they involved;—they are all, even to his poems, books of research, which obliged him to turn over numerous volumes for the production of one. Many students

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students of a single subject have gone further in every branch of learning; but hardly any man has claimed so many departments of knowledge for his province, and travelled more diligently over each. The hugest folios of heavy Dutch, long-winded antiquated Spanish, or barbarous and crabbed Latin, did not intimidate him. He was unwearied in washing the sand for grains of gold, and sometimes brought away lead and dirt.

With half a dozen irons in the fire at a time—some for profit, and some for fame—he hammered them all with sedulous attention. Neither the toil nor the anxieties of his precarious profession could often abate his constitutional cheerfulness. No sooner had he lodged a stone upon the summit than he returned to fetch another with undiminished vigour;—it signified nothing that he was frequently without sympathy in his task—got small credit and less gain.

Many men are endowed with mental gifts, who want the talent to turn them to account—who are unable to cut and polish the diamonds they find. Southey was a skilful workman. His materials were grouped in admirable order, and he imparted to a narrative his own intelligence. The reflections were seldom profound, but neither were they trivial, and they usually embodied some natural feeling which appealed to the better sympathies of mankind. His pure and perspicuous style combined the charm of ease with the finish of art. Passages of transcendant power he rarely attempted even amidst the buoyancy of youth—never afterwards; but his works abound in those which are forcible and felicitous, lively and thoughtful, humorous also and satirical. Somebody compared Coleridge to a muddy torrent, sonorous but not transparent; Southey's delight was in clearer and stiller waters. He was only turbid when playfulness degenerated into fooling. An acute sense of the ridiculous, unchastized by the salutary monitions of a free social existence, enabled him, even at the firmest period of intellectual dignity, to find mirth in dreary nonsense; and when, writing from behind a mask, he gave unlimited scope to his wildest fancies in *the Doctor*, he marred its many beauties by conceits which have not contributed to his character for wisdom or wit.

To be concise was among the excellences which he proposed to himself, and one to which he long conceived he had attained. 'Wire-drawing,' he said, 'he had never learnt to perform.' But compression requires more time and thought than his habits could possibly allow; and except in occasional sentences, brevity was not among the merits of his style. He was however more diffuse in what he told than in his manner of telling it. His propensity was to accumulate where it should have

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have been his business to select, and he wearied less patient and inquisitive minds by the multitude of trifling details. 'Woe be to him,' exclaims Voltaire, 'who says everything that can be said!' However circuitous the road, his pleasure in the journey continued to the end. Sir Isaac Newton re-wrote his Chronology seventeen times for the sole purpose of making it shorter. Southey's last copy was pretty sure to cover the most paper. It was for his advantage to be confined within narrow limits. The Essays which he penned grudgingly added more to his reputation—even by his own confession—than the more dignified performances in which he pleased himself and foresaw deathless fame. The Life of Nelson—the most popular of his productions—was an imposed task, of which the publisher prescribed the size as well as the subject. He afterwards related that his materials would have extended to ten times the bulk, and had he been allowed a larger dish he would certainly have served up the milk with the cream.

His favourite pursuit was ecclesiastical history; but it was the Roman Catholic part of it which he had chiefly studied, with a view to his projected—alas! only projected—work on the monastic orders. In the religious history of England he was far from deep. His Book of the Church, though excellent in execution, is found in these days of revived inquiry to be superficial and incomplete. It makes a nearer approach to an elegant abridgment of Fox's Martyrs than to a general view of the Established Church. His special religious biographies are not obnoxious to the charge of want of research. The most enthusiastic Methodist could hardly desire a minuter narrative of the rise and progress of his sect than Southey has preserved in the Life of Wesley. For the rest of the world the minuteness is its fault. The story is well and impartially told, but clogged with digressions and the off-scourings of the subject. In the parts which relate to Wesley the monument is felt to be too large for a hero who was the agent of great effects without being singularly great himself. Adventitious circumstances added much of celebrity to the Life of Kirk White. White was a plant of premature and sickly growth. His poems are smooth, feeble, and vapid, with no originality, and little of anything. He owed his notoriety to his evangelical principles and the countenance of Southey. When a man of letters, whose testimony seemed the more impartial that he was opposed to their opinions, adopted their disciple and attested his genius, the religious party—proud of the distinction—united their acclamations and ratified the decree. Southey did what he professed—told White's history with simplicity and taste; and evangelical enthusiasm repaid his extravagant

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vagant admiration of the Remains by excessive panegyrics on the attendant Life. Neither bark singly would have floated far. The Life of Cowper, in which piety and real poetry were combined, must have presented a theme after Southey's heart. In itself the career was melancholy and monotonous. The hermit's letters, however, describe its petty vicissitudes with such sportive grace, that he has interested the world in all which concerned him from the workings of his mysterious malady down to the glazing of his cucumber frames. Southey was excellent at stringing pearls. He has culled with judgment the passages which reflect Cowper's amiable existence, and connected them with dexterity. These extracts make up two-thirds of the Life. The portion which is original is pleasant reading, but shows a falling off both in force and finish from his earlier biographies. His estimate of Cowper's writings is meagre and vague,—a common fault of his literary criticism. He seems suddenly to pull himself up when on the point of saying something really discriminating.

The History of the Brazils was a bold experiment upon the perseverance of the public. The scene was remote, the action wanted unity, the characters were contemptible, the events destitute of grandeur or romance. The utmost rigour in choosing the particulars, and art in grouping them, were requisite to conquer these inherent defects. Never was Southey so blind to the truth that 'Nature has meal and bran.' For a circumstance to have happened was reason sufficient why it should be told. He broke up a history, already too disjointed, by wanton episodes, and persisted in congregating facts without significance, and enterprises without result, till he sank the vessel with the weight of the cargo. The mind sickens over the obscure conflicts of savage warfare, the minute topography of petty cities, and the dry descriptions of the products of Brazil. There is little animation in the narrative to enliven the dulness of the materials, and no luminous deductions of policy and science to add to their importance. That the work is creditable to Southey's research, that it contains curious facts, that there are many pages of classic composition (though the style is not in his happiest vein), is what all would take for granted. Any one who opens the book must regret the application of such talent and industry to the disinterring a mountain of mouldering bones that he might bury them again. The necessity to attempt an epitaph has alone emboldened us to disturb the sanctity of the tomb.

The History of the Peninsular War is a more remarkable instance that a large amount of good writing will sometimes fail to make a good book. Here then was abundant interest in the subject,

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subject, but the narrative flags. Military topics were unsuited to Southey. His language is devoid of that martial impetuosity which stirs the blood like the sound of the trumpet; nor does he make up in accuracy what is wanting in spirit. Soldiers pronounce that he is unlucky in his conceptions of their craft—that he misses the point of actions and the purpose of campaigns; and even civilians must observe that a battle of his consists of separate onsets without connexion or plan. But everything is tolerable compared to the abstracts of parliamentary debates, and the old habit of rendering tedious what belonged to his theme by the addition of what did not. A siege is the signal to relate the origin and fortunes of the town, to talk of its cathedrals and monasteries, its pretended relics and the wonders they wrought. He must have gone to the Peninsula itself for his model, and emulated chroniclers such as Sandoval, who commences the History of Charles V. by deducing his genealogy from Adam and Eve. Excellent as are portions of Southey's record, the interest goes on decreasing with the progress, and what pleased at the beginning gets too flat to be endured.

The Naval History of England, though published in a more popular form, had even less success; nor, in spite of many striking pages, can we say that the public was unjust.

The Letters of Don Manuel Espriella on England, published in 1807, showed a great advance from the Peninsular Letters of 1796; the style is now quite Southeian, and the subjects treated are in great part those which to the end most fixed his attention. The pictures of English life in the middle sphere are true and graceful; but it is evident that he had seen very little of higher society. What is not least interesting is the contrast which his statements often present to the actual condition of matters after the lapse of only forty years; for example, the imaginary Don bears with astonishment that some London newspapers circulate 5000 copies daily (iii. 25);—Portman Square, 'on the outskirts of the town,' is approached 'on one side by a road unlit, unpaved, inaccessible to carriages' (i. 93);—and clergymen are wholly indistinguishable from other gentlemen by anything in their style of dress (i. 137). The Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society contain a wider and more solemn exposition of Southey's views on the evils of our social state. Alas! he is not seldom more successful in detecting disease than in prescribing remedies. Richelieu and Father Joseph were arranging a campaign. 'There,'—said Joseph, putting his finger upon the map, 'there the troops must cross the river.'—'You forget,' replied the Minister, 'that your finger is not a bridge.' Few theorists, in their paper plans, have the scrupulous regard to consequences

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which distinguished my Uncle Toby when, demolishing his fortifications in obedience to the conditions of peace, he forbore to commence by a breach in the ramparts, because, if the French were treacherous, the garrison would be left exposed. The charm of the Colloquies is the same as in so many of Southey's writings—the graceful expression of sentiments which find an echo in every uncorrupted heart. The privilege to be colloquial has encouraged him to be even more paraphrastic than ordinary, or many of the passages would be among the best he has penned. The idea of summoning Sir Thomas More to be the leader in the dialogue was not over-felicitous. He is as much the pupil as the master of Montesinos; or, rather, he leaves behind him his supernatural wisdom and fills his pitcher at Southey's cistern. We believe we shall not be singular in venturing to say that his articles on similar topics in this Review are calculated to inspire a higher notion of him as a practical reformer. He was the better for writing under a degree of check, and feeling that he must carry *in limine* the assent of a more arithmetical mind. The subject of pauperism had engaged him from a very early period—it fills a large space in Espriella. The cognate one of General Education was considered with equal care and philanthropy, and handled with equal fulness and elegance. In fact, Southey gave the first effective impulse to not a few of the most marked ameliorations of recent years.

His verse, like his prose, was injured by prolixity. His idea of poetry was almost the same that the old actor had of Hercules, when he insisted that he should be represented tall and thin, without the pithy massiveness assigned him by vulgar tradition. This disposition to linger over his theme—to prolong his notes till the sweetness of the melody is lost in the weariness of monotony—he had caught from Spenser, whom from youth to age he loved and studied above all the masters of song. The Tale of Paraguay—written in Spenser's stanza—shows with what fatal fidelity he copied this defect of his original. Pope used to say that poets lost half the credit they deserved, from the world being ignorant how much judgment rejected of what genius conceived. Southey was an unsparing blotter of verse, but crossed out less than he put in. 'Much,' he says, speaking of the revision of Thalaba, 'was pruned off, and *more* was ingrafted.' 'I am correcting Madoc,' he writes to William Taylor, 'with merciless vigilance—shortening and shortening—distilling wine into alcohol.' Yet a few months later, when he had gone through 1800 lines of the MS., he announced to his brother that they had grown to 2530. He was never sufficiently sensible that in the currency of Parnassus two-and-forty sixpences are not equivalent to a guinea.

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This diffuseness assumes various forms. In the Tale of Paraguay he repeats an idea half a dozen times over, as if aiming to display the richness of a stage wardrobe, which for every actor has a profusion of dresses. In his minor poems the besetting error is mostly shown by pursuing a conception through its minutest ramifications, or in devoting stanza upon stanza to the expression of trifles not worthy to be expressed. His larger poems abound in passages beautiful in themselves, but utterly misplaced. He is for ever stopping to expatiate upon scenes, and declaim upon ethics, when it would have pleased the reader to see the action proceed and quicken its pace. His language, in all his verse, is usually the opposite of terse and condensed. He has Doric simplicity, but wants Doric strength. He relates that he read Cowper's Odyssey to cure his poetry of its 'wheyishness.' This he did on the principle that to live with the talkative is the way to learn silence, which proves his having at last become aware of the fault, though he never overcame it.

His first epic was a juvenile production, which his maturer judgment on the whole condemned—and perhaps we have already said more than enough about it. Madoc he believed (as we have seen) would stand and flourish, but acknowledged the story to be uninteresting and the passion deficient. The greater part, in truth, is a cento of travels, and little raised above prose in thought, or even in phrase. Battles and combats abound, but want the fire and animation which agitate and hurry on the mind. None of the characters have the strongly-marked traits which create an intense sympathy, and make them live in the memory. They are personifications of virtues and vices rather than women and men. The virtuous, who are the majority, preach with a monotony of moral sentiment, and act with a monotony of heroic devotion, more insipid than winning. But a reperusal reveals numerous beauties which escaped our notice while cutting open leaf after leaf—touches of nature and tenderness, strokes of eloquence, and, above all, fine specimens of descriptive power. He is only not in the very highest class of descriptive poets, because he descends to particulars where it had been better to give a few bold strokes, and by them enable the imagination to fill up the details;—and because, by the elaborate distinctness with which he isolates his picture, he betrays the artifice of a mind not itself thoroughly heated. Coleridge, we remember, contrasted him in this respect with Homer, to whom he so often likened himself. 'The modern artist,' said he, 'takes you into a gallery where brilliant canvasses are carefully arranged in costly frames—the divine ancient carries the key of a rolling panorama.'

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Roderick was a great improvement upon Madoc. There is still a meagre fable, of which the catastrophe is foreseen; a loitering narrative, unseasonable description, an excess of pulpit eloquence, a too prevailing uniformity of tone and conduct; but there is far more passion, and for once a character which arrests attention. Roderick is the poem, and the other personages merely touch us through their relation to him. The worst defect is the total disregard of the spirit of the age, and of the contending factions, which should have coloured the story as the dye the woof, and would have made it picturesque in the extreme. The historic outline apart, and the Epic is redolent of England in the nineteenth century instead of Spain in the eighth.

The two lyrical tales—Thalaba and Kehama—were portions of a scheme for making each of the principal mythologies the basis of a poem. His purpose was not to display the influence of different creeds upon the actions of men, but to develop the wild absurdities of the mythologies themselves. Neither was historic accuracy a part of his plan. He avowedly rejected what he pleased, exalted what he took, and added much in the same exaggerated strain. He infused the soul of Christianity into the skeleton of heathenism. Instead of their natural fruits these false religions produce the virtues of the poet's faith; grapes grow on thorns and figs on thistles. No skill could overcome the vices inherent in the design, which was the offspring of private predilection, and not of a consideration of what would interest mankind. The book of Revelations was his favourite part of the Bible when a boy, and whatever bore a resemblance to the visions of the Apocalypse had a charm for his fancy.

Upon a foundation so unpromising he reared what is probably his masterpiece in verse. The story of Thalaba will not bear criticism; it must be judged by the poetry to which it gives birth; and this, taken as a whole, is the most vigorous, elastic, and picturesque that ever came from his pen. The scenes he creates show a strong, if not a luxuriant imagination; and the unadorned language equally proclaims that a command of imagery, which depends on a facility of detecting resemblances, was not among his gifts. If it had been in the fountain it would have flowed in the aqueduct. What little ornament of this class lies scattered through his poetry is trite and commonplace.

Kehama has admirable passages, but they bear a slender proportion to those which are feeble and grotesque. It would be difficult to define the limits of supernatural machinery—to say where it begins to revolt the imagination which it aims to lead captive. But Southey was himself aware that the subject of Kehama was beyond the sphere of general sympathy, and the wonder

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wonder is that it could engage his own. Sancho Panza hung an entire night by the roots of a bush which grew on a declivity, and discovered when day broke that his feet were within a couple of inches of the ground. The situation would have seemed awful to any who partook his delusion, and supposed him suspended over a precipice;—it only amuses us whom Cid Hamet has made aware of the fact. A Hindoo might very possibly think the marvels of Kehama sublime.

Southey's feeling of the fitness between the verse and story of Thalaba seems really well founded, but his management of his lyrics is open to objection. He has carried his irregularity to such an extent that the ear continually misses the repetition of the metre; and in poetry, as in music, a recurrence of similar rhythm is essential to harmony. The transitions too are as violent as they are frequent. He repeatedly passes in the middle of a sentence from a solemn measure to jig and singsong, and shocks by the incongruity of the parts, where his intention, no doubt, was to charm by variety. In place of the undulations of hill and dale we have the jolts of a rugged road. The melody is often exquisite, but it is fitful and ill combined. Kehama exhibits the same disposition to push liberty to licence. The author's decision that 'its metre united, *in a manner peculiar to itself*, the advantages of rhyme with the strength and freedom of blank verse,' will appear strange to any one who compares the far greater strength and freedom of Dryden's tales with entire sections of the Curse of Kehama, which are little removed above nursery jingle. In another particular he was somewhat capricious;—he interposed throughout his poems lines which either no other mouth could make musical, or no other ear would approve.

The sublimities of religion were not the only attractions for him in theological themes. He had a particular love for all the perversities of belief and practice which have disgraced mankind. The lying legends of fraud, and the fantastic freaks of fanaticism, were sought with avidity and retailed with glee. These pious aberrations were provocatives to mirth, and incidents and language too sacred for such use are tricked out in sportive rhymes for the amusement of the world. One piece of profanity should not be cured by another. But Southey in his gravest moods trod hallowed ground with a daring step. In his Vision of Judgment he assumed the office of the Creator, and pronounced decisions which are veiled from every mortal eye. The grounds upon which he admits his elect to heaven are as mistaken as the attempt. Wolfe is there for his generalship, Handel for his music, Reynolds for his painting, Chatterton for his poetry. He always spoke of his own latter end without any of the qualifications

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tions which become a creature who must make it a continual suit to God that he will bear with infirmities and pardon offences. For the rest, in spite of some happy lines at the commencement, this ambitious attempt to naturalise the Homeric metre was not generally admired. He says, however, that his 'compeers' were of a different opinion, and expressly dwells on the satisfaction which 'women, as far as he could learn, took in the new rhythm' (v. 77). The good ladies of Cat's Eden were lenient critics of ill-represented spondees and monotonous cæsura.

The best of his minor pieces are those in which the subject is made subservient to moral feelings. A few specimens are of most admirable excellence—the *Holly Tree* and the Lines on his Bookroom, for example—many are elegant and graceful; the bulk of them he wished in later years had been committed to the flames instead of the press. His caution nevertheless did not increase with age. The youngest child of his Muse was always a favourite however deformed, and it is amusing to observe the constant expression of his entire satisfaction with newly-composed poems which he afterwards found it expedient to re-write. Nothing he sent into the world at the beginning of his career can be more rude, bald, and pointless, than All for Love and The Pilgrim to Compostella, which he published in the mellow evening of his days. They are the rinsings of the cask when the wine was drawn out.

He contributed largely to the intellectual pleasure of his country, and not a little, we think, to its social and œconomical improvement; but it had been better for his fame if his lot had been cast, not on 'this England and this Now,' but a comfortably furnished cell in a Benedictine monastery some two centuries earlier. Then—besides that, after living easily amidst a proud and an applauding corporation, he must assuredly have been canonized in due season—his writings would have been reverentially collected into a range of folios, and no editorial care would have been thought too much for their illustration. In our steam-paced age, and elbowed by writers more in unison with its impatient vivacities, all his solid and elegant endowments could win for him at best a secondary place in the eyes of men: and we doubt that any future era would welcome a complete edition of his works. It is, however, impossible that partial reprints should not from time to time be called for: we incline to think that even now an authentic collection of his poems—all the occasional ones being included in their original form and in strictly chronological order—would be acceptable to the public; and that a judicious critic might make

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make such a selection from his published prose as would fill at least a dozen very saleable octavos. Even in his Histories many of the passages that were tiresome to the eager contemporary as interrupting the narrative, are in themselves both beautiful and curious, and would form rich *Omniana*. Of his letters we have spoken at sufficient length: here we anticipate not abridgment but expansion. They present one of the most interesting portraitures of the literary character that mankind are ever likely to contemplate, and, as respects the better inner life, a lesson of true and loveable virtue and purity which never was or will be surpassed. *Multa pars vitabit Libitinam.*

ART. IX.—1. *The Queen's Ministers responsible for the Pope's new Hierarchy in England.* By Dudley M. Perceval, Esq.
2. *An Appeal to the Reason and good Feeling of the English People.* By Cardinal Wiseman.
3. *The Church of England and the Church of Rome contrasted.* By the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke. Birmingham and London.
4. *Catholic Safeguards against the Errors of Rome: being Select Tracts from the Divines of the Seventeenth Century.* By the Rev. J. Brogden. 2nd edition. 3 vols. 1851.

WE readily admit, and Dr. Wiseman is welcome to the benefit of the admission, that the astonishment with which the Pope's Bull for the erection of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England has been received at the close of 1850 is altogether unreasonable. The Bull of Pius IX. was drawn up, and Dr. Wiseman says printed, in 1847. The various causes that deferred its publication are of no consequence to us. Its existence was perfectly well known at that date in this country; we ourselves in vain endeavoured to fix on it the languid attention of the public;* nor certainly have intervening occurrences tended to disturb our conviction then expressed, that this supreme insolence would be considered by the future historian as the natural fruit of the original rashness wherewith the Relief Bill of 1829 was framed, and of the persevering malice of Whig governments against the Church of England. 'Where do ye come from?' is but an unsatisfactory answer to the inquiries of the belated tra-

* See our article on *Ministerial Measures*, Dec. 1847 (Quar. Rev. vol. 82) Observe the repeated mention of *the Archbishopric of Westminster, Bishopric of Birmingham*, &c. &c., pp. 302 and 306.

veller;

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veller; but it suggests the most important subject for reflection to the politician who is desirous of ascertaining his actual position and the means of extrication.

Her Majesty's Ministers are mainly and directly responsible for the aggression of which they now affect to be the first to complain. Were they so ignorant of the spirit of Popery, and so little acquainted with the character of the existing Pope, as to expect improvement from the one or forbearance from the other? In every case the Roman court had displayed before the eyes of the whole world the same spirit of intolerance, arrogance, and prepotency—in Prussia, in Switzerland, and in Ireland; and Pius IX., in one respect at least the worthy successor of Gregory VII., had shown far more energy in advancing his spiritual dominion than in regulating his temporal sovereignty. While a prisoner in the Quirinal, or an exile at Gaeta, he did not abate one jot of his ecclesiastical pretensions; and when now, though barely maintained on his tottering throne by the bayonets of semi-infidel France, he presumes to violate more audaciously than ever the majesty of the British sovereign, and throw a firebrand among the English people themselves—who has a right to be surprised?

When the scheme of Romish 'Emancipation' first engaged the minds of statesmen, many circumstances concurred to mislead public opinion as to the nature of the problem to be solved, in order to bring about so great a change with safety. During the latter part of the last age the very spirit of Popery had seemed altered: the enlightened Ganganelli, the enemy of the Jesuits—the magnificent Braschi, the collector of statues and drainer of marshes,—seemed rather called to vindicate their orthodoxy than to purge themselves from the charge of bigotry. At the close of the century the aspect of Europe was such, that there seemed everything to dread from infidelity—from superstition nothing. Neither Mr. Pitt, nor afterwards Lord Grenville, could much fear aggression from a Pontiff struggling in the iron grasp of France, and looking, as the only chance of deliverance, to the success of England and her allies;—he was at that time in so low a condition that it might be doubted whether even in Ireland a new Bull on a new subject would command much attention;—yet neither of these thoughtful statesmen ever dreamt of *emancipation absolutely without safeguards*. On the restoration of the papal throne at the end of the war, it was generally assumed that a very moderate spirit prevailed, and would continue to prevail, in the grateful Vatican. The Pope permitted the English tourists, whose numbers and wealth made them of importance to the impoverished Romans, to assemble for worship in a barn without the walls. This concession, strenuously opposed by the *priests* of British

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birth (or blood) resident at Rome, was for that very reason regarded with additional confidence by others as the earnest of all future liberality; and it was only close observers who soon perceived how much the ancient *animus* of the Papacy was reviving, and how well directed and systematic were its efforts to recover its influence everywhere—but especially its influence *here*, so long impaired by the misfortunes of the see and the interruption of intercourse during the war. By and bye the Protestants of the Continent began to understand pretty generally that the confidence which Rome had been enjoying was but that which credulous man is apt to repose in a slumbering volcano. No change, however, took place in the conduct or arguments of our modern Emancipators. These mainly consisted in an exaggerated dread of the physical power of the Irish Papists, and an affected contempt for the moral power of Popery. It was assumed to be a worn-out superstition, which, when not kept alive by persecution, must languish and die. In England, it was said, there were a few people of condition whom an honourable punctilio alone attached to a proscribed Church. In Ireland the strength of the priests lay in their sway over a barbarous population; soothe the masters, and the slaves must cease to be formidable. How little did these enlightened reasoners know of human nature when they supposed that vanity and ambition can be pampered without being stimulated; or that Popery, containing, as it does, the substance of eternal truth, and overlaid with fictions so marvellously adapted to man's weakness and corruption, could be thus disposed of by a pointed sentence of a 'liberal' harangue!

By such arguments and with such expectations the Relief Bill was violently urged on; the opposition to it was suddenly abandoned by those who alone could oppose it—and it was carried. No one attempted to grapple with the true difficulties of the question. By one party they were denied; by another they were thought insuperable. The one demanded the simple removal of all disabilities; the other did not think themselves bound to provide the correctives for a measure they disapproved *in toto*. It was easy to ridicule the power of the Pope; no one thought of searching history and carefully examining the precedents of other States of mixed religion, to ascertain if, by any restrictions, it could be rendered comparatively at least harmless. Yet no lesson of the past is so clear as that the unrestricted government of the clergy by the Roman See is incompatible with the free action of civil government, the freedom of the laity, and even of the clergy itself. The early pages of European history are chiefly a record of the struggles that each of the great States maintained

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maintained with the See of Rome. The disputes between the Empire and the Vatican deluged Europe with blood; it cost ages of scandal and schism, fraud and violence, to establish the immunities of the Gallican Church. In more modern times, and especially in mixed States, a similar result was brought about by the more obvious and less objectionable means of negotiation and voluntary agreement. But in every Continental country there had been *somehow* secured for government an adequate control over the priesthood—a voice in the nomination to benefices, more or less potential—the inspection and previous approbation of papal bulls—with an unlimited right of excluding certain or all of the orders of regular clergy at pleasure. In short, it is only modified Popery—considerably lowered beneath the high theory of ultramontane pretensions—that is to be found in any great realm of the modern Continent. Here, then, was the inherent fault of the Relief Bill. What neither fear nor favour had obtained from any Roman Catholic state, Protestant England gave away in precipitation, in ignorance, or in contempt.

It may be true that if, as was urged at the time, it was *necessary* to hurry on the Relief Bill without delay, it would hardly have been possible for its framers to engraft on it a suitable and well-weighed scheme of restriction; it is perhaps more true that the temper of the country, already sorely tried, could not have been expected to endure at that crisis the additional novelty of a formal negotiation with Rome. We only profess to declare what should, from the first, have been the object of our emancipating guides. We maintain that the alternative was never fairly stated to the country. The choice, as it should have been proposed, lay between the restrictive laws as then in force, and the removal of those laws *with* the imposition of such other restrictions as had been admitted in various European states, and as the circumstances of this country rendered peculiarly necessary in her case. Had our popular writers fairly stated the problem, and frankly addressed themselves to the task of solving it, instead of indulging in vain declamation and irreverent ridicule, the nation would not have been taken by surprise, as it was; if forced to adopt an unpalatable measure, would have chosen the least objectionable form of it—and in their aversion to the evil would not have rejected the palliative.

Up to the passing of the Relief Bill all was at least consistent. No interference of the Pope was, in theory, permitted—his very existence was ignored by the law. Now that the emancipation was complete, and his access to his own adherents unrestrained, to persist, for the sake of nominal and fallacious consistency, to ignore the Pope, was to confer upon him the plenitude of ecclesiastical

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siastical power, unbounded in theory as the wildest claims of the dark ages could extend, and limited in practice only by his own discretion. Such an arrangement, or rather abrogation of all arrangement, could not long admit of peace even in an united country where the Roman Catholic religion was dominant; could it bring peace to one torn with dissensions, where another was the religion of the State?

Sooner or later a collision between the Crown and the head of the Romish Church was inevitable; whether the Ministers who reluctantly passed this measure would or could have subsequently devised any efficient safeguards for it—was never put to proof: they soon yielded their places to its most strenuous advocates, and beneath the fostering influence of those successors the fruits of 'Emancipation' rapidly expanded and matured.

Under ordinary circumstances the unfettered action of ecclesiastical authority is as galling to the Romish laity as it is incompatible with the free action of government; but, in the presence of a Protestant power and nation, clergy and laity agreed admirably in keeping up the agitation they had repeatedly promised to abandon for ever. The influential laity indeed—the demagogues, by whom, as well as by the priests, the unhappy peasants were cajoled, inflamed, and plundered—had the dexterity to secure the more substantial fruits of victory to themselves. Mr. O'Connell received as his share, besides *the rent*, the command of a following strong enough to balance the parties of the imperial legislature; and by the *compact* of January, 1835, the whole patronage of Ireland was laid at his feet. The priests, for the most part, were paid with fawning genuflexions and such honours as—*proh pudor!*—could be extorted from the time-serving Ministers of a Prince still styling himself the Defender of the Faith. Every year the embarrassments of Government increased; every year fresh concessions were sought for, and made—with the effect that might have been anticipated—of raising fresh hopes and exciting new demands. One by one the few restrictions that had remained were removed; even those that seemed most obviously requisite under a Protestant crown to prevent the collision of parties, and thus to promote peace and goodwill, gave way with the rest. When it was necessary to request Parliament to 'sanction' these innovations, each step, we were told, was but to follow out the principles of the Relief Bill—a convenient phrase by which the trouble of thought is saved to an indolent majority, and the conscience of a hesitating supporter is quieted. When the ball is once set in motion down a declivity, each bound is no doubt 'following out the principles' of the first impulse. But to every declivity, save one, there is a bottom.

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We are not now alluding to the ordinary objections against a government of concession, or to the danger of swelling the pride and therefore the pretensions of a priesthood—but to the radical misconception which is to be found at the bottom of all Whig legislation on this subject. We mean the belief that, if the priests were but sufficiently flattered, their Church in Ireland, as an institution forming part and parcel of the Papal machinery, would become submissive and dutiful to the British Crown; whereas, if, for the sake of argument, we suppose that everything, wealth, power, *supremacy*, could be conceded, so that nothing was left to ask for, the inevitable moment of collision between the supreme ecclesiastical and civil powers would only be hastened. The Queen, in such a case, would but be in the very position from which all the Sovereigns of Europe found it necessary to seek means of escape some seven or eight hundred years ago. In as far as this system of concession can be considered as carried on by honest minds, it was a system of blunders; but being in the main but a series of petty shifts suggested one after another by the urgency of the moment, and adopted in the view of serving party interests at the expense of religion and principle, it has brought with it the appropriate punishment of a severer sentence and an overwhelming disgrace.

Among their endeavours to gratify the pride which they had thus weakly inflamed, the most extraordinary was the plan to confer surreptitiously—and without any direct act of the competent authorities—title and precedence upon the chiefs of the Popish Priesthood in the Colonies and in Ireland. In 1845, when this invasion was first noticed in Parliament, Lord John Russell had the boldness to say in his place,—

'I believe that we may [that is, *we should*] repeal those disallowing clauses which prevent a Roman Catholic bishop from assuming a title held by a bishop of the Establishment. Nothing can be more *absurd and puerile* than to keep up such distinctions.'

This was indeed a candid proclamation! The scheme accordingly was persisted in—and by and bye we exposed it so fully in an article already referred to (vol. 82, p. 293), that we should not revert to it, if the subject had not acquired such additional importance in public estimation from the recent 'Papal Aggression.' We tried then to impress our readers with our own apprehensions—we have now to lament their fulfilment. Mr. Perceval's pamphlet contains the debates in both Houses, together with all the official documents that throw light on the affair. From these we shall make some extracts, and we must begin with Lord Grey's celebrated

'*Circular*

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'*Circular addressed to the Governors of the British Colonies.*

'*Downing-street, Nov.* 20, 1847.

'SIR,—My attention has lately been called by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to the fact, that the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the British Colonies have not hitherto, in their official correspondence with the Governor and authorities, been usually addressed by the title to which their rank in their own Church would appear to give them a just claim. Formerly there were obvious reasons for this practice; but as Parliament has, by a recent Act (that relating to Charitable Bequests in Ireland), formally recognised the rank of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates, by giving them precedence immediately after the prelates of the Established Church of the same degree—the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops taking rank immediately after the Protestant archbishops and bishops respectively—it has appeared to *her Majesty's Government* that it is their duty *to conform to the rule thus laid down by the Legislature*;—and I have accordingly to instruct you hereafter officially to address the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in your Government by the title of *Your Grace*, or *Your Lordship*, as the case may be.

'Parliament not having thought proper to sanction the assumption by the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland of titles derived from *the sees which they hold*, a similar rule will be followed in the Colonies; thus, for example, the Roman Catholic prelate in New South Wales will be addressed as the Most Reverend Archbishop Polding, and in Van Diemen's Land as the Right Reverend Bishop Willson.—I have, &c., GREY.'

The Protestants in the House of Commons had a natural anxiety to see a document in which Lord Clarendon, finding himself at leisure to divert his mind to the care of the antipodes, and not feeling satisfied with Lord Grey's attention to Popish interests in that remote quarter, had thought proper to jog his noble friend's memory. Accordingly, Sir Robert Inglis moved for *the Lord Lieutenant's letter*—but, behold! it had no official existence! The return from the Colonial Office was NIL. It seems surprising that Lord Grey should have quoted a private letter as the ground for an official Despatch, or, having so quoted it, did not perceive that it thereby became official—and public property. Several expressions in the *Circular* were also most remarkable—especially the tranquil observation that 'Parliament had not thought proper to sanction' the Popish prelates in Ireland in 'the assumption of titles from the *dioceses which they hold*.' But all surprise is swallowed up in what follows.

In the House of Lords, 8th August, 1848, Lord Redesdale said, the *Charitable Bequests Act* had been relied on under a total mistake, and

'The mistake, he conceived, had arisen from the fact that, whereas *the Act* merely authorised a Commission, consisting of the Master of the

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the Rolls, the Lord Chief Baron, the Judge of the Prerogative Court, and ten other *persons*, five of whom were to be Roman Catholics,—in the *Queen's Letter* placing those persons on the Commission, it so happened that after the name of the Protestant archbishop the Roman Catholic archbishop's came next, and so on, after every Protestant bishop there was a Roman Catholic bishop named. But every one knew that names were placed upon Commissions without any reference to the precedence of rank; as, for instance, in the Treasury, where it often happened that the First Lord Commissioner was a commoner, while the junior lords might be persons of much higher rank. The explanation of the arrangement so made in this Commission appears in the very Act quoted by the noble lord in his Circular. The Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron, and the Judge, in the order of their rank, if present, were to act as official chairmen of the Commission, and in their absence one of the ten others, in order of their *appointment*. With regard to these, if all the Protestants had been placed first on the Commission, and all the Roman Catholics last, it is quite clear that it would be impossible for any of the latter ever to have a chance of occupying the chair at their meetings in the absence of the official chairman. It was, therefore, in order to make a *fair distribution of the chance of filling the chair* that the arrangement of the names had been settled.'

Lord Stanley added—

'The noble Earl had stated in a Despatch that *Parliament had, in the Bequests Act, expressly recognised the rank of the Roman Catholic prelates, and that it was the duty of Her Majesty's Government to conform to the rule laid down by the Legislature.*] THE FACT *was, that no such recognition had been made—no such rule laid down. The fact was, there was not one word from beginning to end of the Act with regard to the precedence of prelates of the Roman Catholic Church*; and that, although her Majesty, in the exercise of her undoubted authority, had thought fit, in appointing the Commissioners under that Act, to give, *for the purposes of that Act*, a certain position in that Commission to certain individual prelates, and to none other, yet those prelates had no precedence whatever as to rank *beyond the doors of the Commission*, nor had *any other Roman Catholic prelate the slightest precedence or position of the kind* in consequence either of the provisions of the Act or of the arrangements under the Commission.'

Thus both allegations were for ever abolished. But as we cannot suppose that Lord Grey was aware of the falseness of the grounds he alleged, so we do not believe that he had considered how indefensible in form, in principle, and in law, was the course he pursued. He does not seem to have known that there cannot be canonically two bishops of the same diocese, and that to acknowledge the *holding* of the one is to disallow that of the other. He is as willing to grant the style of *Your Grace* to two archbishops of Dublin as that of *Reverend* to two dissenting ministers in

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in his own county, whose votes he wishes to secure. He does not care that the Pope, by giving the title of archbishop to his hierarchs, may at pleasure secure for them superior consideration to bishops, even to archbishops, of the Established Church. Lastly, he seems to think that the Colonial Secretary is the fountain of honour, and that it is not even necessary for that potentate to use the form of 'having taken her Majesty's pleasure.'

If the result were not so serious, it might provoke a smile to consider the effects of this sweeping appropriation of lofty titles, and on what sort of persons these two modest Earls had bestowed the style of 'Your Grace,' peculiarly English, unknown (if that signifies) and having no equivalent in the Romish Church abroad —not even in Italy.

We know not whether Lord Grey's prejudices have blinded his perceptions, or whether the badness of his cause obliges him to mystify his defence. He seems to see everything indistinctly, as through a mist of his own raising. Characteristically enough, he makes a parade throughout of the contempt which certain statesmen are accustomed to profess for what they call trifles. Lord John Russell, in like manner, in the House of Commons, expressly recommended passing from the subject because it was, '*after all, of no importance*:'—he was still of opinion, that is, after the lapse of three years, that any objection to such steps was 'puerile and absurd.'—'When the substance is given up, why quarrel about the shadow?' is a phrase much in vogue with politicians of this stamp. They might learn better from the only Church which they seem to admire. What they call the *shadow* often involves the *principle*. It is by catching at such shadows, and never relinquishing them, that the Church of Rome became what she is—a power still able to agitate this country from one end to the other; and truly in our own immediate case the shadow plays no unimportant part. It has consolidated itself into the portly substance of a Cardinal-Primate of all England and twelve suffragan Bishops 'holding' English sees.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Perceval's pamphlet, if they wish to see collected together all that wit and argument in and out of Parliament were able to urge against the Cabinet on this occasion. We say the Cabinet, for it was not by silent support alone, but by entire agreement in sentiment and in language with the two Earls, that all the Ministers, and especially the Premier, declared their concurrence. But if we were to select the passage which we consider least creditable to the noble Secretary, and yet most important for the public to reflect upon, we should take it from his own defence. Lord Grey, in reply to Lord Redesdale, said—

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'It was perfectly true that the Bequests Act did not expressly recognise the rank of Roman Catholic prelates; and that, in writing the Despatch, *he had undoubtedly taken somewhat hastily the expression used in the letter of his noble friend the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to him on the subject.* Yet, though the language of the Circular was, to a certain degree, inaccurate, it was, at the same time, substantially correct.'

And how does he make this out? Lo! he has a new document in his bag:—

'An Act of Parliament, though it was a Private Act, still was no less an Act of the Legislature. In the Dublin Cemeteries Act he found a Roman Catholic Archbishop styled *the Most Reverend Archbishop Murray;* and in the same Act, which was passed in 1846, Dr. Murray was styled *His Grace.* It should be recollected that the Despatch [the famous Circular] did not give a rank, but merely recognised a rank already recognised by law. . . . . He believed that it was an unfortunate circumstance that the title of *My Lord* should be given to bishops either of our own or of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . . In some colonies the English Church was no more established than the Roman Catholic; in many of the colonies the Roman Catholics formed the great majority of the population; and it appeared to him that it was contrary to all justice and reason, that in such cases the title accorded to the prelates of the one religion should not be given also to those of the other.'

We need not call admiration to the coolness with which this nobleman of very recent nobility decrees the titles conceded immemorially by the Constitution to our own episcopal bench to be 'unfortunate.' But we must pause for a moment on the 'Private Act, not the less an Act of the Legislature,' which he digs up to supply the gap left by his demolished Bequests Act. 'A private Act, forsooth!'—exclaims a writer frequently quoted by Mr. Perceval—

'of which, most probably, not a single Member of Parliament, except those in the secret, ever read more than the title; though it is now clear enough, from the use which Lord Grey has been put up to make of it, that this *clandestine march* was stolen upon the country and upon Parliament with *malice prepense* of the Romish hierarchy.'—*Morning Herald,* Aug. 22, 1848.

The all-important clause of this Private Act is in these words:—

XXVIII.—*Be it enacted, That his Grace Daniel Murray, Archbishop, and his successors exercising the same Spiritual Jurisdiction as he now exercises in the Diocese of Dublin as an Archbishop, may from time to time appoint, at the desire of the said governing body, a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church to officiate as a Chaplain in any such Burial-grounds, and such Chaplain shall be licensed by and be subject to the Jurisdiction of the said Archbishop, and*

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and the said Archbishop shall have power to revoke any such licence, and to remove such Chaplain, for any cause which shall appear to the said Archbishop to be canonical!

Mr. Perceval's commentary is this:—

'If Lord Grey's argument from the Private Act being the Act of the Legislature be worth a straw, this most improper recital and enactment in an obscure Private Bill *has virtually repealed the Act of Supremacy, and falsified the oaths of every Protestant Peer and Member of Parliament.* For, beyond all question, *Daniel Murray's Spiritual Jurisdiction* is THE POPE'S! Roman Catholic prelates have *no* JURISDICTION but of *the Pope's giving.* They are but *Vicars* of the *Universal Bishop.* This Private Act, therefore, proves something too much.'

Mr. Perceval does not point out all the importance of this precedent of 1846—if it is to pass for one—as respects the 'Aggression' of 1850; but, as he justly says, the mere existence of such a *Private Act* is a circumstance well worthy public attention. Who drew the Act? Can any one doubt that it was a popish sub-official—or a popish prelate, his real master? It is high time the country should learn the circumspection that is required when honesty and plain dealing are not to be depended upon in public servants. In these days, when no lawyer can keep pace with the torrent of legislation on public matters which rolls through Parliament, we discover that every obscure Private Bill must be watched in its progress, lest it should contain some clause that virtually repeals the constitution. What would have been thought of a Bill for paving and lighting Marylebone, which should incidentally have usurped the royal prerogative, and conferred the title of Duke on Mr. Joseph Hume, and made Lords of the Marylebone Vestry? And yet how much less mischievous would such a creation have been than one which establishes the right of a foreign power to create ducal rank, and more than ducal precedence, without stint or limitation!

We must here notice another occurrence prior to the discussions of August, 1848, but which has only very lately been made *publici juris.* On the 19th of March, 1848, the Earl of Clarendon addressed a letter 'to his Grace Archbishop Murray *of Dublin,*' in which he said,—

'(*Private.*)

'My dear Lord—Your Grace had the goodness to promise that you would convey to Rome, for the consideration of the Pope, the amended statutes of the Queen's Colleges. As I entertain a profound veneration for the character of the Pope, and completely rely upon his upright judgment, it is with pleasure that I now ask your Grace,' &c. &c.

Now, we beg to remind our readers (*see* Q. R., vol. 82, p. 302) that Lord Palmerston, when questioned on the 10th of December, 1847,

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1847, as to the alleged accreditment of Lord Minto as an Envoy to the Court of Rome, replied that Lord Minto had not been so accredited 'in any way'—her Majesty's Government having 'too much respect for the law to do anything which could by possibility be considered an infringement of it.' Such was Lord Palmerston's view of the law. He strenuously defended the Government against the suspicion that they had ventured, as the law then stood, to open any intercourse with the court of Rome. The Act of Queen Victoria authorizing diplomatic intercourse with the Sovereign of the Roman States—*quâ* temporal sovereign merely—was, after many debates, passed at the very close of the session in 1848 (Sept. 3). Yet in March previous here is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland asking 'his Grace Archbishop Murray of Dublin'* to convey to Rome for the *consideration* of the Pope, upon whose upright judgment his Excellency has implicit reliance, the statutes drawn up by her Majesty's responsible servants for the new colleges then meditated. Every one knows the contemptuous reception accorded to this communication by Pius IX.: that was to be expected by all except the self-abused Viceroy; but our business at present is merely with the discrepancy between his deed and the so recent declaration of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

In spite of all these things, one might have expected that the debates of August, 1848, respecting Lord Grey's Circular, would have instilled a little caution; but not so. The same course was resumed. It is by no one avowed act of the Legislature, nor of the royal prerogative, that this innovation has been accomplished. It was promoted by a succession of ministerial manœuvres, advancing like the gradual and scarcely perceptible rising of an inundation, till at last (one error supporting and confirming another), on occasion of the Queen's visit to Ireland, there appeared in the Dublin Gazette the following NOTICE:—

'*Lord Chamberlain's Office, Dublin Castle, August* 7, 1849.

'HER MAJESTY has been pleased to desire that the following persons should have the *entrée* to the Castle:—

The Primate.
The Chancellor.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Roman Catholic Primate.

* According to some Popish newspapers the letter was not addressed to Archbishop Murray, but to his coadjutor at Dublin, Dr. Nicholson, 'Archbishop of Corfu.' This would be nothing to us, since there is no dispute as to the letter being Lord Clarendon's, and addressed to 'His Grace' Archbishop Somebody at Dublin. The letter was, it seems, actually conveyed to the Propaganda by Dr. Nicholson; but it seems unlikely that it was not in the first instance addressed to Dr. Nicholson's superior. That would surely have been contrary to etiquette. Lord Clarendon, it seems, resents much the publication of the 'private' document! How will he understand those to whom he abases himself?

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The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.
The Duke of Leinster.
The Cabinet Ministers.
Her Majesty's Household.
The Lord Lieutenant's Household.
The Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.
The Master of the Rolls.
The Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas.
The Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, &c. &c.
And all who have the *entrée* at St. James's.'

A small circumstance marks the deliberate and general prospective purpose of this NOTICE. In August, 1849, there was no 'Roman Catholic Primate.' The 'Throne' of Armagh was vacant until filled in 1850 by the Pope's nomination of his '*philosopher* and friend' Dr. Cullen. The *Primate* therefore was mentioned with a view to the Court arrangements of futurity. This was meant to be a settlement *in perpetuum* of the precedence of Dublin Castle; nor could it be questioned that it was also meant that Popish Prelates admitted to such precedence there would have a full right to claim similar rank on any visit to her Majesty's Court at St. James's.

It may well seem idle, after these occurrences, to express any *surprise* at the English Bull of 1850. Undoubtedly the way for it had been well smoothed; as far as Ministers were concerned, the Pope might be excused for believing that his 'aggression' would be anything but unacceptable. But his Holiness, though infallible, had forgotten an important *item* to be calculated, and discarded for once the Wisdom of the Serpent. Having, as he had, friends here, who plotted for him with a zeal and a disingenuousness which his own court could hardly surpass, it does seem an act of wondrous folly on his part, and should be received as a deliverance on ours, that he himself chose suddenly to expose to the whole English nation the lines of attack so ingeniously concealed.

The Pope's indiscretion, however, leaves Dr. Wiseman's *argumentum ad hominem* against Ministers quite untouched; nor, on the other hand, will it avail *them*, when the immediate excitement shall have subsided, to say, in humble imitation of their eminent ally, that the Bull of Pius IX. was mainly prompted by recent manifestations within our own Church.

At present, certainly, the signal on this head has been obeyed with great apparent alacrity. On every side we hear the same strain:—May not our own divisions be justly regarded as the great cause of the arrogance of our enemies?—When the zeal which should be exerted on the substance of religion is allowed to waste itself on idle forms; when disputes about doctrines too

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mysterious for human comprehension, and too subtle to be defined by articles or settled by controversy, make us forget the main and plain points on which we all agree; when Anglican clergymen, even dignitaries, seem to tamper with the keystone of the Establishment—the supremacy of the Sovereign; when there is a party in the Church who cry up the religion over which Pius IX. presides, and calumniate the Reformation which our forefathers blessed as the escape from the house of bondage—is it wonderful that the 'successor of St. Peter' should assault a power which even its own servants do not respect and defend?

No doubt, in Rome the conversions to Popery have been much exaggerated both as to their number and importance. No doubt also the 'Romanising tendencies' of a section of our clergy have been misrepresented by half-foreign priests and fantastical converts, who never perhaps imbibed the spirit of the creed and ritual they have abjured, and who, we will be bold to say, have everything to learn (as they will hereafter find to their cost, on a nearer view) of the church they have embraced. Of what has been said on these unhappy topics, however, enough is true to cause severe pain and excite a just alarm. What we wonder at is the audacity of the Whig ministers in venturing to start such a strain. In what, we must ask, did the Tractarian movement originate? Whose acts provoked it? Is Lord John Russell in this case entitled to throw the first stone?

The Whig Government of 1830 included not a few individually hostile to the Church, and all as a party were unfriendly to it. They came in 'with a cry,' in pursuit of popularity; they believed the Church was unpopular because the dissenters were noisy; and they immeasurably underrated her strength. The Establishment appeared to be really in danger, and the alarm was powerfully sounded by one of their own warmest partisans, who had never been accused of bigoted attachment to the Church, and whose nerves did not seem particularly sensitive to the danger of innovation. Bishops were appointed who, whatever might be their merits, did not command the confidence of the clergy. Their doctrines had given offence to many, and their advancement spread and strengthened the conviction that it was the intention of the government to favour latitudinarian principles to the utmost of their power. Ministers seemed anxious to mark that their indulgence extended beyond even the pale of Christianity;—the proposal to admit the Jews into Parliament was honoured with their zealous approbation. Is it surprising that earnest and zealous men united to oppose the torrent which threatened the Church of England, and to propagate *her* doctrines in all their original force and purity, as the best means of resisting

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ing her latitudinarian foes? The *Tracts* began in 1833. The first of them was an address to the *clergy*, demanding if they meant, as a body, to let their bishops alone stand the battle proclaimed by the then Lord Grey's memorable speech about 'setting houses in order'? It was not until far on in the series that any tenets were announced which could offend the most orthodox churchman. We do not lay upon the successive ministries, in which Lord John Russell has held a prominent place, the blame of the melancholy follies which this party have subsequently committed;—by no means;—the reaction in favour of antiquity is generally felt, and has produced extravagances in matters of much less importance. Fopperies of ill-understood archæology might, no doubt, have crept at any rate into our churches, and very possibly some dreamy enthusiasts might have gratified their vanity or a 'morbid taste for externals' by going over to Rome. But the solidity and consistency of the party, with a definite and laudable object, which gave them at first the support of good and able men, are to be attributed to that war upon the Church which the Reform Premier proclaimed, and which the Whig chiefs have since carried on with no other intermission than that produced by occasional want of power. Nor was this power always wanting when they were out of place. Can we forget what use they made of their leisure in December, 1834, and January, 1835? Can we forget that in those months were held the consultations between Irish papistry and English innovation which resulted in the Lichfield House Compact? Or can we consider it as a circumstance of no significancy that Dr. Wiseman now states that the first petitions for the establishment of a regular hierarchy in England were sent from London to Rome 'sixteen years ago'? To what period does that date bring us? Is it possible not to suspect that those petitioners obeyed the same *directors* who were exactly then preparing an assault of unprecedented violence upon the Anglican Establishment in Ireland, and with whom English intriguers were content to take counsel at Lichfield House? Or, considering how close the alliance between our ruling Whigs and the chief instruments of papal policy in this empire continued to be from 'sixteen years ago,' and more—to August, 1849, and later—is it possible to doubt the accuracy of Dr. Wiseman's reiterated assertion, that nothing was farther from his expectation than the appearance, on the late occasion, of such a document as the letter to the Bishop of Durham signed by Lord John Russell?

That remarkable letter, however, was not, even on the face of patent documents, the noble Premier's first move. Originally he took the matter very philosophically. When, three years back, his

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his attention was called, in the House of Commons, to the universal report as to the erection of the Westminster primacy, he contented himself with curtly replying that he had received no information of such an arrangement, nor, if he had been informed, would he 'have *approved of it*.' He did not say that he would have boiled over with 'indignation,' and forthwith set about examining into the state of the penal laws. No. But this was long ago—and the Bull had not been actually issued!* Well, even on the first formal promulgation of the Wiseman Bull, he (October 28, 1850) in the same calm laconic style of eloquence announced to a favoured 'gentleman of Exeter,' by the pen of his secretary, that the government had 'not given sanction or approbation' to the scheme thus propounded from the chair of St. Peter; —but still not a note of antidote or resistance! By and bye he found that both above and below him the matter was regarded more seriously. Mighty indeed in working was the brief interval between October 28th and November 4th, when he addressed the Bishop of Durham. By that time he had taken alarm—for *what* we need not ask; and, ingenuously attributing the 'insolent and insidious aggression' to the unchecked spread of Tractarian delusions, declares his high scorn of all 'mummeries,' and his resolve that if the law will reach the intrusive papists it shall be put in force; if it will not, it must be amended! *Et tu, Brute!*

No minister ever stood in a more pitiable position. But the movement has advanced far beyond the control of such 'weak masters'—and something must be done. That the law would still reach the 'Cardinal-Archbishop' and his suffragans, is hardly, after the speech of Sir E. Sugden, doubtful. It is not, perhaps, so generally known how this happens to be so. The fact is, that the bill of 9th and 10th Victoria, as prepared by Mr. Anstey (a Roman Catholic lawyer and M.P.), approved and supported by Lord John Russell, and agreed to by the House of Commons, repealed the Acts of the 1st & 13th of Elizabeth *in toto*; but the sagacity of the Bishop of Exeter detected the possible consequences of such extreme liberality, and *his* amendment was carried in the Lords:—whereby, although the statutory penalties of the old Acts

* It can hardly seem unfair to glance at the story of Lord Minto in immediate connexion with the proceedings of his noble son-in-law and official chief. To that dignified 'legate à latere,' early in 1848, the Bull for the establishment of the hierarchy was shown, says Dr. Wiseman;—and, in spite of an apparently distinct denial, he repeats the statement. We may not doubt Lord Minto's word; we must suppose that the Bull, as yet veiled in the obscurities of a learned language, was not readily intelligible to the insular envoy—or that, overburthened with schemes for the general regeneration of Italy, and pleasingly stimulated as to them by the fraternizing Cicerovacchio, he found little leisure for studying a mere rescript of the *Servus Servorum Dei*. Lord Minto, however, if he did see the Bull, said nothing against it; and in that case no wonder the Pope drew from his Lordship's silence the inference he wished.

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were

were abolished, their substance was retained—so that their infringers are still liable to all the consequences of *misdemeanour*. Many, no doubt, would be desirous to see the powers with which the so preserved statutes invest Government again enforced. But, whatever difficulties there may be in such a course, the greatest, we imagine, would be in inducing Lords Grey and Clarendon to co-operate. A hard case indeed is theirs, if they must either consent to do so, or abandon their posts because *conscience* forbids them to defend the cause of religion and patriotism.

Still, we repeat, something must be done: to whatever a few dignified Whigs may be committed, the country is unanimously resolved not to submit to what she regards as both an insult and an injury; and Lord John Russell must have more courage than even Sydney Smith ascribed to him if he, after his letter to Bishop Maltby, dares to meet Parliament without some measure in his hand. In fact, to do so would certainly be to pronounce sentence of immediate deposition against himself—and, we need not add, against the Ministry. The only other men of active talent and bold temper in his Cabinet are about as unpopular as it is possible for statesmen to be. The Colonial Office and the Foreign Office have reduced themselves to such esteem that it is hard to say whether the Premier would suffer most by being thought to yield, on a great point of domestic policy, to the one of their chiefs, or to lean principally, in an adherence to it, upon the support of the other.

Something must be done—something must at least be attempted: what that something will be, it is not our business to conjecture; but we greatly fear it will turn out to be a something as inadequate to the exigency of the case and expectation of the community, as fatal (which, in fact, any measure, however timorous, must be) to the consistency of our rulers. Nor, however feeble and ineffectual, could it fail to encounter a formidable combination of parliamentary factions. One English section, we can already see, will be for allowing matters to remain as they are on the plea of 'Peace;' another will swell the inevitable Irish cry that the slightest movement in the shape of resistance involves the heinousness of Persecution. The meaning is much the same. Peace is not to be got by passive submission to acts of warfare; there is no persecution in endeavouring, in a country where there are many diversities of faith, to place Church matters on such a footing that the different dissenting bodies may hold each its own way, without perpetual risks of collision, either with each other or with the religion which is still that of the Crown and State. But the truth is, the whole of this opposition will be found to resolve itself into a continuation of that hostility to the Established

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blished Church—the 'United Church of England and Ireland'—which has been felt, for these twenty years, to be a cardinal motive of Whig policy. To the *ultramontane* representatives of Irish constituencies we have little to say—they will be fighting for a cause which they will avow, and which the principles instilled into them by their confessors have satisfied them that they may conscientiously (though to other men's views they violate oaths) avow and uphold with the utmost of that power which the Relief Bill left to be exercised by them under no control save that of their own discretion and honour. Their English allies, Mr. Roebuck for instance, will not probably speak out so plainly. The *ultramontanist* strains every nerve to ruin our Church, because his hope is strong that, were she degraded, the Protestants, reduced to a chaos of unprivileged sects, would be unable to resist the disciplined force of the Vatican; that multitudes of Anglicans would in such a state of matters seek for shelter under the ægis of the Infallible See, firm in a polity independent of local arrangements; that the feelings which have hitherto made the main strength of our Church would be largely enlisted on the side of Rome; and that, after an interval of anarchy, the result would be her formal supremacy even in England. Never, we believe, were visions more baseless. The people of England, long accustomed to religious freedom, will not again place their necks beneath the sandals of monks. 'The morbid taste for externals' is confined to a few idle and susceptible individuals of the upper classes, who seek for occupation in religious excitement and a new amusement in the pauses of hackneyed dissipation—the mass of the people is *here* untainted. The destruction of the Church of England *here* would neither be the triumph of Rome nor of Belgravia; but from the ruins of all would spring up those stern and relentless sectarians who once before overthrew the monarchy, and who would preach universal toleration till one of them was strong enough to practise persecution. The English latitudinarian—to say nothing of the sheer infidel—does not perhaps look so far. It might be curious to speculate on what his feelings would be if suddenly transferred to a land where the Papal system enjoyed a complete dominancy. With what zeal would Mr. Roebuck then denounce the absurdities of the dogmas, the insolence of the priests, the slavery of the teaching: what barricades, what violence, would he not recommend to get rid of the abomination: what pains and penalties would he think too much for its instruments?* But meanwhile his

* One of the frescoes that adorn the Sala Ducale in the Vatican palace represents the massacre of St. Bartholomew;—and the triumphant inscription beneath it, effaced by Pope Ganganelli, may still be traced for the edification of the true and zealous Roman Catholic.

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his eye is kept fixed on the one eyesore—the existing Church establishment: and in his hatred of one Bishop for a Diocese the Member for Bath would gladly see two. No matter that the one priesthood is, in all its ranks, bound by every interest to peace and order—the other to turbulence and sedition. Treat both alike—let them neutralize each other: in the struggle we shall get rid of both!

Lastly, of course, there will not be wanting those who discover a conclusive argument for inaction in the series of concessions already sketched: but we must again warn such reasoners that, with whatever ease they expose the folly of successive Cabinets, and the incapacity of Lord John Russell's to remonstrate with any show of justice, the matter is now taken into the hands of the nation, and the nation will assuredly not permit it to be skimmed over merely from tenderness for a few traders in politics. Nor, after all, considering the Pope as a substantive power, can even the imbecility that endured all his prior encroachments afford any justification for *him*.

When the Statute of Supremacy was re-enacted in the first year of Elizabeth—that is, upon our final rupture with Rome—a war of destruction as against infidels was declared by the Papal See. On such occasions, its pretensions, which during a period of amity have submitted to the restrictions imposed by usage or policy, rise instantly to their full extravagance, and employ such weapons of offence as circumstances suggest and the spirit of the age allows. In those days no weapons were held to be unlawful; and when the Legislature passed the restrictive statutes, especially those forbidding every sort of intercourse with Rome, and exacting the abjuration of that 'damnable and heretical doctrine' that subjects might be absolved from their allegiance, and the deposition of sovereigns—even their assassination—sanctified by a decree of the Pope—it did no more than was necessary to protect Elizabeth and her successors from incessant machinations against their crowns and persons. When we changed the dynasty in 1689 the Pope was, and he continued to be, the chief ally and prop of the exiled house; every Papist was a suspected conspirator against the Protestant Succession. It was not till after the failure of the last attempt to restore the Stuarts that a subsidence of the long-continued hostilities between this country and Rome took place, and gradually consolidated into *a Truce*, uncovenanted in terms, but by every year's prescription acquiring more and more the force, and at all events inspiring the confidence, of a written

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Grantham Yorke for his very instructive and interesting Lectures—and Mr. Brogden for an enlarged edition of his invaluable *Safeguards*.

agreement.

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agreement. *The basis of this Truce was the* UTI POSSIDETIS. The Pope withdrew no claim, but he desisted from all interference, except such as was necessary for the direction of his flock. At the date of the truce his Irish bishops were found in the exact position of their predecessors prior to the madnesses of James II. There existed no such bishops in England, and he made no attempt to create them. He accepted, when under the pressure of French despotism, the assistance of Great Britain; at the restoration of European peace many courtesies and civilities were interchanged between him and the Crown. The first encroachment respected our colonies, but this was at least palliated in the outset by our own neglect of the interests of our Church in them. Rome saw us allow them to multiply and grow without taking any care for planting in them our own ecclesiastical system; and the apparent indifference with which her first steps were observed, added to the long-continued abandonment of our own duty, might be considered as some proof that in that direction the empire was willing to acquiesce in her measures. Then came the erection of a new see (Galway) in Ireland—a step which would certainly have attracted much notice under ordinary circumstances; but it occurred in 1831, when the whole nation were in the fever of the Reform Bill: it therefore passed literally without observation. Finally, even as to the subsequent concessions of title and precedence to the Pope's Irish and colonial prelates—however weighty the argument drawn from them by Dr. Wiseman against the Whigs—however we are bound to admit that they might naturally encourage the Court of Rome to believe that it would carry the sentiment of our present rulers with it in further innovations—we must repeat that these concessions were, in spite of all the sophistries of Lord Grey, ministerial, not legislatorial; and insist that, grievously inculpating a knot of partisans, they can avail but little for the defence of the Pontiff of 1850.

It is something, after all, that those surreptitious steps were taken in respect of our outlying dependencies. It does not follow, because faithless stewards have encouraged, and a careless landlord has winked at, squatting on the skirts of his chase, that *he* will feel himself bound to tolerate the cutting up of his garden into lots or the demand of a lodgment in his manor-house. The invasion of *England* was an egregious novelty—a monstrous inroad; by that, at least, the *Truce* of a hundred years was openly trampled under foot—there could no longer be any pretence that the *Uti Possidetis* had not been violently disturbed. All the advocates of quiescence, from Dr. Wiseman to Lord St. Germans, assume that the Pope does and can exercise his authority in no other way than that which he has now adopted with

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respect to us. This, however, is not the fact. If it were, no doubt the fact would much embarrass the opposite side; but that he has other means, and can use them when he pleases, our own experience proves; and no one is better aware how the case stands than Dr. Wiseman, though we can readily believe that Lord St. Germans has not considered matters so closely.

Since, then, the Truce is at an end, what remains for our election? We think, one of two things only—War or a Treaty of Peace. Now war, either in the shape of hostilities against the feeblest of all temporal princes, or in the shape of the summary re-enactment of the severe penal laws, whereby to compel our Romish fellow-subjects back into the condition of their grandfathers—this is, we need not say, utterly a dream. No such measures would be endured by Parliament, nor, even at this moment, excited as it is, by the British people. The alternative is peace—a treaty—a solemn and distinct engagement as between two sovereign powers.

The reasoning of those who insist that any such treaty would be a violation of principle, is to us simply unintelligible. If we be told that it is ridiculous to propose the experiment of a peace with a power which has just broken a truce, we reply, that a truce has no sanction save *in foro conscientiæ*—whereas a written compact passes instantly into the body of European law, and that, were such a treaty trampled on by the Pope, he would find himself alone in the Roman Catholic world. Every government, Protestant or Romish, which has been in the habit of conducting her relations with Rome on a Concordat, would be instantly roused by such an infraction, and would become our ally against the Vatican. It must be needless to expatiate on the consequences which this would involve.

The '*dilemma*' stated by Lord St. Germans has, we believe, disturbed many temperate minds. We admire the adroitness of the noble logician, but he does not touch our convictions. He says—

'The supremacy of the Queen, that is, her authority as head of the Church, is as much part and parcel of the constitution of the Church in Ireland as in England. Anything which, if done in England, would constitute an aggression on the supremacy of the Queen, must equally constitute an aggression on it if done in Ireland.

'Parliament, in proceeding to legislate on the subject, will therefore find itself in this dilemma; either it must prohibit in England that which it permits in Ireland, or it must prohibit in Ireland that which has been immemorially done in that country without let or hindrance.'

We admit the great difficulty and delicacy of such legislation as Lord St. Germans contemplates; but we think he has perplexed

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plexed himself and others unnecessarily by confounding very different things. Toleration and Permission, which he takes for convertible terms, are by no means such. That which is prohibited may be tolerated—it cannot be permitted. Sin is not permitted. Every Truce on the principle of *uti possidetis* must include the tolerance of many anomalies: these must remain till they are set to rights by some definite arrangement: both parties are bound in honour to leave them as they are meanwhile. Interference with them by the solitary act of either is *aggression*, and breaks the Truce. The noble Earl's *dilemma* rests, therefore, on nothing but oblivion or suppression of the existence of the Truce between us and Rome; and he is wholly unwarranted in arguing either that a tolerance in Ireland, which made part of the *uti possidetis*, ties us up from repelling an aggressive innovation as to England; or that, the principle of *uti possidetis* having been set aside by the Pope's own deed, our Legislature is not at full liberty to take up the whole question *de novo*, and proceed to rectify the grand omission, which neither Pitt nor Grenville ever contemplated, but which was made by the hasty Ministers of 1829.

We, at least, do not believe that any mere Bill passed by the British Parliament would have been effective for that purpose even at the commencement of the century; still less that it would be effective now. One thing, however, is quite clear—that, supposing the attempt towards a settlement to be made by a statute, we shall gain but little if it deal only with the outward and visible signs of recent aggression. If the enemy is not to be disarmed, it signifies little to hinder his marching with beaten drums and flying colours. This new aggression is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Relief Bill; we shall certainly take nothing by any new Bill which shall not do what that unfortunate Bill wholly eschewed—establish the necessary restrictions upon the administration of the Romish Church *within this empire*—such restrictions as are to be found in operation in every other European State but this. To such regulations no Romanist really faithful in heart to his Sovereign and the Constitution can reasonably object. It is happily seen that some of the most respectable adherents of that religion are prepared to stand by the body of their countrymen against the overweening presumption of the Roman Court. Let us repeat once more that we ought to be exceedingly thankful for the late excess to which that presumption has been tempted. But for this, one encroachment might have followed another until we had grown completely callous and casehardened, or accepted submission as an inevitable destiny. It is not yet, we hope, too late to profit by the warning that

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that has been rashly afforded to us. We must seize this opportunity for giving ourselves a chance at least of internal tranquillity for England—of repose and civilisation for Ireland. Ireland is the main and permanent consideration. The insult which has raised the country from one end to the other is the rattle of the snake, but it is idle to think of silencing the rattle by cutting off the tail; it is the bite that is fatal. We must find an antidote to the poison.

We well know how offensive the mention of a *Concordat* will be at present. Few, perhaps, call to mind from how early a date such treaties have been found necessary. The series can be traced distinctly from A.D. 1122 to the settlement of the modern kingdom of the Netherlands; and to them Europe has owed the far greater share of such ecclesiastical peace as she has ever enjoyed. Among all the innumerable pamphlets and speeches called forth on this occasion,* we have not observed a Treaty alluded to as the possible solution, except in the one very statesmanlike reply of the Bishop of Norwich to his clergy; and that allusion was fiercely rebuked in newspapers justly respected for their consistent protestantism. Nevertheless, we confidently anticipate that, when the present fever is allayed, it will be gradually apprehended by the good sense of the nation that there is no other measure which can promise even a chance of ultimate repose. It is very probable that the enforcement or imposition of some restrictions, by direct authority of Parliament, may be in the first place wise and expedient: a negotiation could not be brought to a rapid conclusion; something may be necessary at once to allay the irritation of Protestants, and to check the arrogance of Romanists—and so by degrees predispose both parties to an accommodation. Restrictions, however, we firmly believe, can be of no real value any further than as they may tend to the consummation so devoutly to be wished—a *Concordat.*

ART. X.—*The Defenceless State of Great Britain.* By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Murray, 1850.

THE readers of the Quarterly Review need hardly be reminded of the respect and regard which we have always felt towards Sir Francis Head. We have been the ready witnesses and sometimes the auxiliaries of his various and brilliant successes, as well in his spirited and ill-requited administration of Upper

* In the last Number of that useful monthly sheet, the *London Publishers' Circular*, the publications announced in connection with 'the aggression' are 184!

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Canada as in the many literary essays in which he has combined much information with much amusement. We therefore were prepared to receive with the most favourable disposition any work from so lively and fertile a pen; but when we recollected that Sir Francis, in addition to his other qualifications, had been a soldier, and had, no doubt, exercised in that profession the same singular powers of observation and combination which he has shown on other subjects, we were at once startled, and additionally interested, by the announcement of a work of such an ominous title and import as the *Defenceless State of Great Britain*. We opened the book with a strong predilection for our author; but we soon perceived that the impressionable turn of his mind, the singular adroitness with which he gives importance to minute objects, his seductive facilities of graphic illustration, a certain love of singularity and paradox, and, above all, the activity and dash with which he delights to ride as it were a steeple-chase after any favourite object—that all these, we say, which give such a charm to his lighter essays, are not so well adapted to subjects so serious as the defences of the country, and the financial and political considerations to which all the military and mechanical elements of national defence must be subordinate.

We have shown in two articles, as long since as September, 1847, and March, 1848,* that we were fully alive to the great question of our national defences, both military and naval, and to the inappreciable importance of the change which many circumstances, and particularly the application of steam in its various forms, had made in our defensive position since the conclusion of the last war; but Sir Francis appears to us to have treated the subject in a style so dangerous to the true principles of our national defence, that we cannot refrain from entering our protest, alike against his judgments on the past and his suggestions for the future.

The whole scope and object of the work may be comprised in a general proposition that England will be in a defenceless state as long as she shall not have a STANDING ARMY AND A STANDING NAVY equal in every respect to those that in any war can possibly be arrayed against her; in other words, that we should support, henceforward and for ever, nothing but war establishments on the most extensive scale. Against this, we repeat, we must protest *in toto*.

Sir Francis undertakes to establish his lemma of the *Defenceless State of Great Britain* analytically, by a series of details exhibiting the insufficient state to which, by the false economy of peace establishments, different branches of our public force

* Quart. Rev., vol. 81, p. 572; vol. 82, p. 453.

have

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have been reduced. Now, the defects in any human system are far from being conclusive against the system itself, and we should be rather inclined to rely on a contrary process, and to think, if a system either of national government or national defence appeared to work well as a whole, that there would be but little wisdom in condemning it for the deficiency of some of its parts. But as a writer of high reputation has produced such details as the basis of a whole scheme of reform, we cannot take the liberty of *pooh-poohing* them, as most of the newspapers have done—we wish to deal more seriously with the matter.

The first grand blot in our present *military* system that he notices is THE COMMISSARIAT. He states that Sir John Moore in 1808, and the Duke of Wellington in 1809, complained of the want of experience and ability in the commissariat, and he gives an interesting account of the system which the Duke drew up with his own hand for the formation of an efficient commissariat, and of its success; but he adds, as a heavy *item* of his indictment, that—

'at the conclusion of the Duke's campaigns this system of officers and subordinates, thoroughly instructed in and acquainted with the principles and practice of obtaining and of distributing that enormous amount of provisions and forage necessary for the movement of a combined army, was *disbanded*.'—p. 49.

Here we apprehend is a material error. The commissariat was no more *disbanded* than any other branch of the army: the active list was simply, like that of all other officers, reduced in number to a peace establishment—the excess being placed on the half-pay list, whence they have been again brought forward for service, and we believe that, at this moment, most of the senior commissaries employed have belonged to the old Peninsular corps. 'The consequence,' he proceeds, of this *disbanding*—

'is that a *field* commissariat, the life-blood of every movement in a campaign, is not in existence. In lieu of it there is, however, a corps of commissaries attached to the Treasury, such, we readily admit, as never before existed. By men of business they would justly be declared *better competent to keep the accounts of an army than the old worn-out campaigners they have succeeded. They are gentlemen of education, of good character and conduct; but as their sedentary duties are*, generally speaking, quite foreign to field-service, there is reason to apprehend that whenever, for the exigencies of war, they shall suddenly be placed on saddles—in short, whenever a British army shall take the field—its General will probably find himself'

in an embarrassing 'predicament.' This may be very true; but Sir Francis does not tell us how it is to be remedied, unless, indeed, the word 'saddles' implies that the clerks in the Commissariat

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missariat Department of the Treasury ought to be taught to ride—an art in which he confesses, elsewhere, that few Englishmen require much tuition. But how or where are the 'field duties' of a commissary to be taught? Some of the details of such duties Sir Francis very amusingly recapitulates, after the Peninsular model, where, for instance, the commissaries were practised 'in the organisation of brigades of mules and of 800 bullock-carts, and divided into eight subdivisions of 50 carts under commissariat clerks, and each of these again into two brigades of 25 carts,' &c., and the commissariat clerk had to learn the weight that each carriage could carry—'how the bullocks were to be shod—how much food or fodder each was to receive every day'—and was to familiarise himself with 'the efficient employment of *capatazes,* smiths, drivers, herdmen,' &c. But let us suppose a commissariat school after the Spanish model established on Salisbury Plain with 'brigades of mules, bullocks, and bullock-carts, and attended by *capatazes*,' &c., does not Sir Francis Head see that all this *special* education would be of comparatively little value on any other part of the Continent, and still less at home? He may say that he means, by this enumeration of duties, only to show the variety and importance of commissariat operations; but surely it would be more reasonable that, if *any* details are to be specified, it should be those which may, by possibility, have some application to the matter in hand.

For what, we ask in the name of common sense, has an amusing picture, drawn through three or four pages, of the night and day duties of a commissary in Spain, to do with our defence at home? How are those things to be practically taught, or, if taught, applied in a country like ours? Are we to lay markets under contributions, to plunder farmyards, seize carts and horses, bivouac a hungry soldiery in our streets and fields, in order to educate a corps of commissaries against a visionary invasion? And this system we should have been pursuing for the last thirty-five years in anticipation of a war, which is not yet come. What more then, we ask, can be done in a preparatory way for general service, and above all, for service at home, than that which the critic admits is already done—to select 'gentlemen of education, good character and conduct, and competent accountants'? Sir Francis, who produces the Duke of Wellington's testimony as to the Peninsular Commissariat, has overlooked his Grace's rational solution of this question as regards England—'*a regular commissariat establishment is not required within Great Britain*' (Desp., vi. 127). *Occasion*, when it arrives, will soon give to well-educated commissaries the practical habits and energies required for the special circumstances, and nothing else will!

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The next complaint is, as to THE ENGINEER DEPARTMENT. It would be with great diffidence that we should differ from Sir Francis Head on points connected with his own individual profession and studies, if we did not find him differing so often from himself, even in this very chapter. We knew from the Duke of Wellington's Despatches that his earlier operations in Spain were, as our author repeats, very much impeded by the numerical inefficiency of the Engineer department. That department, like all others, had been kept on the scale calculated for the ordinary service of the country; but our readers can have no difficulty in understanding that it would be inadequate to the unexpected and unexampled necessities of the Peninsular contest. We met that great exigency by great efforts, of men and money; we drafted our militia, we drained our population, we exhausted our treasury, and collected to an astonishing and—as it turned out—*adequate* amount —the *raw material* of war; but it was inevitable that the scientific branches which require matured studies and long training should be less easily supplied. We admit this; but the instances that our author produces on this subject, so far from persuading us of the necessity of keeping up extravagant establishments for uncertain emergencies, rather tend to prove the prudence—the wise economy of measuring our preparations by what is probable, not by what a sanguine mind may consider possible. What, for instance, can be a more complete answer to Sir Francis Head's general complaint than the very terms in which he makes it?—

'It will scarcely be credited that the trenches, saps, mines, batteries, and other important works necessary for the recapture of Olivança, in April, 1811, the attack of Fort Christoval, in May, 1811, the siege of Badajos, in May and June, 1811, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812, the siege of Badajos, in March and April, 1812, the escalade and capture of the French works at Almaraz, in May, 1812, the reduction of the French posts at Salamanca, in June, 1812, the capture of the Retiro at Madrid, in August, and the siege of Burgos, in September and October, 1812, were undertaken and conducted by a British army UNATTENDED BY A SINGLE SAPPER OR MINER.'—p. 52.

'Scarcely to be credited;' but so it was! The Duke managed to select such a number of infantry officers and soldiers, as, under the instruction and direction of the limited number of engineers at his disposal, enabled him to achieve those almost incredible things; and as the war went on, Sir Francis Head admits that between 1809 and 1811 'the Duke of Wellington had gradually established an efficient department for siege and field duties.'—*Ib.* But besides the general answer which Sir Francis thus affords to his own general complaint, the only two particular instances

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that he adduces tell still more strongly against his argument. He tells us (p. 53) that the French besieged in 1811 Badajos, with what he applauds as an ample proportion of engineers, sappers, miners, &c., and yet that it required forty-one days of open trenches to take the place, defended only by a Spanish garrison, and surrendered, says one of the historians, *infamously* too soon; whereas the Duke, in the following year, retook the place from a French garrison, composed no doubt of all that Sir Francis Head considers necessary for such a defence, in just half the time (17th March to 6th April). It is true that this success was obtained by a great loss of men; but Sir Francis has neither shown that the French loss in the first siege was proportionately less, nor that the English loss would have been less if the Duke had had two or three hundred more sappers and miners. The fact may have been so; all that we are at present concerned to do, is to show that Sir Francis has not only not proved his case, but, as far as he goes, has disproved it.

The next head of inquiry is THE ARTILLERY,—a subject which we treated in generals and in detail in our Number for March, 1848—and we trust in a more practical and useful method than that of Sir Francis Head—of which, indeed, the most notable feature seems its inconsistency.

The main drift of his work is to show that the defenceless state of this country arises chiefly out of the superior skill and science possessed by our most probable antagonist, the *French*—and his preservative would be a greater exertion of all the energies of skill and science on our part; yet he admits, in this most important department, that any additional skill or science which we might develop would inevitably be in the long run turned against us:—

'During the French wars which terminated in 1794 and 1814, the British service enjoyed a striking advantage in the rapid movements, mechanical arrangements, and excellent practice of its field-artillery, which by its rude but powerful eloquence proved itself to be so irresistibly superior to that of all other nations, that since the last peace its system has been copied by almost every country in Europe. But although the compliment is highly flattering, it is nevertheless equally evident that its effect will be to *deprive us, in future, of a certain portion of the superiority which this important branch of our army has hitherto enjoyed.*'—p. 62.

This paragraph appears to us to be an involuntary caveat against nine-tenths of the volume. If our field engineering be inferior to that of the enemy (as stated in the former chapter), we are to be beaten of course; but now, if our field-artillery be 'irresistibly superior,' we have only taught the enemy how to deprive

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prive us of that superiority: so that, whether we strike high or low, there is no pleasing those who have no mind to be pleased; and England is defenceless. But even that superiority we have, it seems, already lost by our own false economy:—

'As soon as peace was obtained it was deemed necessary for *economy* that this noble branch of the service should be reduced; and to such a drastic extent has this national prescription been administered, that, while the Russian army have at present 1020 guns, the Prussian 492 guns, the French 3759 guns (of which 500 are horsed), and even the Belgian 84 guns, the British army could not, for the defence of England, at present, bring into the field, fully equipped, and with ammunition waggons fully horsed, more than twenty-six guns (less than a quarter of a line-of-battle ship's two broadsides), of which nearly one-third are in Ireland! . . For ordinary service in Great Britain and Ireland few, if any, have ammunition waggons, but carry thirty or forty rounds on the limbers, which, although ample for common mob-work, would be utterly insufficient for regular warfare.—The total number of the artillery horses of the British nation is as follows:—In Great Britain, 407; in Ireland, 305; total, 712.—Horses could, of course, be readily purchased on an emergency, but, as soon as the guns were unlimbered for action, they would—like the Duke's description of semi-disciplined Spanish troops—*run away frightened only by the noise of their own fire!*—pp. 63—65."

The sum of all this—and indeed of *the whole of the chapter*—is, that because the huge armies of the Continent, some actually at war, and all on a war footing, and liable any day to come into collision, have a proportionable artillery, we, with our smaller army and within our island limits, should swell ourselves out to a corresponding bulk. The complaint is, not that we have not as great a *proportion* of guns and stores in our arsenals as any of them. No—that, as we formerly showed, is undeniably true—but that our foolish and mischievous economy has for these last five and thirty years prevented our maintaining and training to *stand fire* a number of *horses* sufficient for the possible exigencies of war. We believe we may reckon the military life of an artillery horse at not more than six or seven years; so that, in pursuance of Sir Francis Head's system, we should already have purchased, fed, trained, and *buried*, five generations of horses—to say nothing of the expense of powder in teaching them to 'stand fire'—a point to which they would be brought in five weeks as well as in five years.

Sir Francis's next topic is THE STAFF OF AN ARMY, which

'In the field is composed of a quartermaster-general's department, an adjutant-general's department, majors of brigade, and aides-de-camp.

'From the sporting habits of Old England, a British army, in every climate of the globe, in times of peace as well as in war, has always

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teemed, and ever will, with officers brimful of the energy and natural qualifications requisite for the above duties. A few facts, however, will explain that at the commencement of the next campaign our most forward riders may prove to be lamentably deficient in strategetic knowledge. For instance, previous to the advance or retreat of an army, *especially in an enemy's country*, it is necessary for the General commanding—who, of course, has not time to reconnoitre everything—accurately to ascertain from the quartermaster-general's department *its* military features; *its* resources as regards shelter, shade, water, provisions, and forage for the troops; the nature and state of *its* rivers, streams, and fords; the condition of *its* by-roads as well as high-roads; whether *its* bridges are safe, &c. &c. &c.'—pp. 65, 66.

Again, this is all very true; but where is the remedy? how is it possible that you can educate a staff to be acquainted with all those innumerable *local* and special details, all the minute features—all the '*its*'—of a country in which, *ex hypothesi*, they are to be employed *for the first time?* All that can be done is to encourage, both by education and favour, such studies and habits as may *prepare* officers for those duties *anywhere*.

'On the termination of the Duke's campaigns his valuable staff—or *rather that portion of it that survived Waterloo*—was broken up; and as his Quartermaster-general, Adjutant-general, with many of their assistants, are now dead, the remainder being too old to resume their former duties, it is evident that, in case of war, the STAFF of a new British army, although it would no doubt again be composed of officers of great energy and intelligence, would inevitably prove, *at first*, inferior in that experience and in those acquirements which the Continental armies, by means of their great reviews and by other efforts, are at this moment studiously maintaining in full vigour—READY AT ANY TIME TO TAKE THE FIELD.'—p. 70.

The commencement of this passage obliges us to remark that Sir Francis occasionally colours up his statements by an incidental touch, which seems, but only *seems*, to add something of greater plausibility to his view: thus, when talking of the 'breaking up' of the Duke's staff, 'or rather *that portion of it that survived Waterloo*,' he might be supposed to imply that, from that day to this, our army has been without an efficient staff. Now, we must say that, if this was meant, facts do not bear it out:—the number of staff officers of all ranks, under the Duke's orders, previous to the battle, including generals and their aides-de-camp, and brigade-majors, was 148, of whom 20 were killed; but of the *adjutant and quartermaster-general's* department, to which Sir Francis more specially alludes, 50 in number, *two* only were killed. However the country might lament the individuals who fell, we believe no officer will deny that the staff, in the subsequent march into France, was in all respects as efficient as it

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was

was before the battle; and a considerable number of *survivors* have had frequent opportunities, almost down to the moment at which we write, of adding new triumphs to their earlier services. As to the latter part of the extract, we admit at once that the continental armies, not merely by their great reviews, but from the very nature of their ordinary service, must have more practical experience of field-duties and strategy than the British army can have. France, since the peace, has had at least three or four armies employed in external military operations—in Spain, in Belgium, and twice in Italy—besides the twenty years' campaign, which has employed from 80,000 to 100,000 men, in Algiers. The same observation applies, in a greater or less degree, to the other chief European powers. Our army could have no such opportunities at home; but it has had some in our colonial service, and, above all, in our Indian campaigns, in which the *survivors* of the Duke of Wellington's staff have been educating, as it were, a young staff in the very school in which the Duke himself began his career. We admit that the Indian and colonial schools, though they would help our home defences, are inadequate to the contingencies of a general war; and it was no doubt this consideration which prompted the late General Order of the Commander-in-chief, establishing, as preliminary to commissions in the army, an examination in some of the most practical branches of military science. That general order might have diminished in some degree Sir Francis Head's alarm as to the future efficiency of the staff. It proves at least, what most people already thought, that the Duke did not require a *Flapper!*

The next head of Sir Francis's inquiry is THE INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

'In all times, in all countries, in all climates, and under all circumstances, the indigenous courage of English troops under fire has ever shone with resplendent brightness. On the other hand, *until very lately*, their general conduct has been sullied by the national habit of hard drinking;—a vice which, although our leading statesmen, country gentlemen, and indeed all classes of our community, more or less every day of their lives, simultaneously committed [it] with impunity, involved the poor soldier, especially in foreign countries where wine and spirits were cheap, in sorrow, misery, and disgrace. Haunted by this bad habit of his countrymen, and *stinted by his Government from all practical knowledge of the art of war*, he laboured under disadvantages for which, it is undeniable, his country rather than himself was to blame.'

It is, we fear, but too true that drinking has been the chief defect of both our soldiers and sailors; but we really cannot agree with Sir Francis Head in attributing so much of this 'national habit' to the soldier's *being stinted by his Government from all practical knowledge of the art of war;* nor do we quite understand how

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to reconcile the great prominence *now* given to this point, with the saving proviso of *until very lately*. These words imply a bygone state of things, and if so, Sir Francis need hardly have revived the reproach of an obsolete *vice*. But even that saving clause does not do justice to his own subsequent statement of the improved discipline of our army. He selects from the Duke of Wellington's Portuguese despatches of May and June, 1809, some strong complaints of the conduct of his men, and which, considering that this was the first time that the great majority of them, chiefly young soldiers, had ever seen foreign service, is not surprising; nor, however regrettable such irregularity might be, did it prevent their gradually acquiring a state of discipline which enabled their great commander to lead them twice through France, and eventually to garrison Paris, with as little injury or even alarm to the inhabitants as they would have felt from their own gendarmerie. We cannot, therefore, but complain of the observation that the Duke's

'resolute but severe discipline would have been unnecessary, had our gallant soldiers been *fairly dealt with*—had they been properly *educated* by their country.'—p. 74.

We really do not comprehend what kind of *unfair* dealing can be imputed to the Government, nor how any *education* other than discipline, severe or lenient according to circumstances, could have either prevented or remedied the mischief. But again—Sir Francis himself exultingly cites the evidence of the Duke, that that army had become, in discipline as well as in every other point, if not the best, at least equal to the best, in the world. In his examination in 1836, before the Commission on Military Punishments, his Grace said—

'I always thought that I could have gone anywhere and done anything with that army. It was impossible to have a machine more highly mounted, and in better order, and in a better state of discipline than that army was. When I quitted that army upon the Garonne, May, 1814, I do not think it was possible to see anything in a higher state of discipline, and I believe there was a total discontinuance of all punishment.'

How, we ask, can the charge that drunkenness and indiscipline prevailed in the army *until very lately*, be reconciled with *such* evidence of so perfect a state so long ago as May, 1814? Does Sir Francis mean that the army has relapsed into drunkenness between May, 1814, and *very* lately? Does he forget, that the Duke of Wellington has been either a Cabinet Minister or Commander-in-Chief during the greater portion of that interval? And does Sir Francis Head really believe—as the whole of his statement and argument seems to imply—that any foreign army would,

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in similar circumstances, have been better disciplined than ours? No one can doubt that the longer troops are organized and inured to the vicissitudes of service, the better their discipline is likely to be; we admit, too, that the French are, as a people, more sober than the English, and fall more easily into military habits; wherefore it would not have surprised us if Sir Francis had been able to state broadly what he only implies, that the veteran and victorious armies which Buonaparte detached into the Peninsula, not as enemies but allies to his brother King Joseph, and to whom conciliation was more a duty than conquest—had afforded a laudable contrast to the indiscipline of Sir Arthur Wellesley's young and heterogeneous forces. But what was the fact? Does Sir Francis Head, who insists so vehemently on the irregularities of the Duke's new soldiery, forget the just indignation with which the world heard of the proceedings of the French armies in Spain and Portugal? How is it that, when he picks out some paragraphs of the Duke's letters complaining of his own men, Sir Francis omits his indignant testimony to the infinitely worse conduct of the French? At that very period, in answer to reflections not unlike those here retailed, the Duke said—

'If British soldiers have committed, as all soldiers do commit, acts of misconduct, they have at least fought bravely for Portugal. They have besides recently shown that commiseration for the misfortunes of the people of this country, which I am convinced will be equally felt by our countrymen at home, and *actually fed the poor inhabitants of all the towns* in which they were cantoned.'

And he concludes with regretting that

'such bravery, humanity, and generosity, did not induce some with whom they were serving to look with more indulgence at their failings, and to draw a veil over the faults of the *few* in consideration of the *military and other virtues of the many*.'—*Despatches*, vii. 353.

These observations Sir Francis does *not* quote. We feel as strongly as he can do the beneficial influence of discipline in alleviating the horrors of war; but we think we are entitled to complain that he thus produces a *one-sided* representation of a case which, if fully stated, would, as far as it went, have negatived the innuendo. Having both parties equally before him, we wonder why he should choose the least culpable for the greatest, indeed the only blame. For the purpose of alarming the *Women of England*, to whom he dedicates his book, the French example would have been not only the truest but the strongest.

We now approach Sir Francis Head's grand specific—a large STANDING ARMY and STANDING NAVY, with permanent establishments of all kinds, adequate to *all the contingencies* of a general maritime

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maritime and continental war. It is not our business at this moment to offer any opinion as to whether our present amount of army is adequate to our present wants. We humbly, and yet confidently, leave that question to be settled between the financial prudence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the military vigilance of the Duke of Wellington. '*We trust our rulers with their skies.*' Our concern is with Sir Francis Head's broad proposition, which seems to us liable to the double objection of being not only extravagant, but one that would, even on his own showing, by no means ensure the results that he has in view. We must again refer to our former language on this point:—

'The point at which England ought to aim we take to be this, that she should ensure herself against a *coup-de-main*. To go further during a season of peace—to recruit our army till it should vie in numbers with those of the Continent—far more to put arms into the hands of our entire male population because France has a National Guard and Prussia its Landwehr—would, in our opinion, be consummate folly.' —*Quart. Rev.*, vol. 82, p. 454.

Sir Francis Head's views have a much more extensive scope. He complains that everywhere—at home, in our colonies, and even in India—(where there are 30,000 men)—the numbers are too few—that these few are so scattered into detachments as to deprive both men and officers of adequate opportunities of improving their knowledge or even maintaining their present discipline —that the only part of the world, except India,

'where as many as 4000 or 5000 British soldiers are ever collected together is on the grass plot of the Phœnix Park in Dublin; indeed, with the exception mentioned, the latest period at which the officers of the British army have had an opportunity of witnessing the movements of troops, or of acquiring any practical knowledge of their profession beyond that of the care and the exercise, on a small parade, of say a battalion of men, was upwards of 35 years ago, when the greater number of *the present subalterns, captains, and many field-officers, were not born!* No wonder, therefore, that it should have been stated by high authority, "We have not many generals that could get 10,000 men out of Hyde Park!"'—pp. 82, 83.

But suppose for a moment that we should make the costly experiment of 'increasing our force by 100,000 *infantry* (p. 380 *et passim*), with the view, in the first instance, of teaching officers to manœuvre them in parks and on parades, how are they to employ the rest of their time? Do we not know that even the leisure of the limited number of the garrison of London is, by good judges, considered too great for preserving a real military efficiency? Do we forget that the Horse and Life Guards used to be opprobriously called *Cheesemongers*, until the exigencies of the war obliged us to send them to the Continent, where they became

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became all at once as remarkable for their field-discipline as for their personal prowess and transcendant courage? Is it not even now thought advisable to take every opportunity of removing those corps from the capital—sending the Foot Guards to Lisbon and Canada, for example,—and, in our ordinary domestic service, detaching them to Dublin, to Chichester, Windsor, and Winchester? Is it not evident that London, to a garrison of 70,000 or 80,000 men, would be worse than a *Capua?* or, putting London out of the question, would not such a parade army make a *Capua* anywhere? Montesquieu says that *celui qui assemble le peuple l'émeut:* it is equally dangerous to collect an army, without constant, and serious, and active, *bonâ fide* duties.

Sir Francis Head does not, we presume, contemplate a revival of the ancient Roman system under which the *Legionaries* were practically the masons, drainers, *navvies*, and hodmen, of a subjugated world. He may, however, it is possible, indulge himself in a theory that his probationary and precautionary army would always find sufficient employment in their military exercises. But human nature tells us that no employment is sufficient that has not a visible, practical object, and that an army to be employed in '*marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, quartering at Isleworth and forming on Hounslow Heath,*' must inevitably become either as ridiculous as the Train-bands or as dangerous as the *Prætorians!* We leave it to the good sense of any reader whether, even if the finances and moral feeling of the country could be brought to tolerate the maintaining at home 100,000 infantry more than we had immediate, indispensable duties for, the certain mischief would not infinitely overbalance the contingent advantage.

But though it is true that we cannot have such strategic reviews as the armies of the Continent, there might still be a degree of instruction given, with little inconvenience, in a way that Sir Francis Head has not thought of, or at least not mentioned. By means of the railways, all the troops in Ireland might be assembled on the Curragh of Kildare in twelve hours, and all in Great Britain on Salisbury Plain or Cannock Chase in as short a space; they—or at least a large proportion of them—might be spared at a favourable season of the year from local duties to form *instruction* camps; and this might be done without seriously risking the peace of any district, as the whole body would be within twelve hours' call of its most distant quarters, and the yeomanry and militia might be called out at the same time, for exercise and to supply the places of the troops. Such reviews and such trainings might not do much, but they would do something—and at no great cost.

Sir Francis's next complaint arises from a comparative view of the

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the AGES of the officers in the French and British services. But here, as in so many other places, his statements seem to us inconsistent. We have just copied his lamentation that our regimental officers are too young—he now deplores that the officers of superior rank are so old as to be unfit for service. We should have thought that the best chance of not having generals too old was to have junior officers rather young. The ages of our Generals he illustrates by the following table:—

	Age.
Commander-in-Chief	81½
Generals	From 88 to 68
Lieutenant-Generals . . .	From 75 to 62
Major-Generals	From 70 to 61.—p. 84.

And by way of contrast he produces, '*for instance*,' another table of the ages of *French Generals*, averaging, as he says, forty-three years and four months—which comparison, he says, offers 'a *self-evident moral*.' Whatever the *moral*—to us certainly not *self-evident*—may be, it would be more instructive if the comparison were more accurate. While professing to contrast the British and French services, and taking the British list, full-pay and half-pay, *en masse*—he confines his French *instance* to the *army in Algiers*, and, giving us the ages of the *fourteen* generals now employed *there*, arrives at an average of *forty-three years and four months*.* We wonder that he does not see that the *fourteen* French officers employed in the peculiarly active and adventurous service of Africa, and most of them promoted for that special duty, could afford neither a satisfactory criterion of the 414 other generals whom we find on the last French army

* We cannot very well make out the exact date to which Sir Francis's list applies, but by saying that Lamoricière was 'the *real* commander-in-chief,' he seems to imply that it was at the period when the Duke d'Aumale was *nominal* commander-in-chief; yet, if so, how is it that the age of the *commander-in-chief* is given as forty-six? But we have reason to suspect that the list is inaccurate in several particulars. We are informed by a friend well acquainted with the French army, that it assigns the ages of 37, 38, and 39 to officers who are really 45 and 50. We suspect that the MS. copied by Sir Francis was not very legible, and that he may have mistaken some of the *figures*, as he seems to have done some of the *names*—as *Glonun* and *Montanyeau*,—places we have never heard of, and which we guess to be misprints for *Tlemcen* and *Mostaganem*. Sir Francis is also under a great mistake if he means to represent the Duke d'Aumale as having been a puppet commander-in-chief under the tutelage of General Lamoricière. The Duke d'Aumale, though only eight-and-twenty, is a man of considerable abilities and extensive information, and has the character of being, not only a brave but very intelligent officer,—not at all inferior to General Lamoricière in any personal requisite for command. But, however that may be, we are assured that the General was not more than twice at the Duke's head-quarters, and then only for purposes connected with his own provincial command, and, in short, had no more share in the Duke's confidence or measures than any other officer of his rank. All these inaccuracies, however, though worth notice when produced with a claim to statistical precision, are of no importance to the argument, as it is but too true that the oldest general of the Algerine army is junior to the youngest on the British list.

list

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list, nor a fair comparison with the 337 generals on the British list; and we may further remark, as some reply to the charge of a too niggardly economy in our administration, that 414 French generals represent an army now of 408,630, while there are 337 English generals to an army now of 123,000 men; that is, one general to about 1000 men of the French establishment, and one general to 360 men of the British.

There is another and more interesting observation to be made on the subject of ages. The two oldest generals on our list, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Anglesey, are still employed in the great duties of *Commander-in-Chief* and *Master-General of the Ordnance;* and we think we may venture to say that any one who has had occasion recently to do business with either of these 'octogenarian chiefs' must admit that their personal activity and clearness of intellect are not inferior to the maturity of their experience. The same remark may be made with equal truth of the oldest sea-officer, the *Admiral of the Fleet*, Sir Byam Martin, whom the Admiralty have frequently and recently requested to conduct committees of inquiry into the most important and delicate subjects, selecting him not so much from his high rank as for his mental alertness and thorough acquaintance with the freshest additions to the science of his profession. This coincidence, of finding three such men at the head of the three chief branches of our public force, is certainly very striking—(not the less so for the glorious parallel lately exhibited in the Radetzky and D'Aspre of Austria)—but we readily admit that such are highly exceptional cases;—it is undeniable that twenty years of unexampled war, followed by thirty-five years of uninterrupted peace, must necessarily have left a large overplus, both of admirals and generals, more or less unfit for active service; and we could have wished that Sir Francis Head, instead of the hasty and not very useful comparison with the French army of Algiers, could have proposed some practical remedy for so serious a difficulty.

There are two conflicting principles in this matter, which it is not easy to reconcile—that of *seniority*, which secures the personal independence and private interest of the officer, and that of *selection*, which, honestly administered, is evidently the most conducive to the public interests. Both the French and the English services combine these two principles, but at different stages. The French gives a large preponderance to seniority in mere regimental promotion, while that of generals and field-officers is by selection. In England, selection has the preponderance for junior regimental officers; but the superior ranks from lieutenant-colonel upwards proceed by seniority. With us there are few departures from

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from the leading rule; but they are very frequent in France, where, as a natural consequence of so many revolutions, the claims of seniority are in various ways postponed, or annulled. They have also in France a regulation, which *at certain fixed ages* removes (with a few exceptional cases) generals and admirals from the active to a retired list. Something of this kind has been attempted in England, by giving a bonus of additional half-pay to voluntary retirements; it has, however, done little practical good.

The only remedy that Sir Francis Head hints at, namely, the permanent maintenance of much larger establishments, would, as it seems to us, only aggravate the difficulty; for if we had ever since 1815 kept up a hundred additional regiments, it is obvious that the hundred additional colonels of thirty-five years ago, or at least 'the survivors of them' (to say nothing of majors and lieutenant-colonels), would now be general officers of hardly less than 70, and have proportionably swelled the list and the average which Sir Francis justly complains of as already too great.

We do not venture to suggest a satisfactory solution of this difficulty; but after all, we see, even in the present state of things, no great cause for alarm. Our recent operations in India, and let us add Sir Francis Head's own defence of Canada, show that we have still vigour enough when *occasion* calls it forth; whenever the exigency shall arrive—whatever be the state of the *list*—the ascendancy of the young blood that Sir Francis admits to pervade the junior ranks will force itself forward—we shall find generals amongst the regimental field-officers; and in the next French war we may look to a repetition of what happened in the last, when—from a stock much smaller and less promising than we now have—there started up a Lynedoch—a Combermere—a Hopetoun—a Beresford—a Hill—an Anglesey—and a Wellington, *not one of whom was a general officer at the peace of Amiens*—(though the last and greatest had acted as one)—and all of whom won peerages in the ensuing war!

We cannot close this chapter without noticing a singular feature of its concluding paragraph. Here Sir Francis talks of '*the youthful armies of Europe*' in contrast to the British army, which he represents as '*stricken in years*,' as well as '*steeped in ignorance*;'—not a syllable having been before said as to the age of the respective *armies;* it having, moreover, just been alleged that the majority of British regimental officers are comparatively inefficient by reason of their youth—and, finally, the whole of the next chapter being dedicated to prove the vast advantage of old soldiers over young ones. Can an army be fairly said to be *stricken in years* because its generals are so? A distinguished painter should dispense with the flou-

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rishes of a caricaturist. We believe that, in point of age, health, and strength, the British army may be safely pronounced equal to any in the world.

It was hardly necessary, we think, for Sir Francis Head, in his advocacy of a large standing army, to have taken so much pains to prove the superiority of disciplined over 'half disciplined' troops, and *à fortiori* over undisciplined mobs. Nobody will deny that the country, so far as regards resistance to a military invasion, would be much safer if we could afford to have a hundred thousand veterans, commanded by young and yet experienced officers, *bivouacked* upon Salisbury Plain as permanently as Stonehenge. The discovery is not a new one; fifty years ago Mr. Windham promulgated the same principle, and startled and somewhat offended the country by calling the yeomanry and volunteer forces of the day mere *depositories of panic*. We readily adopt all that Mr. Windham did, and all that Sir Francis Head can say, in depreciation of any reliance on *levées en masse* as against disciplined armies, and in desiring to 'see maintained the greatest amount of regular force that we can, on the one hand, *afford*, and, on the other hand, *usefully employ*.' All beyond *that* would—as we have already hinted—in guarding against contingent dangers, realize others probably earlier and not less fatal—we should be putting our constitutional liberties, as well as our national safety, out of the hands of the Country into those of a Corps.

The second part is dedicated to NAVAL WARFARE; and here we must say that Sir Francis has been still less fortunate than in his military discussions. This subject naturally deviates into a great variety of topics, and he produces details so erroneous, we think, but certainly so complex and vague, that it would take a larger volume than his own to rectify them all; we will endeavour, however, to give our readers a few *examples*, from which, as he is fond of saying, 'they may draw their own conclusions.' Coleridge observed that 'the English have a morbid habit of petting and praising foreigners of any sort, to the unjust disparagement of their own worthies' (*Table Talk*, p. 181); and we are sorry to say that Sir F. Head's work is no exception to this reproach.

His main object is to prove that the foreign navies, and particularly the French, have, by availing themselves of the resources of science—miserably neglected in our service—obtained such proficiency and efficiency as bid fair to more than endanger, in the event of a war, our superiority at sea. The negligence, the apathy of our naval administrations, and the ignorance and obstinacy

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nacy of our sea officers, have been, if we are to credit Sir Francis, quite awful. Let us look into his proofs.

A great gun is—as most of even 'the *women* of England' may know—of a conical shape, thicker at the end where the powder is lodged than at the muzzle, and of course the outside surface is not parallel to the interior cylindrical bore; and Sir Francis gravely asserts that it was not until '*long after the late peace*' —1815!—that not merely British seamen, but all ranks of British officers, believed—nay, some still believe—that the method of taking aim at an object is merely to look along the exterior surface of the gun; and he is so indignant at this wonderful blunder, that, with his usual fondness for mechanical illustration, he thus explains it:—

'If any of our readers, as *he* [Sir Francis forgets that the work is specially addressed to the *women* of England] is comfortably seated at his fireside, were to take the trouble to put a pea into his mouth, and holding a common tin peashooter horizontally, and placing the far end of it on the back of a chair, if he will then look through it, he will distinctly see the precise spot on the chimney-piece at which it points. Now, if without moving his head or the far extremity of the peashooter, he will lower the end through which he had looked from his right eye to his mouth, and then with the whole power of his lungs, if he will blow out the pea, he will find it hit the chimney-piece infinitely *higher* than the mark he had observed;—the obvious reason being, that, by having lowered one end of the peashooter considerably below the horizontal line at which he had at first adjusted it, he had given to it a corresponding angle of *elevation*.'—p. 143.

In consequence however of seamen, both French and English, having only practised with great guns, and not with tin peashooters, their shots of course never hit the hull of the ship at which they aimed, but at best would cut the masts and the rigging, and for the most part go into the sea or sky; and this it seems gave rise to the vulgar error, that the French always fired at our rigging instead of our hulls.

'And yet, strange to say,' Sir Francis Head exclaims, 'it was not until *many years after the peace* that this *glaring mistake* in our gunnery was at last forced upon the attention of the Admiralty by Sir Howard Douglas.'—p. 145.

Now this happens to be the very contrary of the fact; for, *first*, Sir Howard Douglas's excellent treatise on Naval Gunnery notices that such a mistake had been imputed not to *us*, but to the *French*, and even *them* the General defends from '*the supposition of so gross and obvious an error*' (*Nav. Gun.* 246): but, *secondly*, the truth is, that, from the early invention of guns to the present day, this difference, technically called the *dispart*, between the surface line and the line of bore, has been as well known

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known to every one working a gun, as any other quality of the instrument; nay, some very old guns have ornamental sights counteracting the dispart *cast* upon their muzzle. The guns, originally cast at Carron in the year 1779, from which the present carronades are derived, were *cast* with sights: such has been the case with all the carronades supplied to ships-of-war since that date; and all the cannon we have ever seen had some kind of sight or mark for correcting the dispart. We could fill pages with testimonies to the same matter of fact; but we have said enough to show that there is indeed *a glaring mistake* in this matter.

The following is still more *glaring*:—

'In the French service, in aiming the gun, the breech of their *carronades is very quickly elevated or depressed by means of a screw*, whereas in the British navy both operations *continue to be performed by two men*, two handspikes, and a cumbrous wooden quoin or wedge.'

This, to be sure, would be monstrous negligence or stupidity; but what is the fact?—a fact, we will venture to say, notorious to every other man in England who has ever seen a carronade. From the first day of their invention, or at least of their adoption into the Royal Navy, no carronade was ever elevated or depressed but by screws—except, indeed, that if the screws should, as sometimes happened, be deranged in action, recourse was necessarily had to 'handspikes, &c.' How Sir Francis has been led to admit this utterly fabulous count into his general indictment against our naval administrations we cannot guess.

After mentioning some improvements which he alleges that the French have made in the article of *wads*—which, however, we think we could show to have been long ago tried by us and rejected as being no improvement at all—he says—

'But, besides this, the French have adopted an infinitely greater improvement in loading, which, at the time we write, has not yet been introduced into our service—namely: while *we* consecutively insert and ram down powder, and then shot and wad, *they* do both these operations at once; by which means, with infinitely less fatigue, they gain *six seconds* with good loaders and considerably more with bad ones.—We must here relate a curious anecdote. In October, 1817, Sir Howard Douglas, an old artillery officer, submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty, in *manuscript*, his treatise on Naval Gunnery, published in 1819, in which this mode of simultaneous loading was recommended; and—as the treatise was translated into the French, Russian, Dutch, and Swedish languages, and used as their *manual*, as it also is by the Americans—"*la feu simultanée*" was adopted by regulation in the French navy, and became known to our service as "the FRENCH system of loading." As such it attracted the observation of the Admiralty, who have recently ordered this "*French*" invention to

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to be tried on board the "Excellent," where it has been found to succeed so well that it is now again, as "the *French* invention," under trial by our squadron of evolution at sea; on which element it has long ago been found by the *French* to answer most admirably. The *moral* of our *little story* is as follows:—Had any conflict taken place in 1840 or in 1844, the French would, to our cost, have used against us the invention of an English officer, which, though printed and published to the whole world, it has taken the British people upwards of thirty years to adopt—indeed, which is not *yet* adopted.—p. 161.

Now the *moral* that we deduce from this little—or, as we should rather say, *great—story* is very different. In the first place, if we believed that this device would have been of any use to a French fleet against us, it would only prove that it had been better that Sir Howard Douglas's *invention* had still remained in manuscript.* But, unluckily, on referring to Sir Howard's own work (p. 248), it turns out that he only states it as an *old* practice in both our army and navy; and though he is '*inclined to think*' that it might be '*permitted* for *the first round or two*,' or in *very close* actions, where rapidity is of more importance than nice aim, he speaks very hesitatingly of its general use, and gives an awful instance of its danger, in its having, *so long ago as* 1794, occasioned a gun to burst on board the Princess Royal, 98, by which no less than forty-five men were killed and wounded. Thus, this *new* invention of Sir Howard Douglas's, so neglected by the English Admiralty for '*a quarter* of a century,' turns out, on the very authority of Sir Howard himself, to have been no invention of his, but a cautious and hesitating reproduction of an old practice, which had been abandoned after so terrible an accident. We could give, if it were our business, many practical objections to this process. Suffice it to say, that it is possible that this method may have answered in the stationary and deliberate practice of the Excellent, but, if we are not misinformed, the experiment which Sir Francis Head states now to be in progress on board Commodore Martin's squadron of evolution has negatived its utility. We may add, to complete this 'curious anecdote' of the negligence and inconsistency of the Admiralty Boards, that he omits to state, what he might have gathered from Sir Howard Douglas's book, that, *previous to his first communications in October*, 1817, the Admiralty Board had appointed a commission of the ablest sea-officers, and especially of those who had given most attention to sea-gunnery, to prepare—and had in consequence issued to the fleet—a manual of gunnery for the

* Sir Howard's example of delicacy and duty in, on that and on all other occasions, requesting and obtaining the completest official sanction for his professional publications, has not been sufficiently attended to by too many officers of far inferior standing and weight.

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use of the Royal Navy—not so full indeed, nor embracing so many points, as Sir Howard's subsequent work, but enough to show that the General had not 'forced' such subjects on the attention of the Admiralty.

Sir Francis follows up his ill luck in this matter by telling us that the French call this practice '*la feu simultanée.*' Our slight knowledge of French makes us suspect that Sir Francis has not caught the meaning any more than the grammar of the expression. 'Le *feu simultané*' would mean simultaneous *firing*, while the practice referred to is only simultaneous *loading*—things not only different but contrary. '*Charge simultanée*,' or combining two operations of loading into one, is intelligible; but *feu simultané* seems to us nonsense. This verbal blunder, however, involves, we suspect, a serious error in substance. Sir Francis thinks that the *six seconds*, which he supposes might be saved by simultaneous *loading*, would be exceedingly important as conducing to more rapid *firing*. We are satisfied, for many reasons, that, instead of gaining six seconds, a minute and a half might be lost, to say nothing of the greater liability to danger; but that, even if a few seconds were gained, there would be no commensurate advantage. We admit that quick firing, within certain limits, and in particular circumstances, is of great importance; but steady and deliberate firing is infinitely more so. Common sense indeed tells us that the gaining a few seconds in *loading* can give no practical increase of steadiness and accuracy of *firing*. The more haste the worse speed. We would prefer one ounce of coolness to a ton of hurry.

Again—

'In the late war, as soon as the captain of a gun, often enveloped in smoke, gave the word *fire!* the sailor, whose duty it was to execute the command, after perhaps *turning his quid*, put the burning end of a rope of slow-match, which often required blowing, to the powder priming, which in due time igniting, off went the gun, and away went the shot in whatever direction the rolling and pitching of the vessel might at the moment combine to ordain. *Many years after the peace of* 1815 flint locks, which *had long been applied on shore*, were used [meaning *taken into use for the first time*] by our navy.'—p. 171.

We cannot imagine where Sir Francis could have found even a colour for this statement. A little serious inquiry would have informed him, *first*, that locks used not to be, and, we believe, are not yet *applied on shore;* and *secondly*, that probably no man now alive ever saw a *ship* without them. The French go so far as to claim the application of locks to cannon as early as 1728—a date that we doubt; but it is certain that locks were

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experimentally issued to some of our own ships in 1748, in 1757, and in successive instances between 1763 and 1780; when they were more extensively introduced by that ingenious as well as gallant officer Sir Charles Douglas (the father of Sir Howard) into the Duke, 98, of which he was Captain, and then into the Formidable, Rodney's flag-ship, to which he removed in 1781 as Captain of the Fleet. It appears that these two ships *so fitted* contributed largely to Rodney's victory in 1782—as witness the interesting account of that great action given by Sir Gilbert Blane, Physician of the Fleet, published in General Mundy's Life of Rodney—which we quote, not only on that point, but as containing a useful hint and example of *discretion* to English gentlemen who publish books on these subjects. After stating the superior effect of the British fire, Sir Gilbert adds—

'It ought not to be *concealed*, however — EXCEPT FROM OUR ENEMIES—that we had at this time an advantage over the French which we never enjoyed before—I mean the *mechanical improvement* in working artillery, invented and introduced by Sir Charles Douglas —the most enlightened and scientific naval officer with whom I ever was acquainted.'—*Life of Rodney*, ii. 27.

After that signally successful experiment locks were brought rapidly into general use: and we may venture to say that for the last fifty years the captain of the gun has always pulled the trigger by means of a string—as Sir Francis Head must surely have seen if ever he saw a ship-gun fired—and as is even told in one of his own extracts from Captain Plunkett (p. 194).

After the exposure of such strange mistakes about the most obvious facts, we think it quite unnecessary to follow Sir Francis into his minor chapters about *shells*, *fuses*, *tubes*, and so forth. The details already noticed seem to us of very secondary importance, but when adduced in proof of the gross maladministration of our navy, and as grounds and reasons for sweeping changes, it became our duty to expose their futility, not as questions of theory, but as *matters of fact*.

But even while Sir Francis Head is advocating all these improvements in the art of destruction, their ultimate consequences force themselves on his natural good feeling and good sense. On the subject of the recent introduction of *shells* into the French and English navies, he asks, very justly, however inconsistently—

'Whether these fearful engines will prove more destructive to their friends than to their enemies—whether human beings will have nerve enough to fight with firearms in the middle of innumerable loaded mines, one or all of which by mere accidental blows may be exploded, are problems which the next war will very quickly demonstrate.'

He

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He adds just after—

'In the sketch which we have now concluded of the progress of Naval Gunnery since the late war, it has been our particular desire not to claim for the British service more *credit* than is due to the French for the important alterations which have consecutively been adopted; indeed, we have considered the two nations as allies rather than *rivals in a science* which, *morally speaking, is utterly indefensible.*'—p. 178.

And he elsewhere calls it

'this *peaceful scientific* struggle between the two greatest nations on the globe.'—p. 155.

But does he not see that he, and writers in his spirit, have a great share in stimulating nations to this detestable *rivalry? Allies*, and *Peaceful!* Why, every page assumes that all these *peaceful struggles of science* are only preparatory to a fearful conflict between the fleets, the armies, and even the populations, of France and England. Every line of the book proceeds on the supposition of rancorous and internecinal hostility, to be waged by the most infernal inventions. How is it that so acute a mind can have blinded itself to such inconsistencies? But there is another consideration. 'Utterly indefensible' as Sir Francis admits this to be in the view of morality and humanity, what must it appear when looked at in the view of policy and patriotism! In the old system of warfare England had been generally triumphant, and always safe. She was the strong power at sea, and very well as she was. All these boasted inventions are nothing but so many ways of depriving her of her hard-earned but incontestable superiority; and we cannot see either the expediency or the justice of publicly and bitterly reproaching successive governments for having pursued the policy of repressing and discountenancing all such suicidal propositions—as, for instance, those of Fulton formerly, of Warner more lately, and of hundreds of other less notorious projectors, the special alleged *merits* of whose inventions were, that they would enable the *weakest* power at sea to destroy the *greatest*. The true policy of England was and is to endeavour to hold her own: to set no example of equalizing innovation, but silently and vigilantly to watch, and slowly and cautiously, nay, *reluctantly*, to follow, the proceedings of her 'rivals.' Those rivals are sufficiently alert and ingenious, and we should have quite enough to do in precautionary and unostentatious adoption of any new forms of warfare that might seem worth imitation; but common sense and the instinct of self-preservation should forbid us to stimulate competition by, as it were, *bidding against ourselves* in this terrible auction.

Such has been, we believe, the general principle which has

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actuated British governments: such at least is that which induces us to look with something more than jealousy on works like this, and on some measures which, in obedience to the suggestions of such writers, our Government have recently appeared to encourage—many of which, we are happy to believe, are of less real importance than these naval and military critics would persuade us.

Let us consider, for instance, in this point of view, the principal and certainly the most plausible, charge brought against the former system of naval administration, and indeed against the officers and seamen themselves—namely, that, up to a very recent period, scientific and even practical gunnery was shamefully neglected. On this assumption Sir Francis mainly founds his triple scheme of naval reform—the *abolition of impressment*—the creation by *conscription, after the French fashion*, of a powerful standing navy of drilled and trained gunner-seamen—and the *transformation of the existing corps of Royal Marines* into *Artillery* for naval gunners. For these momentous and some minor changes, the former neglect of the science of gunnery, even if proved to its fullest extent, would seem to us a very insufficient pretext. If it still existed, it might be remedied by much less radical changes; but Sir Francis admits, with '*great satisfaction, that ever since* 1832 *great efforts have been made by the Admiralty*' in this direction; and his work is full of the vast improvement made in the science and practice of gunnery, by the establishment of the experimental and (we may say) academical ship Excellent (which dates from June, 1830), and by the strict examination which young officers now undergo preparatory to their receiving commissions. All this, we think, would rather prove that the special intervention of Sir Francis Head was hardly necessary, or, if it were, that it might better have been given privately to an administration already favourable to his general views, than '*to the* WOMEN *of England*,' and under their name to the rival powers against whom his precautions are directed.

We concede at once two main points. We too, if it were questioned, should be prepared to insist, first, on the general and preliminary value of scientific gunnery, as an essential branch of naval and military education; and secondly, on the wisdom and even necessity of *following*, though never stimulating, the processes of other powers. But we do deny Sir Francis Head's leading assumption that gunnery, both scientific and practical, had been 'shamefully neglected' in England till, as he emphatically asserts, the late American war.

First, we believe we may say that the science has been cultivated

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tivated as long, and with as much success, in England as anywhere. The inquiries and experiments conducted ever since 1746, under the patronage and direction of successive administrations, by Mr. Robins, Dr. Hutton, Count Rumford, Dr. Gregory, &c., and the officers of the Woolwich establishment, even down to our own times, are really the elements of the science: and in that respect any one who looks into even Sir Howard Douglas's work will see how little modern *science* has advanced beyond the old. Most, if not all, the calculations and results which form the groundwork of Sir Howard Douglas's treatise are the products of the last century. And, secondly, as to the general charge of the shameful neglect of practical gunnery, we could show that it has been an object of anxious attention ever since there has been a navy in England:—though we are not disposed to deny the probability that in a navy of 145,000 men and 6000 officers, and which had for many years cleared the ocean of any serious resistance, there had been occasional, nay, frequent instances of ignorance, laxity, and over-confidence—that such vast numbers of officers and men were not *all* capable of being brought to, and kept in, an equally perfect state of intelligence and adroitness; all this we ackowledge—but all this, we submit, did not interfere with the great practical conclusion on which we rest—that our gunnery, *such as it was*, never failed to ensure victory. When Sir Howard Douglas, with his usual candour and good sense, admits '*our superiority*,' though he adds 'that it consisted more in *relative* than absolute *excellence*,' he concedes all that we contend for. *Relative* excellence—that is, *the certainty of beating our antagonists*—is all that men of practical sense would aim at; *absolute* excellence, if attainable, would exclude superiority on either side;—every attempt to arrive at such absolute excellence would be a step towards diminishing that *relative* excellence which ensures real superiority; and it cannot be too often repeated that all such improvements (as they are called) are like the invention of gunpowder itself—steps to level down the strong to the weak. Sir Francis Head himself had just expressed a doubt whether the introduction of *shells* might not put an end to naval warfare altogether—that is, deprive England of all her insular advantages; and then, indeed, lay her at the proud foot of a continental conqueror.

But on looking back to the history of naval warfare, we hesitate to believe that the minor details, now so much in favour, are so great an improvement in actual service as some gentlemen expect: and this we say, even without reference to the all-important consideration before stated, that our *antagonists will not be slow to learn whatever we may volunteer to teach them.* It has been stated that

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that the gunnery at Acre, in which the new system claims to have had considerable influence, was very effective: and so it assuredly was; but was it *in any respect* more admirable than that of Lord Exmouth's fleet at Algiers in 1816? The effect of the Queen Charlotte's battery on that occasion was, and is still, we believe, considered by the best authorities as equal to anything that had ever been before heard of, or that is likely to be seen hereafter? Need we wish to see more 'relative excellence' than was exhibited so long ago as Rodney's action, of which Sir Gilbert Blane says—

'The superiority of the well-sustained British fire was never more fully exemplified and proved. The carnage on board the prizes is dreadful, and the damages of the enemy in every respect greater than ours. The Ville de Paris (the French flag-ship taken) had near 300 men [more than a fourth of her whole crew] killed and wounded.' —(*Life of Rodney*, ii. 236.)

Can we expect to do *relatively* better than we did at Trafalgar, of which we find in the Life of Lord Collingwood (i. 168) an accidental circumstance very germane to our matter? Collingwood had for some time had his flag in the Dreadnought—

'the crew of which had been so constantly practised in the exercise of the great guns under his daily superintendence, that few ships' companies could equal them in rapidity and precision of firing.'

A few days, however, before the action, his flag was shifted into the Royal Sovereign; and we have sufficient proof that he found his new crew as good gunners as those he had left. Very early in the battle—

'in passing the Santa Anna [the Spanish Admiral] the Royal Sovereign gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding 400 of her men.'—*Ib.*, 172.

This slaughter the historian James candidly thinks almost incredible, and there may be perhaps some exaggeration; but when we know that, on the side of the *victors*, one ship had *one-third* of her crew killed and wounded, some *one-fourth*, and that the average of all the ships (many of whom were hardly in action at all) was *one in ten*, we have pretty sure proof that the loss of the *enemy* must have been enormous. And this was the period which Sir Francis Head is pleased to illustrate by his caricature of the sailor with his *slow match in his hand* and his *quid in his mouth*, and giving his *first attention to the latter!*

But, says Sir Francis, the earlier naval events of the American war altered this state of things:—

'Gunnery was, in naval warfare, in the extraordinary state of ignorance we have just described, when our lean children, the American people, taught us, rod in hand, *our first lesson in the art.*'—p. 148.

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And this general text he proceeds to illustrate by his own observations, and others quoted from a work of the Honourable Captain Plunkett's on the 'Royal Navy.' But it seems to us that their reasoning is liable to the double objection of being inconsistent with itself and erroneous in point of fact. Both Sir Francis and Captain Plunkett admit, and indeed state very forcibly, another ingredient in the case, quite sufficient to account for those disasters, without having recourse to that American superiority in gunnery which we do not believe to have existed—not, at least, in any *ascertained* and decisive degree. 'The Americans,' says Sir Francis, 'obtained their advantages partly by science, and partly by *a very excusable description of smart legerdemain*' (p. 147). This legerdemain—whether so 'very excusable' or not we shall not inquire—was that

'they not only constructed their three principal classes of ships, *nominally* of the same force as our own, *one-third superior in size*, but in the same proportion in each instance they increased the *calibre of their guns* and the *number of the crew*, who, be it always remembered, were almost entirely composed of BRITISH SEAMEN converted into *artillerymen*.'—p. 150.

He then goes on to state that the American line-of-battle ships, which they called 74s, and classed of course as *third-rates*, were in fact *first-rates*, while their *nominal* frigates were equivalent to our old line-of-battle ships.

"In accounting," says Captain Plunkett, R.N., "for the defeats of the American war, Englishmen are accustomed to attribute them *wholly* to the superior size and force of the enemy's ships. It is perfectly true that this superiority was *sufficient* to account for the unfavourable result—nay, to make such result *inevitable*; yet candour compels us to admit that the immediate and actual cause of our defeat, in several instances, was *the superior gunnery of the Americans*."

It seems bad logic to look for a problematical cause after having found a *sufficient* and *inevitable* one; but we think we can disprove this supererogative conjecture. We begin by stating that it was easy for the Americans to man the few ships they sent to sea with choice crews, exceeding in number by *a third* the British ships opposed to them; and we will also admit that these crews—if they were, as Sir Francis asserts, 'almost entirely composed of BRITISH SEAMEN converted into *artillerymen*'—may have been practised and perfected to a degree of excellence in gunnery, not always, perhaps not usually, attained in the vast extension of the British navy; but to whatever degree this superior gunnery is true, it defeats Sir Francis's main argument, for it proves that 'British seamen' picked up in foreign ports may, without any previous scientific instruction, and in a very

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very short time, be made capital gunners. But from the statements of both Sir Francis Head and Captain Plunkett, it is evident that, if the gunnery had been equal on both sides, the result must still have been the same. The superior length and weight of the American guns enabled them to take proportionably longer ranges than the British, and Sir Francis admits that they *not only*

'converted their seamen into practised *gunners* and expert *artillerymen*, but, by substituting long guns instead of our short ones, they secured for themselves the immense advantage of being able, without loss or danger, *luxuriously to pummel us to death* at ranges at which they had precalculated they would be completely out of our reach.'

In such circumstances we need hardly add that, even with equal skill, the result of the firing must be very different, as the more lightly armed ship would receive the enemy's shot long before she could reach him in return—just as an adroit pistol-shot would be killed before he could get within an hundred yards of an antagonist of only *equal skill* armed with a rifle. And accordingly we find that, even when they came to close quarters, the lighter ship, besides having already suffered so much by the distant firing, would, wholly irrespectively of skill in gunnery, have been unable to stand the superior weight of metal.

Sir Francis—we must observe—quotes, as a most remarkable instance of a defeat by *inferior gunnery*, Sir James Yeo's account of an action on Lake Ontario in Sept. 1813. This quotation is borrowed from Sir Howard Douglas, who, however, produced it, *not as any proof of good or bad gunnery*, but only as an instance of the superior advantage of *long guns* at *long distances;* nor can we satisfactorily explain why Sir Francis — who again copies from Sir Howard, and similarly misapplies, a *second* instance on the Lakes—should have omitted a *third* instance also given by Sir Howard, 'but happily,' he says, 'in a reverse sense' —that of the British *Phœbe*, mounting *long* guns, capturing the American *Essex*, armed with *short* ones. The three cases all proved Sir H. Douglas's position — the superiority of heavy metal; Sir Francis quotes the two that he could apply to the praise of American gunnery, and passes over the third, which, if it had been a question of mere gunnery, would have told in favour of the English—and yet all the three are on the same page of Sir Howard's book.

The real cause, therefore, of the disasters was the *smart legerdemain* practised by the Americans, on the one hand, and on the other the gallant spirit of the British officers and crews which impelled them to fight *any* ship, however superior, that *called itself*

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itself of the same class as their own. This unequal state of things was soon put an end to by a confidential intimation from the British Admiralty Board to the captains of their ships, stating 'that they did not conceive that any of his Majesty's *frigates* should engage single-handed the larger class of American ships, which, though they may be *called* frigates, are of a size, complement, and weight of metal much beyond that class, and more resembling *line-of-battle ships.*' This order at once placed the parties on their natural level, and put an end to the short-lived triumphs of the smart legerdemain; and the subsequent actions between vessels of *anything like* equal force exhibited no deficiency in British gunnery. Quite the reverse!—Sir Francis Head frequently adduces, as the most obvious proof of bad gunnery, the damage in masts, sails, and rigging, in disproportion to the injury to the *hulls;* but it appears that in the actions of the Endymion and President, the hull of the American suffered the more severely, and they lost a greater number of men, killed and wounded, than the Endymion.

On this head we shall add one observation more: Sir Francis quotes some very strong instances of the wonderfully small effect of the fire of ships upon each other—and many more might be produced—not, however, we believe, so much from any deficiency in scientific gunnery as from an ingredient in the case of which too little account is made, but which we take to be the chief cause of the uncertainty of aim, namely, the incessant motion of the ship. Any one who will inquire into the *state of the sea* in some of the instances of the greatest and the least results of naval gunnery, will be satisfied of its immense influence—the destructive fire of the Royal Sovereign into the Santa Anna was at a moment of almost dead calm, and every shot told.

So far from wondering at the uncertain effect of sea-gunnery, we believe that any one who is in a condition to compare the killed and wounded of a land-battle with the number of shots of artillery and musketry will be rather surprised at the naval results. At Waterloo—a close fight in a clear field on *terra firma*, between the two best armies, under the greatest officers, and with the most skilful artillery in the world—the English fired above 9000 cannon-shot, of which 3600 were *case*, scattering on an average perhaps 100 or 150 bullets each, besides above a *million* of musket-balls. We know not how many of these may have hit, but, as Buonaparte had only about 80,000 men in the field, and as there were, as honest Fluellin said at Agincourt, 'enow to run away,' it is clear that land gunnery does not exceed naval gunnery so much as our critics would have us believe.

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There is another class of Sir Francis Head's complaints, which we approach with more reluctance than we do his mechanical disquisitions—those that relate to the discipline and feelings of the seaman himself. Even while bearing ample testimony to their personal courage, Sir Francis treats them on other points in a mode which we cannot but regret.

'In the days of Nelson, the British sailor, provided he *was awake*, and TOLERABLY SOBER, was ready at any time to fight anything.'

Upon what authority does Sir Francis Head suppose that the seamen of any of Lord Nelson's fleets were asleep when they ought to have been *awake*? or that the best to be hoped from them was that they might be now and then *tolerably sober*? These grave imputations are made rather, we think, *à propos de bottes* in the discussion of the fact—a fact too for which the poor seamen, drunk or sober, were not to blame—that they were not drilled in sword exercise and the use of small arms: and the style in which Sir Francis proceeds to explain the advantage of such a drilling seems to us, to use the gentlest term, very thoughtless:—

'As a decisive proof of the enormous amount of *undeveloped power of a ship's company* under the ancient system, we have only to observe that a body of *marines* of one-fifth of their number were always considered sufficient *to conquer them*, not by superior courage, not by superior strength, not by superior prestige, *but by discipline and the ready use of fire-arms*. It seems astonishing that so *glaring a moral* should have existed so long in vain!'—p. 173.

It seems to us still more extraordinary that Sir Francis did not see, to use his own odd phrase, the still more *glaring moral* with which his proposition is pregnant—everybody else, we are satisfied, will; and we shall therefore say nothing more about it. He then goes on to say, that—

'Accordingly in the French service, as also on board the Excellent, every sailor is patiently drilled into an expert swordsman, and into an almost unerring shot with pistols, carbines, or muskets.'

And he adds that 'an officer of experience' has given in *The Times* an admirable description of a late sham boat attack at Cherbourg—*viz.*—

'In a few moments the signal was given to man the boats, which pushed off in divisions to represent an attack on the steamer Descartes. This was a beautiful part of the evolutions. Upwards of 55 boats with heavy guns (32-pounder carronades generally) in the bow, filled with small-arm men, officer, and sailors, pushed out in excellent order, after preparing for nearly half an hour for the attack. For some time they advanced towards the steamer with great regularity, the bow-guns being fired with quickness, and the musketry *spattering away* from

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from every boat in a continuous roll, so that the advance soon became obscured by the smoke,' &c.

We can only say that not a few 'officers of experience' among our acquaintance are of opinion that the occasional advantage of small arms in boats would be counterbalanced by their many inconveniences; even as to this much-applauded Cherbourg exhibition, some such witnesses thought it the least enviable circumstance of the whole, and, if it had been a real fight instead of a sham, likely to have produced more confusion and danger to the boats' crews than to an enemy. Can one, in fact, imagine an exhibition less formidable—except to themselves—than an excessive number of men crowded into a boat, priming and loading, and *spattering away* pistol, or even musket balls at the hull of a ship, whose crew, invisible behind their bulwarks, would be able to reach them half a mile off with round and grape? As to what may be doing in the Excellent—there can be no objection to practising officers, and perhaps a certain number of men for petty officers, in intervals of leisure, in the practice of small arms; but we trust we shall never see an attempt to introduce such a system of mere military drill in our men of war. Increase your Marines as much as you may think expedient and find practicable, but don't, in order to work out Sir Francis Head's *glaring moral* of *undeveloped power*, abolish *them* and travesty your blue jackets into musketeers!!

The excessive admiration with which the Cherbourg squadron seems to have inspired Sir Francis Head, the veteran of *The Times* corps, and some others that we have read of, shall not tempt us to repeat the contrary opinions that *we* have happened to hear. It would be invidious, and we think impolitic, to call special attention to any defect or inferiority that might be detected; but thus much we may be allowed to say, that we suspect that any 'officer of experience' who had accurately watched the nautical proceedings of that squadron, in its subsequent cruise down the Channel, would not feel so much alarm as Sir Francis Head appears to do, even though we should have nothing better to oppose to it than such a fleet as we had in the barbarous *days of Nelson*.

But while English officers profess to be so rapturously alarmed at the prodigious efficiency of the French navy, it is rather amusing to find that some French critics tell a very different story. There is in the French Assembly a M. Collas, the representative of Bordeaux. In the Biographical Dictionary of the Assembly we find that member thus described:—

'M. Collas is a distinguished seaman, who will throw great light on all professional questions: on the subject of our colonies and our navy, which are so inseparably connected, M. Collas will be a worthy organ of the wishes and interests of France.'

Well—

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Well—in a debate on the French naval budget in November, 1849, this competent authority, after inculcating the necessity of France's being a great maritime state, asserted that '*there was no longer any French navy!*' and when he was interrupted by loud exclamations that 'there *was* a large navy,' he replied, '*nominally*—but not really;' and he proceeded to show in detail its inefficiency both in manning and equipment—concluding thus:—

'The carelessness with which the marine department has been conducted since the Revolution of February has accelerated the work of destruction; so that now at the end of 1849, after having expended in nineteen years the enormous sum of 62½ millions sterling, I feel obliged to repeat to you from this tribune the same words which Baron Portal addressed to the Chambers in 1820. "I unhesitatingly assert that our maritime power is endangered. It is so rapidly declining, that, if vigorous measures be not promptly adopted, our navy, after costing many millions more, will soon dwindle to nothing. Either the expense must be increased to save the institution, or the institution must be abandoned to save the expense."'

We put so little trust in our own grumblers that we rely no further on M. Collas than to put his practical judgment into the scale against the opinions of Sir Francis Head's English authorities, who, whatever other *experience* they may have had, do not probably know as much of the French Marine as M. Collas.

Sir Francis Head's next topic, and the most important, and to us the most unpleasant of all, is that of MANNING THE NAVY. It is, we confess, this portion of his book which was our first and continues to be our chief reason for undertaking a review of it; and we are anxious to appeal from the hurry in which he tells us (p. 392) it was written, to his own more calm and sober reconsideration of the subject.

We shall begin with his exposition of 'THE ENGLISH SYSTEM:'—

'During the late war, the *art* of manning the British navy consisted in setting the simplest of *the laws of nations, as well as of nature, at defiance*. It consisted, first of all, in offering a totally inadequate bounty—(to a seaman from 3*l.* to 5*l.*, while to a soldier *boy* (!) there was given 12*l.*);—and when that proved—as all persons versed in marine arithmetic foretold it could not but prove—ineffectual, every seafaring man was liable to be collared, if at all dissatisfied knocked down, and dragged on board a man-of-war. There was no ballot, no conscription, no act of parliament, *no law human or divine*, no appeal! ..... On board our men-of-war the discipline by which crews were governed accorded with the means by which they had been obtained; in two words, they were smartened by that which they smarted under, "the rope's end;" and yet, so *unrevengeful* is an Englishman, that, in spite of this unwarrantable system, our gallant blue-jackets—noble fellows—no sooner came in sight of an enemy, than, *forgetting* WRONGS

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WRONGS HEAVY ENOUGH TO SINK THEIR SHIP,—*boatswain's mate, lieutenants, captain, admiral, chaplain, and all*—they stood to their guns.'—p. 187.

We will not trust ourselves to make any observation on the *glaring moral* which might be deduced from such an anathema as this against all the *officers* of a ship, even down to the poor chaplain! We regret that we have been obliged to quote it.

With these 'fearful pictures' Sir Francis contrasts 'THE FRENCH SYSTEM:'—

'To make the public service *attractive*, many thousand men at the expense of the State are *annually well fed and comfortably lodged in barracks*, where, divided into what are called "compagnies permanentes," they are carefully instructed in artillery practice, musket and sword exercise, &c., and where they quickly imbibe an interest in their profession and an *esprit de corps* which are fostered and flattered by all classes of the community. . . . . Under this *admirable* system which, while it *flatters the passions and cultivates the mind, comfortably provides for the sailor*, the French nation are prepared, on any impulse, to march by *beat of drum*, from their various quarters to their respective ships, "compagnies permanentes" of well-trained gunner-seamen, and thus at a moment's warning, even in time of peace, to complete the manning of no less than sixteen sail of the line.'—p. 185.

Admirable it may be in Sir Francis Head's view; but, according to our notion, this regimenting all the various classes that are promiscuously included in what is called the *maritime conscription*, drilling them to small arms, and marching them 'by beat of drum from their barracks to their ships,' is more likely to make indifferent soldiers than tolerable sailors. We only say that in the event, which God avert, of such an occasion as Sir Francis contemplates, we hope the French fleet may be thus manned. But when we come to digest these statements, we find them, even on his own showing, a jumble of gross inconsistencies. It is probable, he thinks, that the French might find in peace, or even in war, a sufficient number of volunteers for the navy; but—

'The French nation, deeming it unsafe to rest on any such *frail contingency*, has wisely as well as justly decreed that her *maritime districts* and commercial marine shall be subject to *the same* obligations to serve their country as other classes of the community.'—p. 184.

That is, there is a perpetual naval *Conscription*—not confined to registered seafaring men and boys, but extending even to the landsmen of the *maritime districts*. Now, what is *Conscription*—but—as it was truly called in an able pamphlet, published in 1834—a *French translation of Impressment*—in fact, a more harsh and perpetual impressment? Impressment *here* is never employed but in war and on seafaring men—in times of peace it leaves the seaman totally free to follow his own pursuits and

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and on his own account. In France the Conscription seizes both seamen and landsmen, and fetters them, even when it does not employ them, with a chain which they carry about them like a convict's shackle-bolt; and so justly unpopular is this *attractive* process, that we are informed that not one in an hundred of the conscripts ever re-enters voluntarily. At this moment, and for thirty-five years past, there has not been one pressed man in the British service—during those thirty-five years there have been in France somewhere about 28,000 or 30,000 *conscripts*—that is, *pressed men*, forced from their families, their trades, their prospects in life, to be cooped up in barracks, even when not wanted for service afloat. We need go into no details to show that this admired *Conscription* is in all respects a far greater infringement on individual liberty than our Impressment under the accidental pressure of war; but we cannot omit a word or two to expose the unfairness into which the zeal of argumentation may betray respectable writers.

Sir F. Head exclaims, 'how fearful is the following picture,' extracted from the work of Captain Plunkett:—

'While the drafts of sullen-looking *pressed men, closely guarded,* are gradually arriving at the seaports, and a few *smock-frocked peasants* from the workhouse, with a sprinkling of "civil-power" gentlemen strongly recommended by the magistrates, are slowly making up the force upon which the fate of England will depend,' &c. &c.—p. 192.

The picture would be much more 'fearful' if we could trust the painter for the resemblance of his portrait; but we find that *this* 'experienced officer' never saw, and never could have seen, what he thus boldly describes. We read in O'Byrne's Naval Biography that the Honourable Edward Plunkett entered the navy in 1823, being eight years later than a *pressed man* could be seen in its service. The gallant Captain is then like the witness whom Swift laughed at, as 'not scrupling to affirm that—

'he had seen in Araby the blest
A Phœnix.'—

Captain Plunkett has just as much seen a *Phœnix* as a *pressed man;* and we need hardly add that the *smock-frocked* peasants from the workhouse, and the '*civil power* gentlemen strongly *recommended* by the magistrates,' must equally be, from *that* pencil, fancy portraits. There is one exception, which Captain Plunkett may have seen: *smugglers* were at one time—not capriciously, nor on the '*recommendation* of magistrates,' but by a special law—transferred to the navy. The practice was complained of, and has been, we believe, abrogated; but there was some reason and even moral policy in such an exception: the smuggler is a seafaring man—generally an active sailor—his only known offence is rather a *malum prohibitum* than a *malum*

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in se;—and it was thought wiser to remove him from bad habits and bad associations to the honourable service of his country, than sentence him to two or three years' imprisonment in the infectious atmosphere of a gaol.

So much for Captain Plunkett. Sir Francis Head speaks thus:—

'In morals, as well as in gunnery, great changes have taken place. Besides that reformation in the public mind that has successively abolished bull-baiting, prize-fighting, duelling, and, as far as is practicable, the punishment of death, the British nation, at a cost of twenty millions, and at the sacrifice of at least fifty per cent. of the value of the whole of its West Indian property, *has abolished* SLAVERY; and although it has not as yet by Act of Parliament abolished Impressment, yet it would be such a glaring inconsistency for us, in the face of all we have said, sung, and written against slavery, *to kidnap British sailors, force them to the unhealthy coast of Africa, in order that they—white slaves—should there prevent naked, black, white-teethed, woolly-headed savages* from kidnapping, not each other as *we* do, but their *enemies*, that it is generally *felt*, rather than expressed, that we must not, nay, CANNOT again have recourse to it.'—p. 190.

How comes it that, when thus denouncing the hardship of 'kidnapping British sailors' to send them to the *unhealthy coast of Africa*, he has forgotten that France insisted by treaty on the right of sending a corresponding force of his own admired *conscripts* to the same coast? And how will he explain a fact of which we have been assured, that, of all the stations for which a ship can be commissioned, the coast of Africa happens to be the most popular with *our* seamen? The chance of prizes is, perhaps, the special inducement; but the fact proves that the climate does not act as such a bugbear as Sir Francis believes; and it appears, from official returns laid before Parliament, that the African squadron does not lose a greater proportion by sickness than that in the East Indies, West Indies, or even the Mediterranean. But we have a still more serious complaint. Sir Francis supposes that we are to 'kidnap,' that is, *impress* men to prevent the slave-trade:—a gratuitous assumption, introduced apparently *ad augendum odium*. The system of blockading the coast of Africa—be it wise or foolish—arose *out of the treaties of* 1815; it is therefore a service for which, we repeat, no man has ever yet been impressed, one for which no man ever will be *specially* impressed, and on which it is very problematical whether any pressed man may ever be employed. So much for *white slaves, black slaves*, and *kidnapping British sailors* for the *unhealthy coast of Africa!*

All that is not ridiculous in these *tirades* is deplorable, nor can we understand under what delusion it is that writers, nay, officers of such respectability, should imagine that they were contributing to the defence of the British Islands against a sudden

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a sudden aggression, by rendering odious, and describing as tyrannical and *illegal*, the most ancient, the least disputable, the readiest, the safest, and we might almost say the *only effective* defence that there can be imagined in such an exigency. We need not waste time in any detailed refutation of the wild assertions that impressment is against the laws of *nature*, of *nations*, and of *the land*: suffice it to say that one of the first laws of nature and of nations is *self-defence*, and it is only as a measure of self-defence that the right of conscription or impressment—*call* it what you will—is admitted by all the writers on the laws both of nature and nations. As to the law of England—Sir William Blackstone says,—

'It hath been very clearly and learnedly shown by Judge Foster, that the impressing and granting powers to the Admiralty for impressment is of very ancient date, and hath uniformly been continued by a regular series of precedents to the present time, whence he concludes it to be part of the common law.'—(*Commentaries*, i. 419.)

Even Junius, that bold impugner of prerogative, said (Oct. 1771),—

'I never can doubt that [the community has a right to command as well as to purchase the service of its members. I see that right [of Impressment] founded originally upon a necessity which supersedes all argument. I see it established by usage immemorial, and admitted by more than a tacit consent of the Legislature. It is not fair to argue from any abuse in the execution; let bounties be increased as far as the public purse can support them; still, they have a limit, and when every reasonable expense is incurred, it will be found, in fact, that the spur of the press is wanted to give operation to the bounty.'

So far as to the *law* of the case. As to its policy and expediency, we beg leave to refer to the defence of this system, which, on the occasion of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, we offered in 1847; and we venture to repeat one paragraph:—

'This was our cheap but most effective system of national defence. Instead of keeping 100,000 men in commission at an enormous, and for the time useless expense, they are encouraged to employ themselves in the coasting, colonial, and foreign trades. When war comes, and that they can no longer pursue their peaceful calling, and *become themselves liable to capture and foreign prison*, the Royal Navy calls them into military action, both of aggression against the enemy and of protection to those of their fellows still engaged in mercantile pursuits. At the end of the war they are paid off and return to their ordinary employment, where, instead of becoming less useful, they are, as if in a school, every day acquiring additional skill and aptitude for future service in the Royal Navy. To foster and encourage this admirable system, which trained men in peace to the highest duties of war, and which—when last tried—exhibited its results in a galaxy of victories too long to be named and too glorious to require it, was the main object of our colonial policy and Navigation Laws; and in fact all our colo-

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nial expenditure, and the additional increased freightage to which the Navigation Laws may have subjected our trade, was the price we paid for this *Standing Navy*. We did not directly pay these 100,000 men for their liability to be called upon to serve, but we indirectly paid them by the favour and encouragement which mercantile commerce received.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. 81, 574.

Sir Francis avows his conviction that if we had 'six months' notice' of the aggression we should be safe; but he asserts that we probably shall have no such notice. We have ships enough and men enough; but they could not be brought into operation soon enough. He describes, in his usual sketchy style, 'the number of powerful, unpainted, tawny-coloured [as if the tawny colour was not paint] dismantled line-of-battle ships that are seen in our harbours, like lions asleep:'—which would be all taken before they could be manned. Very likely—if his postulates were granted and his policy pursued; but the now dormant power of impressment, if *ignited* on such an emergency as we contemplate, would, within a few weeks, rouse and animate all those sleeping lions, and fulfil all the conditions of naval defence which Sir Francis's hypothesis requires, and which his own propositions would never accomplish.

We shall show presently that the lions are not all asleep, and that, on the contrary, the country is even now in a condition to exhibit to-morrow—*to-day*—a force equal to any possible emergency; but we must first notice more explicitly Sir Francis Head's view of the danger. The British Channel, he says, has been by steam converted, from being a defence, into '*an extensive esplanade*,' over which the enemy can move 150,000 men, without a moment's warning, with the speed, the regularity, and the certainty of a railway time-table. This first and most important, and, indeed, indispensable preliminary to our national ruin, he puts in a great variety of forms, and with all his power of picturesque illustration. He seems to have forgotten but one point, which is, that the *esplanade* is just as open to the defensive body as to the assailant. He calculates that the spacious harbour created at Cherbourg will vomit forth a fleet of steam-vessels, carrying an army of 150,000, with all their artillery, equipment, provisions, ammunition, horses, &c. &c., over the clear and pond-like surface of his *esplanade*, without any regard to winds or tide, which formerly, he says, would *wait for no man*—but for which in our days *no man need wait* (p. 270);—totally omitting all consideration of the at least equal facility with which the British steamers could, even if not previously collected, be poured forth, at the very first signal of a movement, from Falmouth, from Plymouth, from Dartmouth, from Portland, from both ends of the Solent, from Portsmouth, from Dover, from the Downs, to

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the point of rendezvous. He also forgets that the great works at Cherbourg—begun in the reign of Louis XV. and gradually carried on to their present powerful though not quite finished state—were undertaken because there is not, on the *whole French Channel coast*, any natural port*—nothing but tide harbours; nor, though the French are making considerable improvements in some of these harbours, and especially Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, do we think they will ever outweigh the advantages of the ports on the English shore which we have named, with deep water at all times, and with a capacity of holding more vessels than probably ever could be required; and we may add that two great *harbours of refuge*, Dover and Portland—originally recommended, we believe, by the Duke of Wellington, and resolved on so long ago as 1844—are now considerably advanced. We do not mean to assert that the rapid powers of steam can be so suddenly powerful for defence as for attack, because the assailant will have his choice of the moment *when* and the spot *whither* the movement is to be made: and with four or five, or even a dozen vessels, this would be very important; but when such an armament as transports and convoy for 150,000 men is to be put into motion, the most distant of the English steamers would be quite sure of arriving in good time for at least a very considerable share in the fray.

Buonaparte had, Sir Francis tells us, actually

'congregated 2293 vessels, of which 1393 were armed with above 3500 pieces of artillery, besides that which accompanied the army;'

—and can he think that a fleet of two thousand vessels, or even half the number, could be assembled at Cherbourg without our having sufficient notice to make at least some counter-preparation? He makes merry with the idea of 'Admiral Parker's squadron arriving from the Mediterranean *in a state of profuse perspiration* from eager and excessive haste' about a month after the invasion had been accomplished, and the French fleet quietly returned to Cherbourg. This pleasantry we notice as showing that Sir Francis has left out of his account any other serious interruption to the French marching over his *extensive esplanade* than the arrival of the Mediterranean squadron. In one of the many self-contradictory views which he takes of his subject, he does indeed allude to the possibility of some interruption, nay a successful interruption, of the march over the *esplanade*—but this very passage is a stronger proof of the inconsiderate style in which he deals with the matter than any that we have hitherto exposed. He states that the standing army of our neighbours is so large that 'evidently'

* Havre is scarcely an exception, for, though it is a capacious harbour, even the packet steam-boats are obliged to consult the state of the tides.

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'France, without abandoning any of her fortresses, could not only despatch for the invasion of England one hundred and fifty thousand men, but, *if the whole of them were to be drowned in crossing*, she could in less than a month despatch *one hundred and fifty thousand more*.'—p. 295.

The French are sometimes accused of a tendency to gasconade, but 'evidently' Sir Francis, in this description of their resources, out-Bobadils Bobadil—'An hundred and fifty thousand men! *Drown them*—the enemy in less than a month is ready with an hundred and fifty thousand more!' Certainly that would be a very formidable antagonist; but the clever arithmetician has forgotten that the hundred and fifty thousand men could hardly be drowned without *drowning also the one or two thousand vessels* in which they were embarked, and, however expeditiously the hundred and fifty thousand men might be replaced, it does not seem quite so easy to reconstruct and re-equip such a fleet of steam-ships!

From these strange inconsistencies let us turn to our actual state of naval preparation. Sir Francis Head's most sanguine estimate of the French force that would be necessary to 'guard and protect' a well-disciplined army of 150,000 men from Cherbourg, is

'12 sail of the line, 12 frigates, 12 sloops, 12 war-steamers.'—p. 304.

Against this loose kind of reckoning—ships, like eggs, by *dozens*—we are able, on what we consider the best authority, to place a more exact and practical statement; and we doubt not that Sir Francis's patriotism will rejoice at being informed that we have actually in commission *at home*—exclusive of the squadrons *at sea*—14 sail of the line, 3 of them screw-steamers; 10 frigates, 4 of them steamers; besides several steam-sloops;—*all ready for sea*. We have also ready for commissioning 20 other powerful steam-vessels, viz. 8 large frigates and 12 sloops. So that Sir Francis Head's extreme estimate of the invading force has been already amply anticipated by our preparation. He has remembered in a very secondary portion of his argument, and forgotten in the most important, the resources which our mercantile steam navy might afford on such an emergency. Our inquiries on that subject lead us to reckon that there are not less than between sixty and seventy mercantile steamers capable of being armed in a week with 32-pounder guns, which our indolent and improvident Admiralty have already noted, and for which guns, carriages, ammunition, and all other necessaries are *actually*, with, as we think, over anxiety, *prepared*; there are, moreover, upwards of 240 capable of a lighter armament; and above 660 which might be applied to other very essential services. In short, we have

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now in Great Britain above 1000 vessels that would be *in a week* available in their various capacities against the invasion which the easy magic of Sir Francis's pen has thus conjured up.

We say nothing of Admiral Parker's squadron, which, instead of coming home 'in a profuse perspiration' only to find England conquered, might probably find something to do on its own station, but Commodore Martin's squadron of 10 vessels, and manned by 4500 men, naturally belongs to the Channel; and, on the whole, we do not hesitate to assert that, within *one fortnight*, England could exhibit at Spithead a fleet more powerful in every respect than France could probably collect at Cherbourg in a year. Just as France could concentrate, within a month, a larger army than England will probably ever possess. Such are the natural and counterbalancing forces of these two great countries!

Sir Francis will not deny our *material* power, but he (having summarily abolished impressment) despairs of finding men to work it. We can, however, console him by the assurance that, though the line-of-battle ships at home have reduced complements of seamen, they have full complements of marines, full complements of seamen-gunners, a large proportion of leading petty-officers—and that there are near 6000 seamen (variously employed and not taken into any other account) that might instantly be put on board them: but after all, and above all, we still have, in spite of Sir Francis Head's anathema, the great national palladium of impressment, which would, as soon as the danger should justify it, have animated all the 'sleeping lions' at home, round which would be speedily gathered hundreds of *Jackals* from the royal and mercantile steam navies.

We could illustrate the celerity and efficacy with which impressment can meet national emergencies by many instances: we shall content ourselves with the two last. The number of seamen originally voted for the service of 1790 was, notwithstanding the ominous aspect of the French Revolution, only 16,000 seamen and 4000 marines. But soon after this vote the difference with Spain about Nootka Sound arose. The King's message to Parliament on that subject was delivered on the 5th of May. On the same day press-warrants were issued, and with such effect that sixteen sail of the line, including four first-rates, were ready, under Admiral Barrington, in all June; and that towards the end of July, or in the very first days of August, Lord Howe took command of the whole fleet in Torbay, consisting of *thirty-one sail of the line*, nine of them three-deckers, and *nine frigates*,—and he had under him, as junior admirals, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Bridport, and Lord Hotham—all three elevated to the peerage for victories won by similarly impressed crews in the following war. And if in this case—as well as in several others—the

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celerity with which the fleet was manned, *chiefly by impressment*, had the effect of averting hostilities, and thus saving millions of money and thousands of lives, surely we shall not be so mad as to part with a power which is alike *preservative of peace* and *powerful for war*.

Sir Francis himself quotes from Mr. Alison the case of the last French war. The King's Message was delivered on the 8th of March, 1803:—

'A few days after, the militia was called out, and 10,000 additional men were voted for the navy. A *hot press* took place in the Thames, and *sixteen ships of the line* were put in commission: Lord Nelson was sent to the Mediterranean, Lord Keith to the command of the Channel fleet, and Sir Sidney Smith put to sea with a squadron of observation. The public ardour rose to the highest pitch, and England resumed her arms with a degree of enthusiasm exceeding even that with which she had laid them aside.'—*Hist. of Europe*, v. 108.

And this six weeks before the actual declaration of war. These cases prove that we have always had a real though not a nominal *Standing Navy*, supplied by the cheapest and most efficacious means that the wit of man has ever devised. If the recent repeal of the Navigation Laws, and all the other fallacies (as we think them) of free trade, should be found to impair that which the Duke of Wellington truly states to be our first and most essential defence—our naval resources—we must either revert to our old protective system, or, if that cannot be done, there will be *then*, indeed, no other alternative but a great *Standing Army*. This we have already fully shown and insisted on in our Articles already referred to; but, *as yet*, we are willing to hope that on that score, though considerable, very considerable mischief* has already shown itself, we are still safe. If we were to-morrow to be threatened with an invasion or even with the presence of a hostile force in our seas, no government could permit the vast amount of shipping now aggregated in our ports to expose itself to capture and destruction by rushing into the jaws of the enemy. An embargo would be laid on all our ports, and by that necessary precaution not less than 20,000 merchant seamen would be reduced to sudden destitution—if we had not the resource of the Royal navy to provide at once for their subsistence and for the safety of their country.

Having thus vindicated the legality and efficiency of our cheap and real *Standing Navy*, and shown—we hope conclusively, though we might have extended our refutation infinitely further—that Sir

* We are sorry to learn that in Liverpool alone British shipping has fallen off in the year 1850 no less than 100,000 tons, while that of France and the North Sea and Baltic powers has started up in that single port from 56,500 tons to 124,800. The reports from London and other principal ports tend to the same conclusion; which, as it affects our national defences, is to us a subject of much more serious reflections than the *fes simultané* or the sham battling at Cherbourg.

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Francis Head's matter-of-fact statements are liable, to say the best of them, to great abatement, we may be excused for not following him into his confessedly problematical anticipations of what might happen if a French army of 150,000 men were landed on the coast of Sussex. But if he really attaches any importance to his minute detail of what the invading army ought to do, and of the total inadequacy of all means of resistance on our part, we again submit that he might as well have kept such distressing and dangerous information either to himself or for the confidential ear of the Government.

We have neither space nor inclination to enter into our author's details and propositions concerning the Army. As long as the Duke of Wellington holds the office of Commander-in-Chief, the country may well be contented to leave that entire subject in his hands; but there are two particulars which, in special relation to Sir Francis Head's book, we cannot omit to notice. First; we cannot think that the surreptitious publication of the Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne can be any defence for Sir Francis Head's formal reproduction (had there been nothing more) of the topics which the Commander-in-Chief might think proper to be submitted to the Government, or communicated confidentially to an official colleague. On the contrary, that letter, blameable as the fact of its publication was, deprived Sir Francis of his only possible excuse, namely, the necessity of awakening the country to a sense of its danger: for even if that letter justified all the alarming inferences that he derives from it, there was no reason why he should think it necessary to confirm the warnings of the Duke—particularly as he winds up his book by the following avowal:—

'Our volume has been written in *absolute retirement*, under disadvantages which have often rendered it *impracticable for us to obtain the information* we have desired. More than three-fourths of it have daily been *sent to press as fast* as it was written; and as there has therefore been no artifice in its composition, it has nothing, we are aware, to protect it from criticism but its object, and, we believe, its TRUTH.'—p. 392.

It was quite superfluous in Sir Francis to exculpate himself from the charge of '*artifice in the composition*' of his work. In the bad sense of the word, no one can at all suspect so warm-hearted and high-minded a man of artifice; but—however good his *intentions* were, which we should be the last to question—he pleads guilty to the charge of haste and imperfect information; and we submit that, after that confession, he would find it difficult to relieve himself from the imputation of indiscretion. We presume to think that a volunteer work on such grave, such vital questions

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questions ought to have been written not in such a scrambling hurry, but after the most diligent inquiry and with the most serious deliberation.

Our second observation is—how vastly the Duke's view falls short of the proposition which Sir Francis is pleased to deduce from it. His Grace's letter stated his wishes for such an increase of military force as would cost 400,000*l.* With that comparatively small augmentation *and the Militia*, the Duke conceived that, even in the supposed extremity of having to fight on our own soil, the country would be safe—safe indeed, if, '*old as he is*,' he were to command. How then must he have been astonished at Sir Francis Head's estimate for the same object—a permanent increase of *one hundred thousand men*, of regular infantry, at an expense of 3,670,000*l.* a-year!—according to the Baronet's own calculation, which we suspect would fall very short of the real amount.

This naturally leads us to a few words on the financial part of the question. All human wishes and projects—even those of our great Captain—must be controlled by the *material* possibilities of the case. A small population could no more supply a disproportionate number of men than limited finances can support an excessive expense. There are few of us in private life who would not find it convenient to have more horses and servants than we actually keep—none of our counties that would not be the safer for a larger force of police: but whether we are dealing with the livery-coats of servants, or the red coats of soldiers, or the blue jackets of sailors, or the sober uniform of the police, we must needs *cut our coat according to our cloth;* and whether it be possible to increase taxation in this country to a degree at all adequate to the establishments which Sir Francis Head proposes to *render permanent*, we leave to the consideration not merely of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but of the country. The question of expense has, however, one consolatory and very important side, that the Baronet never alludes to,—namely, that if a perfect state of defence be costly, a corresponding capability for attack must be equally or even more so to our adversaries. In truth, the system which has been of late progressing in Europe, and which all the writers that we are combating endeavour to push still further, of driving all the nations of the civilized world to bid against one another in this mad auction of hostile preparation, could only end in general bankruptcy and the overthrow of all regular governments. Sir Francis attempts, in our own case, a palliative to this evil; he looks upon any such increased expenditure merely in the light of an *insurance;* and this policy he illustrates in such minute detail as to copy a full prospectus of the Company for *Personal Insurance*

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Insurance against Railway Accidents! This is a mere disport of ingenious fancy. But to look at the case less lightly, are we not *already* very largely insured? Are not the seventeen or eighteen millions a-year, that the public force already costs us, a very heavy premium?

The extravagance of Sir Francis Head's proposition, if fully carried out, will be made still more apparent by the following observation. If '100,000 men, at a yearly expense of 3,670,000*l.*, exclusive of recruiting, barracks, arms, and equipments' (p. 381), and without reckoning corresponding increase of cavalry, artillery, &c., had been maintained for the thirty-five years since the peace, we should actually have *thrown away* 128,000,000*l.* on what we now know would have been an unnecessary precaution. If anything of the same kind, even for half the number of men, had been attempted in the navy, inasmuch as a sea-going seaman, with the wear and tear of the ships, costs almost double the land-soldier, we should have thus *made ducks and drakes* of above 250,000,000*l.* under the pretext of *insurance* against a risk which has never occurred.

We have already shortly but, for our present purpose, sufficiently explained the danger of an idle army to itself—of an active and ambitious one to the constitution. But there is another risk not undeserving notice: the mere existence of such an enormous force as is supposed would tend to create the very evil which it was collected to prevent. Is it possible that two rival armies and navies—each of three or four hundred thousand men—separated only by an *esplanade*—exercised, according to Sir Francis Head's hypothesis, in all the practices, and inflamed with all the spirit of war, and—as he says—on the part of the French inextinguishable national hatred—could be long restrained from putting their lessons to the proof? Would not the masses of the nations catch the infection? Would they not find or make a thousand topics of mutual irritation? Three hundred thousand *Tybalts* 'biting their thumbs' at three hundred thousand *Mercutios*, would not be long restrained from blows. Even our present naval forces, which these gentlemen think so inadequate, have frequently during the last five-and-twenty years risked rather than secured the continuance of peace—twice in Turkey, thrice in Greece, as often in Lisbon—to say nothing of South America and Polynesia. We do not here criticise these demonstrations; it is difficult, however, to doubt that the existence of the force rendered ministers less reluctant to such hazardous interventions than they might have been if they had had before them the difficulties of a special armament. In our present circumstances we will at once admit that, considering the kind of emulation which the writers of both

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both countries have created between the French and English navies, and the feverish state into which circumstances have thrown the whole European world, our Government could hardly, with either prudence or dignity, have voted a smaller number of men than their present establishment; but—as if to mark how much larger it is than the *current services* of the country require—two large squadrons, composing the main body of our naval force, have been cruising these six months past, as a valetudinarian takes a walk—for *exercise*—and are just now reposing themselves, Admiral Parker's in the Spanish harbour of Mahon, and Commodore Martin's in the port of Lisbon.

We do not complain of this; and, though we should be sorry to see the force increased, we are far from disputing the policy of a peace establishment of what used to be called *Guard-ships*, and which are still more judiciously employed in such squadrons as Commodore Martin's. We go further; we wish that some mode could be devised of making the crews of those Guard-ships more permanently and prospectively useful than they now are. The time of entry for peace-service is too short. A ship should be commissioned for four or even five years—at present she is hardly sooner arrived at her most perfect state than it is almost time to pay her off. It is true that, when the seamen are paid off and discharged at the end of the three years, we do not altogether lose the advantage of the education they have been receiving: many of them re-enter immediately—all of them are liable to be called back in case of war; but still there is certainly a waste of our previously gathered strength whenever ships are paid off after so short a service.

Sir Howard Douglas many years ago proposed the experiment of entering for a longer period of service a small force, 1000 men, to afford a school for master-gunners. Sir Francis Head borrows and exaggerates this judicious proposition into the scheme we have seen, one portion of which—the transforming all the Marines into Artillery—Sir Howard had discussed and judiciously *rejected*. We confess we should like to see Sir Howard's experiment fairly tried, and on even a larger scale and for more general purposes, than he could then see the necessity for—to the extent, for instance, of entering, for five or even seven years, a body of say *five thousand sailors as regular crews* (*with the marines*) *for ten or twelve Guard-ships*, to be ordinarily employed in the routine of the sea-going service. These prime seamen, on the breaking out of a war, might be distributed through the newly-raised ships' companies as petty officers, and those who should have been found the best marksmen, as captains of guns; they might be to the navy what the *Guards* are to the army—and might be called by the name of The Queen's *Naval Guards*. The

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The men might be indulged in succession with regular leaves of absence—they might also have a premium for their longer engagement—some kind of honorary distinction—perhaps even a small increase of rating. We are well aware that there may be objections to such a plan; but on the whole it seems to us the most easy and useful improvement that could be made; and it would become additionally beneficial if it should happen, as in time it probably would, that admission into this corps should be held out as a kind of reward for good conduct and capacity in the merchant service; it would, at least in our judgment, be infinitely preferable to Sir Francis Head's proposition for turning all the Marines into Artillery; for admirable as the Marine Artillery is in its present state, and useful as it will be found in the many special services in which a fleet may be employed, we quite concur in Sir Howard Douglas's reluctance to see it absorb the equally admirable corps of Marines as at present constituted, or to see either of them supersede the *blue jackets* in the management of their own great guns.

The proposition which we thus venture, of 5000 naval Guards, to be included in the present, or even a somewhat diminished, number of seamen—the addition to the army suggested by the Duke of Wellington—the more frequent and effective drilling of the Militia—and a scrupulous care in the selection and discipline of the *Coast Guard*—(a body of nearly 5000 disposable seamen)—is all that, on our review of the whole question, we desire to see the Government attempt as to the *personal* of our force, and all this might be done at what, we should hope, would not alarm the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But there are two or three other *material* points which, as we have entered upon this subject, we cannot omit to notice.

Our readers will have observed that we have been all along objecting to incur extravagant cost for contingent advantages—*for fugacious and perishable services*, which may have finished their existence before they can be called into action; but, on the other hand, we should be glad to see a greater activity and liberality in *material* and *permanent* means of defence—some such, for example, as the refuge harbours at Portland and Dover. The fortifications of our great arsenals have been recently strengthened. It is no doubt essential that they should be prepared to repel any attack; but if ever there be a serious invasion, the enemy will have as little to do as he can help with our fortified arsenals. We believe it is the opinion of the best officers, both military and naval, that the Channel coast of this country could be but very imperfectly *fortified* against invasion, and the general line of our coasts, and above all, those of Ireland not at all; but there are, we think, other works that have some claim to attention. We

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have numerous *barracks*, which for the most part seem placed in the least desirable localities, as regards either their own security or the discipline of their inmates. It would have been originally a trifling, and would even now be no very formidable expense, to make it a general rule that all barracks should be so insulated in point of position, and so inclosed by good walls and gates, as to be safe against a *coup de main*; and it would be particularly desirable that those works should be placed with an eye both to secure internal communication, and to embarrass in some degree, however slight, the advance of an invading army. For instance—and we only state it as an exemplification—the barracks called the *King's House* of Winchester are in a situation that would admit of very strong works at a comparatively small expense, and would protect the main branch of—as regards a French invasion—the most important of our railroads—those that run from London to the South coast, with the lateral branches that run, east and west, from near Winchester, into Sussex and Dorset. In Ireland the whole barrack system should be—as we long ago urged—revised on this principle. All the police barracks should be immediately castellated—that is, put into a state to be defended by a few resolute men against small arms or escalade; and—as we happen to know that the Duke of Wellington has always wished—there should be at least four *places d'armes*, or fortified places of refuge, one in each province of Ireland—to afford a rallying point to the loyalists of the neighbourhood, and strong enough to hold out even against light field-artillery.

The Government should, in both Islands, take a military view of the Railroad communications. If steam navigation gives some advantage to the attack, the Railroad and its Electric Telegraph afford a still greater preponderance of advantage to the defence. If the French railroads afford such facilities as Sir Francis Head apprehends for the sudden assemblage of an invading army on their coast, ours would obviously be still more efficacious for collecting our necessarily scattered forces to meet them; by them not only should we be able to move within a few hours all the troops from London and the Midland counties to any point of the southern coast, but there is already along that whole coast an almost continuous line of rail. From Dover to Dorchester it is complete, and it happens, by a lucky accident, that it runs in general not so near the coast as to be liable to be destroyed by a short and sudden inroad from the seaward, yet near enough to bring the most distant defensive force close to the immediate scene of action. On the few places along those lines where the road approaches very near the shore, a Martello tower, or some such work, should be built, to protect it from the injury which a single

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boat's crew, thrown on the naked shore, might accomplish; and the Railroad administrations should, on any threatening of war, be advised to keep on different points a small supply of rails and sleepers to provide for any accidental breach. The only portion of this important means of defence that would involve any serious expense is the finishing, or rather completing, of the coast line from Dorchester to Exeter. We know not whether any private company would, in the present state of railway matters, undertake this without some special encouragement—but there can be no doubt that the Government should lose no time in *insuring*, by its countenance at least, its early completion. The distance is about fifty miles, and the engineering, we suppose, not very easy; but the work is so necessary in a national as well as a local point of view, that it must be done sooner or later—and, of course, the sooner the better. Plymouth, Torbay, Portland, Portsmouth, Brighton, Dover, Chatham, and Sheerness, and, we may add, London, would then be brought into direct communication; and the garrisons which the Duke of Wellington contemplates in five of those places would all be, as it were, fingers of the same hand.

Sir Francis Head cannot be more convinced than we are of both the formidable military power of France and the unreasonable yet deep-rooted hatred which has been unfortunately generated in that country against us; nor of the necessity of preparing ourselves for the possible results of that hostility; though we differ so essentially from the views he takes both of the symptoms of the danger and of the remedy. It is indeed our sense of the real danger and our anxiety for a practical remedy that have induced us to combat at such length Sir Francis Head's various propositions, some of which, we think, are too slight to support his arguments, and others too vast and too vague to satisfy the common sense of the country. If, in the heat of discussion, the sharpness of the author's own style has given our observations anything of reaction, we hope he will at least accept the repeated assurance of our personal respect for his talents and his motives—which are, we are convinced, as honest as our own.

ERRATUM.

Q. R., No. 174, p. 402, l. 2, *for* 'When huge elephants, &c.,' *read* 'When huge mammoths, with their thick hides, braved an excessive climate, as Humboldt and Lyell have suggested; whilst they lived upon the northern birch and pine, as Owen has demonstrated from the structure of their teeth.'

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Ornamental and Domestic Poultry; their History and Management.* By the Rev. Edmund Saul Dixon, M.A., Rector of Intwood-with-Keswick, Norfolk. 2nd edition. 1850.
2. *Poultry: their Breeding, Rearing, Diseases, and General Management.* By Walter B. Dickson. 1838.
3. *Farming for Ladies; or, a Guide to the Poultry-yard, the Dairy, and Piggery.* By the Author of *British Husbandry.* 1844.
4. *The Poultry-yard: a Practical View of the best Method of Selecting, Rearing, and Breeding the various Species of Domestic Fowl.* By Peter Boswell. 1845.
5. *Domestic Fowl; their Natural History, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management.* By H. D. Richardson. Dublin, 1846.
6. *A Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and Fattening of Poultry.* By James Main, A.L.S. 4th edition. 1847.
7. *Ornamental, Aquatic, and Domestic Fowl, and Game Birds; their Importation, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management.* By J. J. Nolan. Dublin, 1850.

OF all the branches of natural history which relate to the inferior creatures, ornithology is perhaps the most elegant and the most interesting. It is true that some species among the beasts are endued with higher powers of intelligence, and are available for more general purposes of usefulness than any birds, and therefore must be allowed to put forth the prior claim on the attention of the wise; but their range both of element and geographical space is more limited; there is less ideality about the mode of life they are constrained to adopt; they are rarely supplied with brilliant colouring, unless when, as in the baboons, it seems intended to make them still more odious; their voices are not such that man can eagerly listen to them with continuous pleasure; and though they display many amiable and attractive traits of character, still it may be said that with them what we should call the evil passions are fiercer and more predominant, while the softer graces of temper and disposition are displayed in less abundant measure than amongst the

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feathery tribes. They are indeed in some respects more nearly related to us;—the orang-otan at the Zoological Gardens, if suddenly converted into soapstone, would exactly correspond with the usual effigy of a Chinese mandarin. This is no recommendation: a certain amount of dissimilarity and inequality promotes friendship, and even love. But among the birds are to be found families whose decorations, alike graceful and gorgeous, are inimitable by any material that we are acquainted with, be it even gems and metals; whose song by its mere tone moves the listener almost to tears, although he is ignorant of the exact sentiment that inspires the melodist. Some, as the raven, are absolutely cosmopolitan in their dispersion throughout the climates of our planet. The four departments of material nature popularly styled elements seem open and accessible to them—earth, air, water, and (if we remember the account of the Australian kingfishers given by Mr. Gould, and of the region in which they dwell by Captain Sturt) fire almost, or heat as hot as fire. The fiend himself, when started on his ill-intentioned cruise into chaos, could scarcely display a wider range of locomotive and habitative powers.

> 'At last, his sail-broad vans
> He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
> Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
> O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'

Nor are there wanting, to promote our sympathy, the qualities of acute perception, docility, mimicry, even fun and humour, courage, gallantry, strong affections—above all, parental love.

What community of feeling can we enter into with a fish?—a creature that increases its kind with little or no experience of the delights of mutual and parental affection;—brings forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands at a time;—eats its own progeny indiscriminately with those of its neighbour, showing no favour to either, just as they are arriving at the most interesting stages of their youth;—that indulges a voracious appetite without, as far as physiologists can judge, enjoying the pleasures of taste;—that dozes, indeed, now and then, but never seems to know what a comfortable *night's* rest is, though it may be torpid for a whole winter;—that has a chance, especially if it be cartilaginously constituted, of living for centuries, and yet is liable to be snapped up by its own great-grandfather without a moment's warning! No; we cannot understand the life-theory and practice of these races, and probably never should, even were the depths of the ocean penetrated for our accommodation

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accommodation by a glass tunnel, through the transparent walls of which we might behold the meteoric ribbon-fishes glancing athwart their secret abyss, and practise an espionage upon the soles and turbots as they were sliding, unhurt by the enormous pressure and unsuspicious of a Paul Pry, over the surface of the profoundest mud. Look into the eyes of many beasts and many birds, and there is something which you can understand, something which seems inclined to meet your thoughts halfway, if it could but find a common language; but the only thing which the eye of a fish ever appears to express is 'I would eat you if I could.' The dervish who possessed the power of throwing his soul into other animals, might know tolerably well how to proceed when his transmigratory fancies led him to animate a bird or a beast; but on entering any of the finny tribes he would be utterly at a loss.

> 'Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the *sea* hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with!'

We would altogether decline the acquaintance of fish, so long as they are in the flesh. Afterwards, it is all very well to have a levee of them waiting upon us at Blackwall, instead of our attending them in less comfortable reaches of the estuary.

Sweet is the hum of bees, dire is the song of gnats and mosquitos; gaudy is the clothing of the butterfly, noisome the contact of vermin; costly are the products of the silkworm and the cochineal; ruinous the ravages of the weevil, the wireworm, and the locust. But in this favoured country—and how few of us reflect on the blessings peculiar to our position—not least our ignorance of what either a hot or a cold climate really is!—in this physically happy land, compared with many other regions, insects exist in but a contemptible minority. We have fewer entomological beauties and, Heaven be praised!—fewer entomological plagues; whereas in ornithology we are rich beyond our fair proportion. It is true that we have after all plenty of insects even here; but the extreme minuteness and unimaginable variety and transformations of those creatures forbid the enterprise of most ordinary students; and when we have learned their forms, we cannot comprehend or even scarcely guess at their senses—their inner mode of life. It is doubtful whether they possess the faculty of hearing. An intelligent bee-master and good gardener says that he 'fired off a gun close to a hive containing a swarm; they only stirred slightly; but shaking them disturbs them much more than any noise' (*Wighton on Bees*, p. 59). If they do hear at all,

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their scale of audible sounds has been conjectured to lie far at the top of ours, and so to be a nullity for our ears from the highest to the lowest note which it contains. The kind of sight that must be the result of looking out through a thousand microscopes is difficult for us to realize; the language of the antennæ is more untranslatable than any cuneiform inscription. For bees, and a few others of their class, there will ever be a genuine fellow-feeling, as well as a selfish interest arising from considerations of profit; but the mob of creeping things will secure no hold on popularity.

As to conchology, as seen in museums and cabinets, what is it but a collection of husks and rinds of things that are dead and gone? We treasure the envelope, having lost the letter; the book is destroyed, and we preserve the binding. Not one person in a hundred, who decorates his apartment with shells, can tell whether the living creatures they once contained had eyes or no eyes, were fixed to the rock or drifted with the sea-weed, were purely herbivorous, or, by an insinuating but unamiable process, dieted on the vitals of other mollusks their neighbours. The Radiata and the rest of their allied tribes are still less inviting to men and women in general, since they puzzle and worry even philosophers and practised naturalists. We believe that Mr. Charles Darwin has been for some time past engaged upon the barnacles, and has been well nigh driven to despair by the slipperiness of their character. So that we still return to our proposition, affirming the supreme attractions which ornithology has to offer. For what is a menagerie without the birds? What a farm-yard without the poultry? What a dinner without the winged game, or their sufficient deputy?

But then, how to indulge a taste for ornithology? In museums, or in books? Both of course are useful; but the best of either, when most wanted on the spur of the moment, are accessible to but few. The large building which stands at the back of Montague Place and fronts nowhere, never travels up and down the country like Mr. Wombwell's collection, or the American floating treasuries of natural and artistic objects. And the price of Mr. Gould's admirable works, such as 'The Birds of Europe' and 'The Birds of Australia'—the one 76*l.* 8*s.*, and the other something like 120*l.*—is against their purchase by most provincial libraries and book-clubs—quite as much as the cost of Mr. Yarrell's excellent 'British Birds' and 'British Fishes' stops their taking a place on the parlour shelves of many who would like to have such pleasant handbooks within reach. Still these last can be consulted at almost every literary institution in the kingdom, and plenty of cheaper and less comprehensive works are continually reprinted. For one great charm in

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in natural history is, that it never wearies; it neither grows stale, nor is made the sport of fashion. Buffon is not yet wholly antiquated, though he has been one main cause of the building up of the most startling theories from incorrect data; nor is Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature' quite worn out, though he makes the common gander take his turn upon the nest. The literature of natural history never becomes entirely obsolete. The costumes, manners, politics, and creeds of men may change, but still nature remains the same, reproducing successive examples of her own original types with perennial freshness. The forms and habits of the humbler animals are the first things to interest our childhood; and they often retain their hold upon our inquisitive attention after we have learned to regard the passions and intrigues of men with indifference—or better, with pity.

So far as an acquaintance with outward forms is concerned, we have no high idea of the elementary instruction of museums. The stuffed specimens are often sadly distorted; the neck perhaps stretched to twice its natural length; on the parts not covered with feathers, we see unreproducible colours mocked by pigments that have faded since they were applied; false feathers are inserted, natural ones dyed; impossible attitudes assumed. It would be unfair to criticise severely the artist who has to mount the skin of a bird which he has never seen alive, and whose habits he can only guess at; but it may seem a curious paradox that figures drawn from his stuffed specimens sometimes are found to give a less false idea of the creatures themselves, when afterwards *oculis subjecta fidelibus*, than do the said specimens. We should, however, recollect that even so the engravings from certain mystic pictures are less unintelligible to common beholders than the pictures themselves had been in Trafalgar Square. The intermediate interpreter is instinctively biassed towards natural truth.

Books, again, on the subject which each one most affects, will be sure to be read as fireside pastime. Knowledge is thus acquired, but a science is not thus advanced; information is spread, but the general stock is not increased. To do this, practice must aid us; ornithological work must be done; birds must be collected, and kept, and studied. Or, better than a collection—far better for those of moderate ambition than the possession of a large menagerie at once, is it to have a succession of individual specimens occupying a leisurely attention, till the secrets are coaxed out of them. An amateur who would thus keep but a few pairs of finches—for the plan of retaining only *single birds* in captivity is alike cruel and unprofitable—and jot down from day to day their mode of nesting, incubation, feeding their young, growth, diet, notes, &c., little knows how valuable

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valuable his contributions would be at the end of a few years; but especially if he made a change now and then—not too hastily—in the species of his captives. Books on natural history have been, in general, so apt to repeat each other in almost the same words, that the production of fresh information from original observers is sure at the present day of a warm welcome. But the misfortune is, that so many men of great acuteness and ample means have *gone through* various branches of experimental science for their own amusement—we may especially mention gardening and the rearing of birds and animals—and then, when certain conclusions have been arrived at and their own minds satisfied, they have turned to some other pursuit without making any record of their former one, or leaving any addition to the capital of human knowledge, except the little that may survive by oral tradition amongst those who were about them at the time. Such favoured individuals—favoured both in fortune and in talents—really ought to draw up some narrative of their labours—at all events, communicate occasional notes to some journal of the day; but the pecuniary stimulus is absent—and the *vis inertiæ* is too much for any other. We have a few good energetic examples to the contrary in such men as Thomas Andrew Knight and Charles Waterton; but how brief is the account which Sir John Sebright has left in print of what cost him thousands of pounds and years of observation! Worse still, in how many cases has a man's acquired knowledge of natural facts all died away with him, and been lost for ever! Is it not almost as bad as if Captain Cook, Bruce, Humboldt, and other great explorers of the world, after having penetrated into unknown regions, at the cost of money, health, and all but life, had forthwith cast into the fire every specimen, chart, drawing, log-book, and journal that they brought back with them?

So, then, the way to know birds is to see and to keep them; the mode of furthering a knowledge of them is to note what is seen. It is thus that the Zoological Society and their officers have made such immense advances during the last few years—although the field is altogether too vast for their numbers and their present powers to subdue at once—there yet remains an enormous unreaped harvest. But every one cannot reside within a drive of the Regent's Park, nor, like Lord Derby or Sir Robert Heron, maintain a princely menagerie within his own domain. It must come to a few pets, more or less in number, according to people's means: three or four sorts of water-fowl in the pond, one or two of pheasants in the aviary, or a set of cages containing doves, finches, or parrots, as it may be.

A vast body of amateurs gratify their ornithological longings by

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by keeping, under really adverse circumstances, families of choice poultry—in which term if pigeons be included, a still larger multitude is embraced. These people are utterly distinct from the class who rear or fatten fowls simply for table purposes. With many it is really the pursuit of experimental knowledge under difficulties—with many it is all as truly for the disinterested pleasure of having and admiring the birds themselves, as the wealthiest reader of these pages would claim to be influenced by in keeping up his swans or his golden pheasants. Probably many a rich connoisseur would scarcely credit what narrow nooks, confined back-yards, close garrets, are converted into receptacles for a small stud of select cocks and hens. The eggs thus laid are valued as were they the eggs of a phœnix; the chicks thus hatched are petted more than a first-born child; and the grown creatures themselves are loved and admired as incomparable, faultless—no one *has* so good, no one *shall* have, except as a proof of devoted friendship, or in exchange for some still more perfect specimen, if such can be; but to sell them!—Do people sell their own fathers and mothers?

It often happens that the passion is stronger than the means of gratifying it are possible. Many sorts may be hankered after—even possessed—and there may be tolerable room for but few; and need we say that one paved court of twenty feet square will not contain two dominant Chanticleers? So, various 'lots' are billeted out at sundry isolated cottages, just as a sporting nobleman would disperse his greyhound pups amongst his farmers, or send his racers out on training. The owner has the joy of seeing them now and then; of hearing of them more frequently, just as he would demand news of a sick child that was gone from home for country air; of receiving occasional baskets of eggs and hampers of chickens, and distributing such produce; and of feeling conscious that he is the absolute, much-envied lord of such and such unparalleled beauties. Their destiny awaits his nod—to remain hidden in the rural harem, where no other fancier 'knows of them,' or to display the full blaze of their fresh moult to the dazzled public at the next Midland Counties Agricultural exhibition. Fowls thus out on a visit are technically said to be 'at walk;' and many cottagers make a good thing of taking in chickens to tend and dry nurse. Especial provision is made for this arrangement at poultry shows. At the Birmingham meeting, which promises to be—if it is not already—the very first of the kind in the kingdom, one of the rules is—'All the specimens must have been *bonâ fide* the property of the exhibitor for at least two months previous to the exhibition, with the exception of chickens which may have been hatched within that time. A written declaration to

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to this effect must be forwarded. *Fowl out at walk* will, however, be equally admissible for exhibition by their real owners.' An ardent poultry-fancier, lauding this system of confiding choice sorts to the care of cottagers, believes that he has made a discovery in the nice task of selecting the parties who are to be intrusted with such precious charges.

'I employ,' he writes, '*three turnpike-gates*, and find it the best and *safest* course to pursue. There is *always* some one at home; and the outhouse where the fowls roost is so close to the dwelling that there is no fear of their being stolen; besides, I think gate-people sleep light, lest they should lose a sixpence. My usual plan is *to find all the corn* the fowls eat and buy the eggs. This keeps them (the people) honest; and when I send the eggs to a farm to be hatched, I give to the shepherd's wife, or to the servant who looks after them, 6*d*. per couple, for herself, for all reared.'

Everybody knows that there is a fashionable world, a literary world, a sporting world, and a scientific world; but everybody does *not* know that there is a poultry world, with its jealousies, excitements, pre-eminences, and interests, just like any of the other worlds that revolve, 'cycle on epicycle, orb on orb,' in the midst of the great universal world itself. The grand evil is that the poultry world has hitherto been kept to a great degree distinct from the scientific world, to the disadvantage of both these respectable spheres. Not a few renowned naturalists have disdained *in toto* the scrutiny of domesticated animals. They have too hastily adopted a sweeping theory explanatory of their diversities, and thought that the study of their various forms would hardly repay the trouble.* Others, who would fain explore this entangled region, have been sorely hindered by the prevalence of mere commercial jealousies. The men who live by the propagation and sale of valuable beasts and birds have had their lips sealed by the dread, that while they were communicating some natural fact, they might betray some precious secret; and so *they* have curdled themselves into close boroughs, and have often shut their gates on all inquiring *savans*—sometimes have sent them wandering hither and thither on a wild-goose chase. But these mischiefs will be overcome. The Poultry World desires and

* Here is a sample:—'Plusieurs autres races mitoyennes, un plus grand nombre encore de variétés accidentelles, se trouvent dans cette tourbe immense des pigeons de volière. Les décrire, les connaître toutes, serait un ouvrage aussi ennuyeux pour l'auteur qu'il serait de peu d'utilité pour *l'étude de la nature; ce n'est aussi qu'avec quelque dégoût que nous nous en occupons;* on ne peut guère s'occuper de ces *races dégradées*, que d'après de simples suppositions, que l'on hasarde pour la plupart. Les soins de l'homme, en s'étendant sur la propagation et l'éducation des oiseaux, sont les causes premières que ceux-ci ne nous offrent plus que l'image d'un esclavage très ancien, dont nous remarquons toutes les traces dans l'altération de leurs qualités habituelles.'—Temminck—*Pigeons & Gallinacées*, i. 202.

deserves

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deserves to fraternize with the Natural History World—and we see many signs of success. In like manner the secrets of the Fancy stand a great chance of being profaned by the rough handling of common sense. The establishment of the Zoological Society, and its consequences, have given a blow to the quackeries and mystifications of unblushing dealers, from which they can never recover, though they may writhe and struggle for a time with eel-like slipperiness and tenacity of life.

Our agricultural magazines and country newspapers are conducted by persons who have every opportunity for estimating the degree of interest felt as to particular subjects; and perhaps we could not better illustrate the strength of the under-current contemned by Dons of Science, than by giving from those journals a few specimens of the overtures made by the poultry public, entreating aid from those able to afford it. We shall, however, purposely refrain from adding the solutions of the problems proposed, as they will form an excellent examination paper, by which students may test the proficiency at which themselves and friends have arrived.

I. 'Sir,—Will any of your correspondents inform me of the best mode of rearing pea-fowls? I have now a pea-hen sitting on nine eggs, and having been hitherto unsuccessful, not raising more than one in six, I am rather anxious to have the advice of others. J. F. E.'

II. 'W. C. will thank some one to inform him what size a piece of water must be to keep a swan on? Also, whether a single swan will remain quietly? And whether swans will devour trout? He has a small pond in which there are trout, and the beauty of the water is entirely done away with by a nasty green scum, which he has been told a swan will clear.'

III. '*Sylvanus* wishes to know if the guinea-fowl ever breeds with the barn-door fowl—as a friend of his thinks that he has some hybrid chickens.'

IV. 'R. B. asks for some plan to prevent pheasants from eating their own eggs. He has a golden pheasant which lays regularly every other day, and devours the egg as soon as it is dropped. She used to lay at from five to six o'clock in the afternoon, but since he has watched her closely she lays early in the morning. She appears to lay eggs for the express purpose of eating them.'

V. 'A Subscriber would be obliged if the editor could suggest a simple and efficient cure or preventive of a complaint in chickens six or eight weeks old, in which, without any previous cause, they pine, separate from their clutches, and, after lingering a few days, die.

'The Inquirer lately lost a fine Dorking cock under the following circumstances:—For the sake of a breed between the cock and a particular hen, it was necessary to shut them up together, and the place of confinement being deficient in the means of ventilation, the cock in two or three days began to droop, and, though liberated, he was affected

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affected with vertigo, and died in about a fortnight. He was repeatedly physicked; and, as he could not feed himself, his food had to be administered to him. The hen did not apparently suffer.'

VI. 'Sir,—Last year I had a present made me of a couple of beautiful black grouse bantams. I have been so unfortunate as to lose the hen this spring, and I am fearful I shall likewise lose the cock, for he has lost the proud haughty step so natural to the bantam tribe; his comb has turned to a dark dingy colour; he has great difficulty in swallowing anything, however soft, having to make three or four attempts before he can. He is reduced almost to a skeleton. If you could recommend anything which you think would be useful, I should feel very grateful. EPSILON.

'N.B.—I have fed them generally on dry barley. I have tried a little rue and butter.'

We may here remark that advice respecting poultry ailments is very frequently asked by letter of the editors of agricultural papers. Were the enclosure of a handsome fee made by these gentlemen, as by the advertising doctors, a necessary preliminary to the medical reply, all honourable secrecy respecting the case being of course in like manner guaranteed, a decent income might be derived from this branch of practice. We would willingly undertake all the labour and anxiety for the receipt of half the profits. '*Dum dolet*—while the sore pinches, then,' say the mediciners, 'is the time to ask a fee.' But gentlefolks, mourning over a declining hen, or longing to save the lives of a delicate brood of turkey-chicks, rarely enclose even the penny or two-penny stamp which is to carry back the friendly hint. The gallinacian leech, like the mountebank of former days, has to exercise his wits for pure benevolence. And wits he need have, or some infallible specific equally sovereign for inflammation of the lungs and a broken bone. Most applicants suppose him to be a clairvoyant, and remind one of the faith of the rustic who ran to the doctor and said 'Please, Sir, my wife's very bad; I'm come for some physic!' Sometimes it may be doubted whether the petitioners are in earnest, or, under the shelter of an anonymous communication, impertinently seek to give trouble and annoyance.

VII. 'Sir,—May I beg the favour of the opinion of one of your correspondents conversant with poultry, respecting a hen of mine, which appears to have fits at certain times, spinning round and round, and is only kept alive by being fed by hand. She will stand in the same spot for a length of time quite listlessly, and seems to pine away. I have tried castor oil and peppercorns with temporary relief. I am told that it is apoplexy, and that it is incurable. Is that the case, or is there any remedy? I presume its flesh would be unwholesome if killed? I am yours obediently—A COCKNEY.'

Ought the physician here to keep his temper, or only his countenance?

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countenance? We hope the signature soothed him; for certainly no class of poultry-keepers should more excite one's sympathies than the constant dwellers in large towns or their suburbs. We always enter heartily into their feelings; we cannot see them stretching out their arms to grasp a few rural recreations, and not long to afford them all possible aid. Here is a still more voracious citizen:—

VIII. 'Sir, I am very partial to poultry; and possessing but a mongrel stock, the whole of which, six hens and a cock, from some cause or other, do not return me more than half a dozen eggs per week as a set-off against their food, I am inclined, Sir, from the opinion of some friends, to lay the fault at the age of the hens, with some other minor causes; and being advised to procure a stock of young chickens for next year's laying and hatching, I am anxious to go to market with as much scientific information as I can lay in, to defend myself against the artful circumventings of the itinerant vendors who frequent the market of Leadenhall, and who make easy prey of us cockney purchasers whenever they can find a fitting opportunity.

'1. What breed are considered to be the best layers? How to know them?

'2. Which are the best sitters? How to select them?

'3. To tell a youngish bird from an old one?

'4. To tell a healthy from a sickly one?

'5. Do you advise nest-boxes on the ground or elevated?

'6. Are chalk eggs of any use in these nests?

'7. Proper number of hens to a cock?

'8. In a stock of eight or nine, would you vary the breeds?

'9. Their general food?

'10. As occasional luxuries?

'11. Would you feed once or twice a day—and at what hours?

'12. Proper way to clip wings without disfiguring?

'13. As a general habit, do you consider an unlimited range better than confinement?'

The *limited* range at the command of this virtuoso was about twelve feet square. We wonder whether or not he would enjoy the inspection of a real country farm on which a large head of poultry is kept. Let us hope that the little stud of fowls has by this time been satisfactorily selected; and that his cock—we approve his having but one—may prove courageous, and his hens prolific. Another anxious man writes thus:—

IX. 'One of my hens generally produces eggs with two yolks in each shell. The yolks are quite distinct, and are in the nature of twins. Did any of your readers ever know any such egg produce two chickens?

'I see in the poultry-lists of Leadenhall Market mention made of large

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large Surrey fowls at 12*s.* per couple; are these of any particular breed, or are they capons?

'*What is the best mode of fattening young poultry?*'

These are samples of the details which editors of what many will call humble prints are expected to give in illustration of a minor branch of a single department of knowledge. Truly, their brain-boxes had need be furnished on a liberal scale. We feel tempted to extend the list of poultry problems, so as to make an even dozen of questions, but refrain. Enough has been produced to show that a thirst for a certain kind of knowledge exists; the demand for the article has been proved—we will now look a little at the quantity and quality of the supply. The public want poultry information; what poultry books have the public to read?

The number of such works—as witness even the list at the head of this article—is considerable; but the whole of our Gallinacian literature would be comprised within a very small compass if we ruthlessly *ignored*—to use the slang of the day—that proportion which is merely a re-compiling and a re-stealing of goods compiled and stolen so often as to have become worn to shreds and tatters in passing from pilferer to thief. In most of our encyclopædias the natural history department is exceedingly well done—but owing to the dislike among scientific writers of grappling with the teazing varieties of domesticated creatures, they have in many cases *avowedly compiled* their poultry articles, and done openly what the inferior pack commit without acknowledgment. In fact Poultry and Plagiarism seem to be bound together by some mysterious relationship or mesmeric affinity, though what that may be we are not acute enough to guess, unless it is that they both begin with the same consonant—a circumstance which has been affirmed by high authority to constitute the only and sufficient connexion between modesty and merit. Nor is the alliance at all a recent one. The Romans were as bad as the French and English. For instance, Varro, lib. III. cap. XX., tells us how an expert goosemaster would proceed in choosing his breeding-geese. The parallel instruction in Columella is at lib. VIII. cap. xiv.—where we find just enough of amplification and alteration of phrase to deprive the later scribe of all chance of the beneficial supposition that he had made a quotation and forgot to acknowledge it. He has followed his leader on plenty more points. But in these passages we have double classical authority for the two important *facts*—that the domestic goose will not sit on any eggs except those which she herself has laid—and that the gosling must be cautiously turned out to pasture lest he break his neck by tugging

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ging indiscreetly at the tough herbage. A *fact* of a different class to be gathered from them is, that geese, two thousand years back, were exactly what they are *hodie:* some parti-coloured, supposed to be 'mitigated' from the wild sort, and others white, which then, as by many now, were held in highest esteem as breeders. A few happy *modern* coincidences may be admired on reference to p. 141 of *Boswell*, and p. 47 of *Main*, wherein are sentences, nay paragraphs, running side by side with the most loving unanimity. The incubation of geese will be found treated in the same consenting manner at pp. 150-1 of *Boswell*—at p. 81 of *Richardson*, first edition—at p. 260 of *Walter B. Dickson*—and at p. 82 of *Main*. It should perhaps edify us all to behold four of the *genus irritabile* harmonizing so completely; but, alas! many are rather annoyed, on cutting the leaves of a newly purchased book, to have to call out 'Ah, ha! Here is the same old song which I paid for only a month ago! The outside of the organ is new, and the crank looks different, but the barrels are the same which I have heard play over and over again before!' Our own chief complaint, however, is that while these amiable compeers

'in quaternion run
Perpetual circle,'

they so very often depose without jarring to the thing which is not. Common report is in this instance a liar. The goose does not sit on her eggs two months, calendar or lunar. The 'Farming for Ladies' quietly tells the truth: 'Incubation lasts only from four weeks to thirty days.' Richardson's *dictum* that 'the goose sits nearly two months, although one is sufficient'—is a pretty example of the art of making two contrary statements in one breath.

We had fully meant to quote some of the portentous parallelisms above referred to, but find that we cannot afford the room. By the way, however, let us beg our readers, especially intending buyers, on no account to confound *Walter B. Dickson* with *the Rev. Edmund Saul Dixon*. If there really be such a person as *Walter* we much doubt. Of the character of the performance issued under that name there can be no doubt at all. The clerical prefix belongs to a substantial man, and moreover a substantial author. We were of old familiar with his work, and are delighted to see it republished with additions. His is *the* Poultry Book—distinct in arrangement—copious in facts—the style neat, and sprightly without conceit or affectation.*

One of the most interesting questions connected with poultry, and handled with peculiar care by this writer, is, What are we to regard as the origin of our various breeds of domestic

* We are glad to observe that Mr. Dixon has a sequel in the press—'The Dovecote and the Aviary.'

fowls?

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fowls? for they are no longer found wild, any more than the camel is. With the pedigree of domestic turkeys and guinea-fowl we are well acquainted; most, though not all, naturalists agree that the domestic goose is the direct progeny of the grey lag; and farm-yard ducks, according to the nearly universal creed, are nothing but tamed mallards. Respecting these two last species we agree with Mr. Dixon in entertaining considerable doubts—especially with reference to the goose. But about barn-door and court-yard fowls few have ventured to express decided opinions, and, when they have, those decided opinions will not bear very strict examination. Buffon's doctrine that all the (to him) known species of pheasants were only variations from one original, is as worthy of belief as that all existing cocks and hens were derived from one now wild species of *gallus*, whether Bankiva, Sonnerat's, or Bengal jungle-fowl. Not much guidance can be had from most of these poultry-books. That ascribed to *Walter B. Dickson* (p. 4) patronizes Sonnerat's cocks and hens as the Adam and Eve of all fowls:—

'This species,' says he, 'which is *three feet four inches in length*, inhabits the great forests of India, continues to reproduce there in the wild state, and is clearly distinct from the domestic races reared by the Hindoos—[that is quite true]—as these resemble in all respects the other tame breeds in every quarter of the globe. M. Sonnerat, however, thought very differently, and prided himself much on the discovery, rejecting the statements of Dampier and others as to the existence of wild fowl in Timor and other islands of the Indian Seas. The jungle-cock is one-third less than our dunghill cock, and——'

But, stop! The jungle-cock being one-third less than our dunghill cock, and at the same time measuring three feet four inches in length, it follows that our dunghill cock is exactly five feet in length! So we will not follow Master Walter any further. Let us turn, then, to Mr. Nolan. He cuts the Gordian knot with a charming ancient-Pistolian air:—

'*The origin of our Domestic Fowl*
is involved in such uncertain obscurity, I shall not trouble my readers by repeating what has been so often advanced; it is nearly on a par with the assertions of some of our *savans*, who undertake to tell us what has occurred before the creation of man. I shall therefore omit it, and proceed to detail the facts we are in possession of, and commence with the description of

The Cochin China Fowl.
They were presented to our most gracious Queen,' &c. &c.—p. 8.

The author of 'Farming for Ladies' (who continually makes us wish that he had bestowed the same industry on this humble subject

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ject as he gave to the 'British Husbandry') treats the matter not quite so completely in Ercles' vein :—

'The inquiry is, if not of mere curiosity, yet of secondary importance, —*though it is extraordinary that our efforts to tame the pheasant, the partridge, and the quail, have proved unavailing;* and a belief is by many entertained that the races of domesticated animals were never wild; on which point observations have been so pertinently made, that we shall offer no apology for transcribing them.'

He might as well have referred to his authority—but such omissions will startle no student of the cock and hen library. To proceed with the 'pertinent observations':—

'In the first place, there is no evidence of a greater number of kinds of domesticated animals now in the world, than have been from the earliest period of history; and, in the next place, there have always existed as many kinds of domesticated animals as have been useful to man in his most civilized state. As the civilization of man increased, so have the variety and quality of domesticated animals increased, but the number of their kinds has not increased. There were horses, asses, camels, dogs, cattle, sheep, and goats, in the days of Abraham as well as now; and these constitute the largest proportion of our domesticated animals. Many attempts have been successfully made to tame single individuals of wild races; but such animals, though tamed, are in quite a different state from our domesticated animals. Some wild animals exhibit a degree of familiarity. The swallow builds her nest in our windows, and the robin enters our dwellings; whilst the blackbird and sparrow are constantly before us. This familiarity, however, does not amount even to tameness, far less to domestication. It appears, indeed, that wild animals are preserved *unchanged* for the great purposes of Providence throughout the globe, and that Nature has presented to man only such animals as are obviously most suited to his wants. With these he must be satisfied. What wild creature would he desire to substitute for any one of our animals? Should we desire it, Nature (*i. e.* the Creator) has placed such a barrier in our way, that it is impossible for us to make a single wild creature available to our domestic purposes. We may exercise our ingenuity, judgment, and even caprice, in moulding the habits and qualities of domesticated animals to our tastes, wants, and conveniences. There the field of experiment is open to us—not to an unlimited, but to a great extent; but Nature will not permit us to make a single predatory excursion among her wild animals.'

It is a pity that this gentleman did not pursue the idea thus happily met with. He is the only writer on poultry, except Mr. Dixon, by whom it has been alluded to. The views so temperately and yet so effectively set forth by Colonel Hamilton Smith in his 'Treatise on the Dog' have not yet met with the consideration due to them. The rest all stick to one notion, as sheep follow in the track of the bell-wether. It is taken for granted that every domesticated bird and animal must have passed

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passed through the wild state—have been primitively shy, intractable, and unattachable, and been *made* docile, domestic, and confiding, by the cares and wisdom of man. Every species of bird and brute which now forms part of civilized society has been drilled into its good behaviour, taught to forget its savage instincts, and been made the useful creature that it is, by the schooling of former ages. But the proposition assumes, though it does not state in so many words, that the Almighty Creator *could* make a wild animal, but could not, or would not, make a tame one; in short, things are so badly contrived in the world—there is so little evidence of any providential design in the adaptation of living creatures to the circumstances in which they are placed on earth, either in reference to each other, or to inanimate nature—man's bodily frame and his mind are so thoroughly ill-suited to his condition as an inhabitant of the planet on which it is his chance to dwell—that it is extremely improbable that any creatures exactly convenient for his use should have been given to him at once, and from the first. As, in the Vestigiarian theory of Creation, from the rudimentary animalcule has grown the erect and thinking man*—so in the Buffonian, perhaps we may say the French history of domesticated creatures, from natures vicious, distrustful, and obstinately insubordinate have been evolved, *à force des soins* as they say, tempers and habits the very reverse. A difficulty certainly here arises, that these metamorphoses were effected at a period when our juvenile race had plenty of other things to occupy them: it must have been to the dwellers in ever-shifting tents, the scourers of deserts, the explorers of untrodden tracts of interminable pasture, the wagers of no sham battles against 'insidious' as well as 'insolent' and 'aggressive' neighbours,—it must have been to these busy pioneers of human progress that we are indebted for the inestimable gift of domestic birds and animals, if *not* to the Divine forethought and bounty. *We*, in these latter days, can make neither the shy bustard nor the gentle guan available in our poultry-yards; *we* cannot harness the zebra, tempting as is his pattern, to our Lord Mayor's coach, nor induce the jackal to

* The followers of Lamarck are very glad of any facts to support their doctrine, and they have need of them. The following may be offered for their acceptance. It is just as valuable, and deserves to be just as influential, as the 'Transmutations of Corn' that have been so greedily snapped up and swallowed.

'I once encountered a native who exercised the double calling of bailiff and *varmint*-killer, and who, on my remonstrating with him for having shot and crucified so many innocent cuckoos, assured me very gravely that, although these birds were called cuckoos during the summer, *they became hawks in the winter, the bill and claws gradually assuming the true falconine character*. This was near the coast, where the sparrow-hawk is rare during the summer, but where the males abound during the winter.'—Knox's *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*, p. 69.

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point and set, so as to become Cumming-Gordon's, instead of Tao's, provider. But these harassed, toiling, way-worn patriarchs could train for us the horse, the ass, the camel, the dog, the fowl:—by what process? and from what wild stock? But, with certain minds, the objection will not weigh much; a rational explanation, if wrong, is more agreeable than a religious one, if right.

If our wise men would only get this 'wild original' out of their heads, and study species, sub-species, and varieties, or whatever else they choose to call them, independently, and as having no *necessary* relationship or connexion with each other, from what trammels would they free themselves! We do not ask them to repudiate any expressed opinions, but simply to look upon domestic animals as they would on the Fauna of a newly discovered group of islands, and just take them as they are, without reference to any supposed parentage or pedigree. Let them put theory aside for a *while*, and give us an account of wild creatures without dragging in the tame, and of tame ones without tracing them to wild. For we are confident that such prejudice quite warps the judgment, and renders observations, otherwise valuable, most unsatisfactory to the inquiring poultry-fancier. To exemplify what is meant we will make a few extracts from Mr. E. Blyth's Remarks on M. Sundevall's Paper on the Birds of Calcutta, in the Annals of Natural History, vol. xx., p. 388. Mr. Blyth—curator to the museum of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta—is, we are informed, an energetic as well as an accomplished man; but even he cannot look upon cocks and hens with an eye solely to their *existing* peculiarities, and with a simple belief that they *are* worthy of study.

'M. Sundevall,' he remarks, 'might well have sought in vain for traces of the wild *gallus Sonneratii* in the domestic poultry of India, inasmuch as—though, curiously enough, I have found *that species of South India far more easily domesticable than the Bengal jungle-fowl*—the latter is *beyond all question* the exclusive aboriginal stock from which *the whole of our domestic varieties* of common poultry have descended.'*

* Temminck's deliberate opinion was very different:—'Je ne saurais me conformer aux vues de plusieurs naturalistes qui croient que la plupart de nos races de coqs domestiques sont issues d'une seule souche ou type, et que toutes ces dissemblances que nous observons dans la taille et dans les formes particulières de ces oiseaux doivent uniquement leur origine à la différence du climat, aux empreintes de la domesticité, à la manière bizarre dont ces variétés ont été croisées, enfin au simple hasard. Il est, ce me semble, plus raisonnable de reconnaître dans le genre coq plusieurs souches ou espèces premières, dont les descendants, qui forment nos races particulières, auront conservé des caractères propres à leurs espèces, et au milieu desquelles on ne manquera pas de trouver des individus purs et non dégénérés. Plusieurs espèces primitives de coqs inconnus jusqu'à ces jours, dont nous ne possédons point les descendants en domesticité, serviront de base à mon opinion.'—*Pigeons et Gallinacées*, tom. ii., p. 69.

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Here is a great difficulty and inconsistency left quite unexplained, and yet, in the face of it, he pronounces a judgment 'beyond all question.' He continues,—

'However different these may be, whether the silky fowl of China, the gigantic Chittagong race, or the feather-legged bantams of Burmah, their *voice* at once and unmistakeably proclaims their origin, and is as different as can be, in every cry, from that of *G. Sonneratii*; besides that we continually meet with common domestic cocks which correspond, feather by feather, with the wild bird, the peculiar notched comb of which is again retained invariably, even when the comb is double or compound. *This much premised, however, it is remarkable that the domestic poultry of India do not approximate to the wild race in any respect more closely than the common fowls of Europe; and I have sought in vain for traces of intermixture of jungle-fowl blood in districts where the species abounds in a state of nature.*'

Again does Mr. Blyth's candour supply objections which more than counterbalance his utterly unevidenced assertion that all our various breeds of fowls come from *one* wild bird. As to the silk fowl—Temminck says of the 'Coq à Duvet'—his Gallus Lanatus:—

'Voici *encore une espèce* dont les parties internes ressemblent à celles du coq nègre; . . . . *l'espèce* est très farouche, et les coqs ne sont pas si courageux que les coqs des races ordinaires; ils s'allient difficilement avec les poules vulgaires, mais leur produit est fécond. Cette espèce habite les différentes parties de l'Asie; on la trouve au Japon et à la Chine, où les habitants les tiennent en cage, pour les vendre aux Européens.'—ii. p. 256.

And, as to voice, Mr. Blyth must not place too much reliance on that, for it varies as much among the domestic birds themselves as between the wild and the domestic. Mr. Dixon says (p. 373) that

'the initiated can often distinguish the various breeds unseen by their crow. . . . . Amongst individual cocks of the same variety, there will indeed be frequently slight variations in the tone of crowing, but yet a person having anything of a correct ear may easily trace the *family crow* throughout.'

We may here observe that a gentleman, a good judge of poultry, who joined us at Birmingham just before the agricultural show of December 1849, told us there was a large arrival of Malay fowl by the train in which he travelled, *because* when it stopped at the various stations *he could hear them crowing*, though it was too dark to see them. Mr. Blyth goes on to say,

'It is a curious instance of how little is currently known of the zoology

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zoology of India, that to this day authors who write on the history of the common fowl generally repeat the statement that "its original stock is very uncertain; but it is supposed to be descended from a wild species still met with in the island of Java!" The truth being that the genuine wild common fowl is familiarly known to every sportsman in all Northern India, and is with justice highly prized as a game-bird:—abounding in all suitable localities from the sub-Himalayan region on the north to the Vindhyan range on the south, and spreading farther southward along the eastern coast of the peninsula to some distance beyond Vizagapatam; while to the eastward it likewise abounds in Assam, and all along the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, throughout the Burmese countries, the Malayan peninsula, Java, and Sumatra. *G. Sonneratii* begins to replace it on the Vindhyan range of hills, bordering the great table-land of the peninsula to the northward, and wholly replaces it in Southern India generally; while in Ceylon two other wild species occur, the hen of one of these being figured by the name of G. Stanleyi in Hardwick's Illustrations.'

This indication of geographical range is a valuable addition to natural history; but Mr. Blyth next proceeds to refute himself on the topic of the 'genuine wild common fowl.'

'The different species of jungle-fowl have hitherto been caricatured in the figures that have been meant to represent them—*the types of which [figures] are alone to be met with in the poultry-yard.* The general figure is remarkably pheasant-like, and the tail commonly droops, and I have never seen it more elevated than that of a pheasant sometimes is—though it is more raised in *G. Sonneratii*.'

Not only is the drooping tail a characteristic of the jungle-fowl, but it descends to their mixed offspring with domestic hens. A half-bred Sonnerat-and-Game cock in our possession retains it; though if anything would set up the tail of a jungle-fowl it would be an alliance with the game breeds, which have it particularly ample and erect. Chickens obtained from him last summer, and which therefore had only a quarter-part of Sonnerat blood, continued to exhibit the drooping tail of their wild grandfather. It is marvellous how so obstinate a peculiarity should have been so completely altered in our domestic breeds, *if* they are the genuine descendants of the jungle-fowl as we now find it.

'A very characteristic feature of the Bengal bird, and which I have seen in all Indian examples of the species, including some from Tipperah, did not occur in such as I have had alive from Assam and from Arracan, nor have I ever seen it well shown in a domestic fowl; this consists in the vivid whiteness of the large round lappet of naked skin below the ear-coverts, which thus forms a well-defined and very conspicuous auricle-like patch, contrasting strongly with the crimson of the comb and other naked parts, and with the deep red-orange of the adjoining feathers. This lappet is of a bright dead-white tinged with

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blue in the hen; and it certainly helps much to ornament those which possess it.'

Now here Mr. Blyth loses an advantage to his argument for want of having seen a greater variety of poultry; England is probably richer than Calcutta in various and choice specimens of what are called fancy fowls; but were he to be put in possession of a few good and true Spanish fowls only, he would no longer deny that the white ear-patch is well shown by *some* domestic birds at least. Some more of this gentleman's observations are so interesting as to deserve quotation:—

'The only other variation which I have observed in many dozens of skins from the most various localities is, that Himalayan specimens, both cocks and hens, are slightly paler, while those from Malacca and Java are in general deeper coloured than the jungle-fowl of Bengal. The latter are as true to their normal colouring as any other wild species; *and it is strange that the peculiar minute mottling of the feathers of the wild hen can scarcely ever be matched in the plumage of the domestic hens*, at least in this part of the country.

'Captain Hatton assures me that the jungle-fowl is strictly monogamous; and I have been told the same by several Shikárees; though others maintain that it resembles domestic poultry in this particular. In the former case an analogy might be traced with the common duck, which regularly pairs when wild, and is polygamous—or indiscriminate is perhaps a better word—in a state of domestication. [This is a fact which will bear more than one interpretation.] A Sonnerat's fowl in my possession, which is as tame as any barn-door cock, and breeds as freely with common hens, certainly paired with one for some time, and would take not the least notice of other hens; but to induce him to do so I cooped up his partner for a few days, when he soon took to another, and upon my releasing the former he seemed to think it best to remain lord of both, and has continued so ever since, while he exhibits a considerable aversion to some Burmese bantam hens that are likewise kept with him.'

Our own half-Sonnerat's cock *killed* a Polish hen that was confined in the same house with him, and would have served a second the same had she not been speedily removed.

'Although the range of the wild common fowl does not extend westward, that I am aware of, beyond the mountains that form the natural boundary of India in that direction, *the domestic bird appears to have been common among the western nations from the remotest traceable antiquity;* and this Indian bird is raised even in Iceland. . . . . I must close however this long digression, but in the hope of having awakened some interest in a subject which is well worthy of further inquiry.'

So say we; and none more competent than Mr. Blyth to pursue it, if he will but disabuse his mind of a thirst after 'origins.'

'A word

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'A word or two of the turkeys now raised in this country. They are called 'Péru, evidently from the common cry of a turkey [?]; and are regarded as unclean by the Mussulmans, though it is very clear that the indicter of the Koran could not have prohibited to his followers this American bird: the tuft of bristles upon its breast indicates, as they fancy, a certain affinity to the unclean beast; and perhaps the bald head and neck may suggest some sort of relationship to the vultures (especially *Otogyps pondicerianus*), which would scarcely be recommendatory of this noble bird as an article of diet. Those brought to Calcutta are chiefly, if not wholly, raised in Chittagong, and most of them are bought up by people of French descent, to be fattened at Chandernagore, where they are resold at considerable profit for the table. All are of a black colour, and very degenerate from the race of tame turkeys in England. [We doubt whether they differ much from the genuine old Norfolk.] They are small, with the naked wattles and long pendulous appendages over the beak enormously developed: poor helpless creatures, utterly incapable of rising upon the wing; and if suffered to drink their fill, they will greatly incommode themselves by filling out the immense craw. Nevertheless, they fatten well and are excellent eating; and one at least is sacrificed for every dinner party.'—p. 391.

Mr. Blyth says elsewhere:—

'M. Sundevall is quite wrong in stating that any *Hindoos* ever breed fowls: the mere touch of one, or of an egg, is pollution even to the lowest caste of them.'

Then follows the fact that the Indo-Portuguese population do *not* turn into negroes, nor even derive 'their exceedingly dark complexion from the permanent influence of climate, but from intermixture and re-intermixture of blood with the lowest class of natives, till little indeed of the European stock remains in them.' This touches on a speculation which would carry us quite out of our depth, being at present employed solely about the *feathered* bipeds. But the passage should not escape those who pursue the studies of Dr. Pritchard.

There are three principal quarries, on Latin, French, and English ground, to which the makers of poultry-books resort for materials. The first would contain the little there is in Cato, Pliny, and likewise Varro and Columella, who, as we have said, give the same matter in not very different words. Columella is mostly quoted at secondhand, through an old translation: it is easy for those who think it worth while to modernize the language. Gesner has made a collection of passages relating to birds from classic authors, which is useful for reference. However, the grand encyclopædia of all that was known on the subject in his day, from every scource, was Aldrovandi, who arranged his matter

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matter into wonderful order, considering the immense mass of it, but, unfortunately, collected with little discrimination. But he has not yet been translated into English—it would be a somewhat different task from *doing* a French novel or two; and his voluminous treasures have not been ransacked by *every* literary artist. One of his best episodes is known as the story of the talking nightingales at Ratisbon (Ornithologia, tom. ii., p. 782). To the common fowl alone he devotes from p. 183 to p. 329 inclusive of his large folio, each page containing about twice as much matter as one of our own—in short, the full amount of one of our fattest Numbers, all *De Gallo Gallinaceo.* He opens his subject with about half a page of introductory matter, and then proceeds to the *Æquivoca*, or ambiguities touching cocks and hens, passing thence to the *Synonima.* Next comes an account of the different kinds, followed by a general description of the cock and hen (*Forma et Descriptio Galli et Gallinæ in genere*), full of learning. *Anatomica* heads the next section; then the natural history of their mode of increase, up to hatching; this includes the growth of the egg, the progress of the chick during incubation, &c., with an immense deal of intermingled truth and falsehood, sense and twaddle, on the breeding of these creatures. Then come six pages on the *Educatio* and food of chickens. Then separate sections on *Natura, Mores, Ingenium; Magnanimitas, Pugna; Sympathia, Antipathia; De affectibus corporis Gallinaceorum; Capiendi Ratio; Historica; Cognominata; Denominata; Præsagia; Usus in Sacris Ethnicorum; Auguria; Prodigia; Mystica; Moralia; Hieroglyphica; Somnium; Emblemata; Ægnimata; Epitaphia; Apophthegmata; Proverbia; Fabula; Apologi; Usus in Medicinâ* (more than sixteen pages); *Nocumenta; Usus in Cibo* (nine pages); *Usus in Variis; Insignia, Icones, Numismata.* Chap. II. gives descriptions, and large, rude, but often spirited woodcuts of various fowls, some fabulous, some monstrous, and others quite recognizable in our present breeds. The peafowl, the turkey, and other poultry are set forth in their rightful articles, according to the same elaborate plan. Aldrovandi becomes eloquent, and also full of curiosities, when he handles the *usus in cibo.* How lyrical his exordium!

'*Who is ignorant that the gallinaceous genus is useful for food?* By this almost alone are we aided on the sudden arrival of friends or guests; to this we ought to refer the chief elegancies of our table, whether it be sumptuous, moderate, or sparing. If necessity demands a display, from this source you have the most approved viands, and those either boiled or roasted; moreover, the eggs are superior to the eggs of other birds, and will afford you even a variety

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a variety of dishes. If your table is moderate, as on those days when the eating of flesh is forbidden by a sacred law, eggs alone will suffice: if sparing, as suitable for invalids, whence, I ask, can a safer and pleasanter diet be sought than from fowls? Wherefore it is deservedly that with Columella and others who have professedly written on birds, the gallinaceous tribe always obtains the principal place. For which reason even the commentators on Horace, when he sings

Accipe quâ ratione queat ditescere turdus,
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi—

expound *privum* not only to be something private and proper, but peculiar and rare of the genus of birds, such as, they say, amongst the ancients were hens and thrushes, than which last that nothing is better the same poet hath elsewhere declared. Lampridius records that at the banquets of Alexander Severus there were hens and eggs, but that on festival days he added a goose also—on the higher festivals a pheasant; so that sometimes even two were served, with the addition of two fowls. And he elsewhere relates that even Heliogabalus on one day ate pheasants only, on another day pullets. Hence it is clear that even the most dissolute emperors, though they indulged in the eating of these birds, still ate the hens only, or their chickens. For the cocks, and especially those which are tolerably vigorous, are reserved rather for stock than for the table. But if the cocks are yet tender, namely cockerels, their flesh is to be enumerated among the fleshes which afford the middle quality as to making lean and making fat, so much praised by Galen. For it is easily digested, it generates laudable blood, it conciliates affection, it agrees with every kind of temperament; especially if the birds are moderately fat, and have not yet crowed. For when they crow, they begin to grow dry. With the ancients fat hens were held in very high esteem, so much so that C. Fannius was compelled to make a law which forbade the serving of birds *at table*, except a single *hen*, and that one which had not been fatted. Pliny notes that this Law of the Fat Hen was passed eleven years before the third Punic war; but adds that a mode of evasion was found out: "*Cocks* were fatted on food moistened with milk, and were approved of as being thus made much more agreeable." So he says. But these were common precepts, and which are still daily made mention of. Yet, although hens may thus be made tender, some people have come to such a pitch of luxury that they would accept for their own eating only one part of a bird. Thus Capitolinus called the Emperor Pertinax illiberal because he sometimes sent to his friends the loins of fowls; but perhaps unjustly—for I should rather believe that he did it to gratify their palates. Although there is but little flesh on the back, yet the skin itself, and especially in a well-fed hen, is fat, and a first-rate delicacy. So that Matron in Athenæus speaks of—

fatted hens in silver dishes,
Unfeathered, of like age, with backs like pancakes:—

that is, as I expound it, with nice backs (*dorso gratas*), not with reddish

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reddish backs, as some interpret; since a pancake is not reddish, but whitish. [?] The combs also, and the wattles especially, are by some people eaten out of broth, or *roasted over plums, with the addition of pepper and orange juice.* In my region we also add other parts, particularly on the day dedicated to Saint Pellegrinus, that is on the calends of August, the time when the Bolognese make their capons. Some say the dish is difficult to digest, and not nutritious, as being of a dry nature: but Galen holds the combs of cocks and their wattles in the middle place, neither to be recommended nor disapproved of. The Gauls esteem the rump of cocks, hens, and capons, to be a military meat; for they call their veterans rump-devourers—*uropygiorum voratores*—[this reminds us of our beef-eaters, and the American chawers-up]: but it is certain that the rump of cooped and thoroughly fat fowls wonderfully pleases the palate, and is wont to be exhibited to the luxurious in joke. The blood also of hens is not inferior to the blood of swine, although it ranks far below that of hares. In the time of Galen there were people who ate it. Our folks (at Bologna), when they kill hens, suspend them by the feet, so that the blood, collected at the part operated on, may be coagulated, and be afterwards used as food.'—p. 293–5.

We have seen the Venetian poulterers dexterously grasp a hen in one hand, cut its throat with the other, and then, instantly dropping the knife, with both hands hold the bird so that the blood drained into a saucer. Rows of these saucers of coagulated fowls' blood are exposed for sale. What use it is applied to, whether for gravies, puddings, or soups, we did not inquire, being then unaware that we were destined to treat of poultry in the Quarterly. This mode of killing is more humane than that usually practised in England; the bird seems to die almost instantly; with us it is rather an object to make them linger, that they may *drain the longer*, and so make their flesh the whiter. We speak of the suppliers of country markets. Aldrovandi then gives the use of chicken broth, as employed by the Egyptian dames by way of a bath to fatten themselves; the etiquette being that the lady to be fattened (*mulier pinguefacienda*), while sitting in the broth bath, is to eat one whole chicken of the number of those of which the bath was made, and that she is to repeat both bath and dose for many days. The question, one should think, would be whether the beauty thus in training would fatten or choke first. The Egyptian egg-hatching ovens would be a needful national establishment, if the fashion widely obtained of applying soup to the outside instead of the inside of our domestic ornaments. The authority for all this is Prosper Alpinus. 'Moreover, Antagoras, the poet, made so much of fowl-broth, as Athenæus writes, that he would not go to bath whenever a hen was boiling on the fire, lest the lads, in his absence, should

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should absorb the liquor.' Then come various modes of cookery, from Apicius first, next from Platina, the best idea of which may be gained from Smollett's feast after the manner of the ancients in Peregrine Pickle:—*Pullus parthicus; pullus laseratus, i. e.* assa-fœtidaed chicken; *oxy-zomus*, or sour-sauced; *leuco-zomus*, or white-sauced; *pullus varianus; pullus tractogalatus;* and *pullus frontonianus;* all from Apicius, and any one of them enough to make Monsieur Soyer's hair lift the cap from his head. In despite of such terror an old German dish must be given. It would make a nice variety on a Christmas supper-table:—

'Cut roast chickens or capons into joints, season them with sugar and spices, soak them in sweet wine, lay them on pieces of toasted white bread, also moistened with wine; serve cold!'

Be not fastidious, ye modern supper-eaters: the preparation ought to be grateful to your taste, if your blood is really Anglo-Saxon. Your ancestors had decidedly a sweet tooth; and currant-jelly with mutton, hare, and venison, apple-sauce with roast pork and goose, plum-sauce with pig, are all parts of your German inheritance. There seems to be an instinctive craving for savouries amongst the Southrons, and for sweets amongst the Northerns. A favourite Dutch accompaniment for fish, as Southey reports, is custard—with beef they take stewed quinces.* At this day in Norway they bathe their turbot with sugared, cinnamon-flavoured sauce; and the Russian enjoys the figs, raisins, and oranges of the Levant as much as the Mediterranean native does the red-herring, caviare, pickled eels, and salt cod that he receives from our own and still higher latitudes. But to Aldrovandi again:—

'I should wish, by the way, to give the admonition that a nut put inside a chicken makes it cook with far greater celerity, as Corn. Agrippa delivered to memory; which, if true (and any one can without danger make the experiment), would often be of great utility on the unexpected arrival of friends.'—p. 298.

A valuable hint this for roadside innkeepers, if posting were not as obsolete as pack-saddles and pillions. No space remains to touch upon the many queer classical ways of cooking eggs, but one eastern plan demonstrates a little-known effect of centrifugal force. It would be curious if Mr. Layard could illustrate the legend:—

'Cælius testifies that the Babylonian hunters place raw eggs in a sling, and whirl them round, until by this sort of motion they are cooked.'—p. 301.

To conclude—occasional absurdities only set off Aldrovandi's merits—

* Life, by his Son, vol. v. p. 225.

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merits—which are great wherever (like Herodotus) he relies on his own observation. A very good account of his labours and his life, as far as they are accurately known, is given in the Naturalist's Library, Mammalia, vol. vii.

The veins of French literature that have been most freely worked in the poultry line are candidly pointed out by *Walter B. Dickson* in his preface:—

'The chief sources from which the materials of the present work have been derived are French, beginning with Olivier de Serres, the father of French agriculture, and M. Chomel, the author of the *Dictionnaire Œconomique*. The two most distinguished of the French writers on poultry are the celebrated M. Réaumur, the inventor of the thermometer, and M. Parmentier, the author of the article *Poule*, in the Abbé Rozier's *Cours Complet d'Agriculture*, as well as the notes along with M. Huzard to the Government edition of the *Théâtre d'Agriculture*, the details of which have been almost implicitly followed in his *Pigeons et Gallinacées*. M. Parmentier has also contributed articles on poultry to several other works, which have been consulted. M. Bosc wrote the article *Poule* for the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, which, amongst other novelties, contains a mode of making hens hatch at any time that may be required.

'The subject of the preservation of eggs has been carefully explained, chiefly from the admirable experiments of M. Réaumur.

'The disorders of poultry have, it is believed, for the first time, been treated in a scientific and rational manner; and the experiments and researches of M. Flourens on this subject have been fully detailed.'

Now all this is very right and proper. The public is much obliged to any writer who will bring forth interesting matter from little known, and especially from foreign sources. But we conceive that by doing so he acquires a sort of copyright in his novel quotations. Literary morality ought to prevent succeeding writers from building up their structures with his materials. If they *will* go to the same crag, let them at least respect the stones which he has already hewn out. It is tiresome, whenever one takes up a new poultry-book, with whatever title, to have the lady who trained capons to perform all the offices of hens, except laying, or the Egyptian egg-ovens, or Lord Penrhyn's poultry-house, or the *verminier* of M. Olivier de Serres, which Mr. Nolan calls (p. 78) a *vermineer*, staring out from the pages as soon as they are opened. And gross errors are as sure to be thus re-copied as useful facts: witness, *ex medio acervo*, the stereotyped statement from M. St. Genis, that 'Geese will pair like pigeons and partridges, and that, if the number of the ganders exceed that of the geese by two, and even by three, including the common father, no disturbance nor disputes occur; the pairing takes

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takes place without noise, and, no doubt, by mutual choice.' After this decorous matrimonial ceremony, 'the couples which had paired kept constantly together, and the three single ganders did not, during temporary separation of the males and females, offer to approach the latter.' Exemplary birds! But that must have been in the golden age of poultry-keeping. *Now*, they *are* very jealous, and even noisy, behaving sometimes with great rudeness towards each other. So again, from the French we have it that the common fowl has been recommended to fill the important function of hatching goose-eggs; but the eggs of the goose being very large, and their shell very hard—all true—a hen is not bulky enough to hatch more than—how many?—*eight or nine!* The same number is given to a hen in Boswell, p. 151; the same in Main, p. 83. Now, reader, study for a moment the next hen you see, and then look at a goose's egg. She would be just as able to hatch nine ostrich's eggs as nine of these, unless she is one of those dunghill hens which, as we calculated, must be five feet long. A large Dorking hen will *cover*, at the most, five goose's eggs: it is a question whether she can *warm* them thoroughly, at least in the climate of England. They drain off her caloric at a terrible rate; the poor thing would as soon sit on so many cannon-balls. The practice is not a good one here. But nine goose's eggs are nothing for a clever hen to hatch. 'Buffon mentions a sort of fowl in Brittany which are always obliged to leap, the legs being so short. These are the size of a dunghill-fowl, and kept as being very fruitful. The hens will hatch *thirty* eggs at a time.' (*W. B. Dickson*, p. 18.)

It is enough to laugh at the repetition of such things as these:—but the serious evil of incorporating foreign agricultural information, as a naturalized part of our own system, is, that the difference of climate, and the innumerable details depending on that difference, render any practice based on such precepts unsafe, and probably unsuccessful. This great oversight is what rendered all Cobbett's speculations on gardening, agriculture, and foresting, of so little value; he constantly mistook the English climate for an American one: the maize that required a long unclouded summer to mature it, was to increase profitably in the 'usual severity' of our seasons; the trees which had not half enough sunshine to mature their young wood, were yet to pass the trying ordeal of our drizzling winters and our reluctant springs. Cobbett's hints on Poultry in his Cottage Economy, though not infallible, are better worth attending to. They are his own; and so *he* has been pillaged that other books may be put together. He had too much English industry and independence not to think that his own observations on things in general were the very best that could

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could be made. He would have scorned all plagiarism from the French, though he yielded to the overpowering influence of the summer suns of America in his gardening theories.

Main's Poultry-book is thoroughly French, both in information and expression, except the parts quoted from Dr. Latham's Synopsis of Birds. 'This treatise,' the advertisement to the third edition tells us, 'was written by a gentleman who, in the course of his travels in tropical countries, and from a pretty long residence in France, acquired a very extensive acquaintance with the different species and varieties of poultry, together with the different methods of rearing and fattening them with a view to profit, as practised in some of the rural districts of that kingdom.' Rules and plans so collected may, for aught we know, be valuable for French poultry-keepers. A publisher, however, would look oddly if an author were to go to him and say, 'Sir, I have resided several years in Devonshire, and have had great opportunity of studying the practice of gardening there—what will you give me for the copyright of a work on the Horticulture of the Shetland Islands nearly ready for publication—a handsome thick octavo volume, with wood cuts, elegantly bound in cloth?' There is nothing more local than the best way of managing plants, birds, and beasts for profit, or than the best sorts to be cultivated in those localities; and yet we are overpowered with the opinions of MM. Parmentier, St. Genis, and Olivier de Serres, 'the father of rural economy in France.' It is, doubtless, amusing to read how the *Abelard de la basse-cour* can be trained to incubate and lead out chickens; and so it is also to be told—in Daniel's Rural Sports, to wit—how a talented sow was tutored to point at game; but an Englishman would no more choose the unclean to accompany him to the moors, than his lady would allow the hero of the Almanach des Gourmands to take the bread out of her hen's mouths.

We beg leave to conclude this little discourse with some account of an experiment which may help to solve a problem of considerable importance; namely, whether the hybrids between two species which may fairly be considered as distinct, are capable, in any case, of producing between themselves an intermediate race of unvarying mixed character, and with power of reproduction. The reader will perceive the bearing which this has on the grand question of the 'origin' of our breeds of poultry. That in most cases such hybrids are not capable of doing so, is matter of long and notorious experience. But there *may* be exceptions; and if there are, then we have two theories to choose from as to the great variety observable amongst some, not all, of our domestic animals: we may either suppose, as has been repeatedly asserted, that a single

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single species—say, of dog or fowl—was created, and that all the various dogs and fowls have been derived, altered and made, or *created* (as the French writers express it) from this one species; or that the Almighty Creator thought fit that there should be, from the first, *several* original species of dog and fowl intended for our domestic use, which should be capable of breeding with each other; and that such genera of birds and beasts should thus form each one large family, each prolific amongst themselves, for the service of mankind. In the first case, we must suppose many strange metamorphoses to have taken place at improbable times, in a way we do not see going on at present; there is, then, no real stability in organic forms; things are not multiplied *after their kind*, neither winged fowl, nor cattle, nor creeping thing, nor beast of the earth—but just the contrary. Natural historians, anxious to depict in haste each fleeting zoological phantom, may in that case parody Pope and exclaim to each other—

> Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare,
> Dip in the rainbow, trick them out in air;
> Take a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
> Catch, ere they change, the *poultry* of the minute.

But, in the second case, we have only to drop certain preconceived definitions of 'species' and 'variety,' and a clue is given for harmonizing with other facts a very providential arrangement for the benefit of mankind, without admitting confusion into the order of things, or violating common sense and common observation. We are sorry to have no room now left to enlarge upon the topic. But why is not the variety observable among mongrels *infinite*, if the Lamarckian theory be the correct view of nature? Their variations, however, are the reverse of infinite. In a seaport town we lately saw a lot of mongrel fowls brought from Cephalonia, as part of a ship's stores: they might have been mongrels bred in the next street, so like those running there were they: an opinion could be given by any practised poultry-fancier, of their degree of mongrelism. Many able scientific naturalists have been deterred from the study of domestic animals by the notion that their characters are perpetually changing—that they do not bring forth young after their kind, but that their kind itself is unstable: so that it is of no use, they think, to try to fix and arrange in their systems things so ephemeral. Domestication, they say, is a sort of harlequin's sword: touch a creature with that and you convert a clown into a columbine. It is curious, however, that this potent agency of domestication, like that of mesmerism, should operate only on certain families and individuals, leaving others untouched. Thus, the blue rock pigeon is supposed to have been metamorphosed into the

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the whole variety of forms exhibited by the large and heavy runt, the pigmy tumbler, the trembling fantail, and the ruffed jacobin. Such may have been the case, though neither the epoch of the change nor the process is recorded. But the collared turtle, which has been kept in much closer confinement for an equally long period over an equally wide geographical range, has produced no such heterogeneous progeny. Why has not the guinea-fowl varied as much as the common fowl, if domestication really has such magic power of working changes? Before the Christian æra, the common guinea-fowl was as completely domesticated as it is now; and yet two thousand years have left the character of the species unaltered, the few varieties we see being no greater than those which occur among wild birds. Other species of guinea-fowl have been but rarely brought alive to this country; and we believe that the fertility of any hybrids (if such have ever been reared) between two different species of this genus has not yet been tested.

'But,' it will be said, 'do not forms vary?' Of course they do *to a certain degree;* but decidedly not *ad libitum.* The following passage is from Mr. Dixon's new Preface:—

'To deny that animals vary at all, in either a wild or a domesticated state, is of course erroneous, and would, in fact, go to the extent of denying all individuality; but a strong suspicion may be reasonably entertained that such variations occur in prescribed cycles, and within certain limits, backwards and forwards, for which there exists a law, if we could but find it out, and that there is no progression or transmutation out of one species into another; just as, if the comparison be allowed, the moon has her librations, and though a slight variation takes place, we see, upon the whole, the same disk; or, as the orbits of the planets, though liable to perturbation, still do not deviate far from their general track, nor strike off into open space.'

Dr. Whewell, among his other qualities, is a neither limited nor dull observer of natural phenomena. He says—in strong confirmation of Mr. Dixon's views:—

'It may be considered as determined by the over-balance of physiological authority, that there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves, to a certain extent, to a change of external circumstances; this extent varying greatly according to the species. There may thus arise changes of appearance or structure, and some of these changes are transmissible to the offspring; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and confined within certain limits. Indefinite divergence from the original type is not possible; and the extreme limit of possible variation may usually be reached in a short period of time: in short, *species have a real existence in nature,* and a transmutation from one to another does not exist.... Not only is the doctrine

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doctrine of transmutation of species in itself disproved by the best physiological reasonings, but the additional assumptions which are requisite to enable its advocates to apply it to the explanation of the geological and other phenomena of the earth, are altogether gratuitous and fantastical.'—*Indications of the Creator.*

If the limits of variation of species, breeds, races, sorts, or whatever they shall be called, could be defined (and most patient observation and industry alone can arrive at such a result) we might then begin to draw up a sketch of our catalogue of 'originals.'

It will now be seen that—for us—the interest of any experiments in breeding is more retrospective than prospective: we are longing to make out the plan and history of what we see around us, rather than hopeful to do much that will alter the face of animated nature. We are thankful for a hint to guide us in the way of truth, and keep us from being bewildered in wandering, that is, in erring paths; but we do not entertain expectations of being able, by our knowledge thus acquired, to invent and set going any real zoological novelty.

In the noble menagerie of the Earl of Derby, hybrids between the bernicle and the Canadian goose have been produced. They have never there (nor probably elsewhere) bred again *inter se*, though they have with the original stocks. But the hybrids between bernicle and white-fronted geese *have* bred again two years running. Becoming troublesome they were discontinued, and the opportunity lost of observing what would become of the new race. His Lordship, however, has instituted another most interesting experiment of the same kind with pheasants, which we shall now detail as far as we have learned its progress.

There is a pheasant which only of late years has become known in Europe, called *Phasianus versicolor* = the changeable-coloured pheasant. It is not mentioned by Temminck in his *Pigeons et Gallinacées*—he probably was not acquainted with it in 1813; but in his later work, the *Planches Colorées*, he has both described and figured it very well. It is also figured in the volume on gallinaceous birds in the Naturalist's Library (p. 200) as Diard's Pheasant. It is there accurately described as 'nearly of the size and form of the common naturalized breed, but the tail somewhat *shorter* in proportion.' This feature strikes one at first sight, and is very convenient for birds that are to be kept in a small aviary. We cannot here detail the peculiarities of its exquisite plumage; but if the reader will suppose the coat of the common pheasant to be a piece of rich brown silk, and then imagine that silk to be shot with a lovely green of the colour of wheat in a fine spring morning, he will have some idea of the general effect of

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of this charming bird. Now, Lord Derby, being possessed of a male *Versicolor*, married him in 1849 to a hen of the common Colchicus kind, and obtained half-bred chicks. In 1850 the object was to ascertain how far these birds are capable of continuing their race: for which purpose three distinct crosses were made by parcelling them into three separate lots:—1st, the old *Versicolor* and two of his hybrid daughters—from which were reared and in September 1850 were still living twenty young birds; 2ndly, between the hybrid hens and one of the hybrid cocks, own brothers and own sisters together, whence thirty-four young; and, thirdly, one of the hybrid cocks with the common pheasant hens. Of these last only seven were reared, and as they were, in his Lordship's opinion, the least important, he meant to let them take their chance in the coverts at large. The first lot may be in the eyes of many the most valuable, as having the greatest proportion of true Japan blood; but the second, as being exactly intermediate, *i.e.* the brothers and sisters, and therefore strictly to be called the second generation, are the most interesting in a scientific point of view; and what is very remarkable, these proved the most prolific, not only in the final result, but during the whole season. All along, ever since the spring, these had been the most successful in hatching, and had taken the lead in thriftiness. And thus the matter stood in autumn; nothing further could be done to work out the problem until the results of another spring were apparent. But even thus the experiment is valuable — as establishing the fact that the hybrids between *some* species which we must believe to be originally distinct, are capable of producing young *inter se* and of continuing their composite race. We cannot doubt the absolute distinctness of the *Colchicus* and the *Versicolor*, unless we consent to accept Buffon's notion that *all* pheasants (and *all* pigeons likewise) are derived from one original species of each by the effects of changed climate and more or less abundant diet.

The *durability* of the intermediate race, which has thus been raised under Lord Derby's auspices, is a point which it will be most interesting to watch. Whether they will continue in perpetuity to exist as a family of unchanging half-and-half personal character — whether they will revert to the type of *one* original ancestor — or, perhaps, cease altogether to propagate—are questions for the settlement of which we must wait. In Temminck's trials of hybridizing the ring-necked pheasant of China with the common *Colchicus*, the offspring eventually went back to the *Colchicus:* the blood of the common sort gained the ascendancy. We may therefore assume that the permanence of an intermingled specific form *does* require a few generations to test

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test its influence as a possible means of multiplying species in a state of nature. Temminck says:—

'The ring-necked pheasants, which I have caused to breed with common pheasants, have produced me hybrids, some of which resembled the former, and others were absolutely identical with the second. The produce of these hybrids, together with themselves, or with one of the two species, give the same varieties of plumage; nevertheless, *the young pheasants of the second generation resume most frequently the plumage of one of the two species of these birds*; and it has generally appeared to me that the most common livery of the pheasants of the second generation, *and successively of those following as their number increased*, was that of the common pheasant; still those retain the white collar, a character which, for many successive generations, distinguishes the descendants that proceed from this alliance.'

The white collar is the last point to wear out. This difficulty in perfectly amalgamating two distinct original kinds agrees with what we have ourselves observed in the unions of dissimilar fowls and pigeons. There is a decided preponderance of character to one parent or the other. *Here* the type, or blood, or *indoles* of the common pheasant is stronger than that of the ring-necked, and would finally overpower and obliterate it. Temminck adds—

'It is essential to apprise naturalists that by the ring-necked pheasant I do not understand those pheasants with white collars which people the menageries of several seigneurs in Germany—these only differ from the common pheasant by their white collar; they are the produce of the two primitive species, ring-necked and common pheasant, and form only a race which perpetuates itself *for some time*.'

He does not say 'constantly' or 'always'—which ought to be the case if we are to believe these possible crossings of species to be any explanation of the diversities of species now existing in the fauna of the world. It is quite confounding words with things to give the name of 'species' to any particular set of forms, and then to deduce the fact of its originality or non-originality from the circumstance of its producing, or not, hybrids with another species. A sad chasm in the arguments of the Vestigiarians is, that the experience of breeders is much more against the permanence of such fertile hybrids than for it. Hence the great desire to continue them for several generations as a test. Temminck, writing before these questions had attained the importance which is attached to them now, or had been applied as they are now applied, shrewdly observes:—

'It is not always a certain consequence of an identity of species when individuals of these produce together fertile hybrids. This is *not* a fact in direct opposition to the infecundity of those males whose impotence

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impotence alone serves as a proof of the great disparity which exists between the two species which have been employed in this production.

'It will suffice to allege here, as an example, the fecundity of the cocks and hens that are obtained from the union of different species, for we cannot reasonably dispute the existence of many very distinct species of cocks and hens; the details which I have given respecting these birds bear witness to this truth. The fecundity of the hoccos (curassows), which spring from two different species, offers a second incontestable proof in confirmation of what I have alleged.'

Surely the continual and harmonious readjustment of nature is more shown by the occasional production of these fertile hybrids, without the world's fauna being yet the more in a state of confusion on that account, than even if such *inter se* breeding were altogether impossible and unknown.

From conversations which we have had with some of the Zoological Society's clever and experienced keepers (at the head of whom stands Mr. James Hunt) *their* belief seems to be—in accordance with our own—that such amalgamations of species, when made, soon cease to continue in existence, not merely by the young 'crying back,' but by the regularly increasing feebleness and barrenness of the successive generations of young. It is very true that the Regent's Park, lying on the London clay, and as yet most imperfectly drained, is a locality unfavourable to the rearing of delicate birds; but the great skill and resources brought to bear may be taken as a set off against this difficulty. We must think it probable that, if the hybrid offspring of birds and beasts did not 'cry back' in the same way as Temminck's pheasants, specimens and evidences of such crossings would be much more common than they are. In the long, long years that are past, there must, we fancy, have been produced casually, with much the same degree of rarity as we see now-a-days, yet which would amount to a visible multitude in the course of ages, many such monstrous combinations—but they have failed to stock the earth. This argument will have a different degree of weight with different minds. Others may, with reason, see little force in the idea that if hybrids did not go back we should see more of these cross-bred races than we do. It may be believed that these intermixtures do not often take place, if ever, in the wild state; and it must not be forgotten that when they do occur in the captive state, many circumstances may arise to prevent due attention to the working out of the trial. Say that its originator dies before concluding it—his successors may care nothing about the question which he thought so interesting; the newly-raised creatures are neglected or scattered about, and the experiment falls to the ground. In the case of the hybrid geese, above mentioned, it originated certainly in an accidental intercourse, but one which

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which most likely would not have occurred in a wild state, where the intriguers would have easily got away, and have joined others of their own kind: though the cross-breed was successfully continued for three successive years, yet it depended on Lord Derby's pleasure that they should be permitted to do so; and the end was that he, finding them to be troublesome by interfering with the breeding of the more regular and legitimate stocks upon the water, got rid of them without waiting to ascertain how long it would be before they run themselves out, as he is inclined to think would usually be the case—either by failure of fertility—or by going back to one or other of the original true breeds, with which they always readily mingled and associated, even whilst some continued to breed *inter se* as a separate race. The hybrid pheasants will probably not be thus cut short in their course of propagation. Some were to be granted to the Zoological Society, if care were taken that they should be kept distinct and separate, so as to run no risk of spoiling the experiment by the intermixture of other blood: others were to go to noblemen and gentlemen from whom we may expect all due attention, because they are known to take considerable interest in the long-vexed question whether the crossing of species can ever produce a fertile progeny that will continue their breed and possibly give rise to a future new sort. A curious fact relative to the chicks must not be omitted. Mr. Thompson, the superintendent at Knowsley, professes himself able to distinguish to which of the first two lots any of the young hybrids belong—and this we quite believe—though Lord Derby himself cannot do so till they are at a considerable age. Mr. Thompson also notices that the females generally have the brilliant markings at the end of the back feathers, which are the characteristic of the true *versicolor* hen—albeit no hen ever reached Lord Derby's Aviary; for, though one was originally sent with the cock, she unluckily died in London *en route* and could only be stuffed for the Knowsley Museum. This looks as if the hybrid breed were about to recur to the *versicolor* type, and gradually purge off the *colchicus* blood. It will be wonderful if a single bird, brought from the east, should be able to perpetuate his race here by making it temporarily parasitical on another species. It is as if a scion kept alive by being grafted on some nearly allied tree, afterwards sent down roots into the earth, and then assumed an independent existence.

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ART. II.—1. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV.* Par le Duc de Noailles. Tom. i. et ii. 8vo. Paris. 1848.

2. *Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century.* By Julia Kavanagh. In two volumes. 12mo. 1850.

THE work of Miss Kavanagh may be read as a continuation of that of the Duke de Noailles. The one exhibits French society at the most triumphant period of the monarchy, the other at its decline and disastrous fall. The picture that the Duke presents is spirited and splendid, particularly the portrait of the principal personage; and though we may not quite agree with his estimate of the great sovereign to whom his ancestors were so deeply indebted, we are very ready to admit that Louis XIV. gains by a comparison with most of his predecessors on the French throne, or with any of the princes his contemporaries. 'Qui ne connaît,' he says, 'l'histoire de Louis XIV. et de sa cour? Mais celle que je publie a son excuse dans le sujet même; elle est en effet destinée à rappeler un siècle où tout surprend et attache; où *les noms propres* ont une valeur qu'ils n'ont eue en aucun autre temps;' and the elaboration of his personal details corresponds with this language of his preface. Miss Kavanagh has undertaken a delicate task, and she has performed it on the whole with discretion and judgment. Her volumes, notwithstanding their alarming title, may lie on any drawing-room table without scandal, and may be read by all but her youngest countrywomen without risk. If she has not quite fulfilled the expectations her *Introduction* raised—if she has failed to give us 'an analysis of the power of woman in France in the eighteenth century'—she has at any rate produced an agreeable compilation, diversified with lively sketches of many extraordinary individuals.

This lady is evidently unwilling to make herself the apologist of error; but her biographical partialities mislead her, and her desire to establish the supremacy of her sex has induced her to invest her heroines, their age, and their country, with a brilliancy for which facts afford no warrant, and by which the cause of morality suffers. In the annals of well-governed states the influence of women will be little traced; and it might be presumed that its direct bearing on public affairs must be in exact proportion to the corruption and disorganization of society. Although, however, Miss Kavanagh could hardly exaggerate the profligacy of French manners in the eighteenth century, we believe she has greatly overrated the extent of female influence—or, in other words, that she has frequently mistaken the effect for the cause.

Women

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Women did not, in fact, 'mould the spirit of the eighteenth century so as to bring about the great revolution with which it closed;'—'many of them' certainly 'shared in the fullest extent the errors and crimes' of that movement, but it was because society, radically debased, was hastening to its ruin that women attained or even aspired to political importance.

France has ever boasted herself (and our authoress seems very ready to admit the claim) to be the guide and pioneer of social progress. Her many contributions to the material and intellectual enjoyments of civilized life we gratefully admit, but, if it be seriously contended that she has led the way to moral and political improvement, the page of history will disprove the assertion. While the struggle between liberty and despotism was yet pending in the mixed constitutions of feudal Europe, it was France that by her example and influence decided the victory in favour of absolute power. Madame de Staël boldly pronounced despotism in Christendom to be the growth of modern days. If this be true, however, it must follow that neither the reformation in religion nor the invention of printing had the favourable effect on the development of civil liberty which has so often been attributed to them. It is certain that in the first instance printing, by its rapid dissemination of the Roman law, contributed materially to counteract ideas of constitutional freedom, and that for a long while authority succeeded in securing for itself the chief use of this new and formidable engine. It is also certain that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Spain, France, and the Principalities of Germany possessed constitutions of which they were afterwards deprived, and that in those times the sovereigns could neither command the blind obedience of their subjects nor dip their hands in their purses at pleasure. Machiavelli, in one of his political discourses, cites *France, Spain,* and *England* as alike limited monarchies. Cardinal Richelieu, bent on humbling the pride of Austria and raising the power of France abroad, found it necessary to crush the feudal aristocracy at home. He was eminently successful; but the means he used laid the foundation for all those calamities which afterwards overwhelmed the monarchy. It has been the fashion to trace the revolution of 1789 to the profligacy and mismanagement of the regency. But Richelieu it was who effected a more important revolution than the Regent could ever have accomplished: he it was who, by removing the owners of land from the sphere of their legitimate influence, and, by exposing them to the temptations of the capital, converted a high-spirited gentry into a mob of hungry courtiers. Mazarin continued the same policy. The feudal power of the nobles, which had been impaired by the defeat of the League, was annihilated during the struggles of

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of the Fronde; and the entertaining memoirs of that period—so skilfully used by Lord Mahon in his Life of Condé—show the progress that corruption had already made. The organised despotism and imposing centralization of Louis XIV. completed the project of Richelieu and Mazarin, and with it the humiliation, not of the aristocracy alone, but of the nation. The Duke de St. Simon (the minute and faithful chronicler of that brilliant time) deplores the degeneracy of the ancient nobility—while he dates from the anterooms of Versailles, and, in spite of his usual penetration, is utterly unsuspicious how he himself and all others who haunted them were contributing to the degradation he laments. When the territorial lords were brought to regard court favours as the chief object of ambition, the ministers who dispensed those favours became more important than the most illustrious of their own order, and henceforth the highest distinction consisted in a pre-eminence of servility.

The influence of France on surrounding nations, from its geographical position, extent, and wealth, must at all times be great, and would at any rate have been felt even if the character of Louis XIV. had been less imposing and his example less seductive. In Spain the succession of a Bourbon to the contested throne introduced French maxims of government into a country hitherto punctiliously tenacious of its own customs and jealous of innovation, and another fabric of autocracy was completed. Had an Austrian archduke been the successful candidate, it is probable that his own weakness and the enmity of Louis would have compelled him to propitiate his subjects by restoring their liberties, curtailed but not abolished, by Charles V. and his successors; and thus the neighbourhood of France would have been a protection to constitutional freedom rather than a snare.

The magnificence of Louis XIV. (for which even his resources were insufficient) attracted general imitation. Like him, the Kings of Spain, of Poland, of Prussia, of Sardinia and Naples, the ecclesiastical princes of Germany, with a host of inferior potentates, raised colossal fabrics, enclosed forests, turned fields into pleasure-grounds, and drained lakes to supply their fountains. Like him, too, many paraded their vices in the eyes of the public, raised their mistresses to posts of honour, and even contaminated the blood of the royal family by forcing alliances between its legitimate members and their own spurious offspring. Few, however, of his mimics possessed his art of throwing a veil of dignity around such irregularities—still fewer, we fear, had any feeling for the virtues which their model occasionally exhibited. His natural disposition was good, and religion had never entirely lost its hold on his conscience. His powers of self-command

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were considerable; and if there be any truth in the influence of 'the ruling passion,' it seems probable that one so insatiable of praise would have amended his conduct, had it been rigorously disapproved by his contemporaries. Unfortunately, he found that while indulging his tastes and pampering his appetites, he was securing the admiration of his rivals and the approbation of his people.

M. de Noailles rather surprises us by claiming for Louis the merits of a reformer; he represents the manners of the court and capital as becoming more grave and decent under his example (vol. i. p. 83); and though he does not deny any of his 'foibles' (for that is the Duke's gentle term), he speaks with undisguised admiration of the 'délicieux vers' of contemporary poets, in which his licentiousness was held up not as a weakness to be pardoned, but as a virtue to be commended. Racine with delicacy, and La Fontaine less reservedly, offer their homage to the royal propensities; and Molière, in a graceful interlude, like Timotheus of old, fans the passion of his master with all the incitements of music and poetry.* It was the poets and great men of that 'golden age' who encouraged the monarch's vice and extravagance; but he, a wiser and a better man than those who surrounded him, should have scorned their flattery, or only been led by it to consider the magnitude of his responsibility. His influence was indeed vast. No man ever possessed the art of *kingcraft*, as our King James called it, in a higher degree, for few had a deeper knowledge of the human heart. Courteous, affable, graceful, he lived in the public gaze from the moment he rose till the moment he lay down. He was dressed in public: a prince of the blood handed him his shirt; a noble duke held the mirror while he shaved; nor did he ever commit his dignity by a single hasty or imprudent word. 'Silencieux et mesuré,' as St. Simon describes him—his minutest actions endured the scrutinising gaze of his courtiers, from whose presence he was never relieved. To the eyes of his contemporaries, though by no means a tall man, his stature seemed majestic. So complete was his empire, that it extended over the minds of his subjects; the course of business, the voice of nature, and the violence even of the passions were stilled at his command; young mourners dried their tears to appear at his levee, and the happy lover left the object of his affections to hurry to Versailles to watch the movements of the great King.

It is to the eighteenth century that Miss Kavanagh confines her

* The Princess d'Elide. The allusion is to the King's passion for his heroine, Mlle. La Vallière. The piece was written no less to amuse the public than the Court, before which it was originally played.

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observations;—she begins, therefore, when the gayer follies of the King had given way before the sober influence of Madame de Maintenon, or rather perhaps before the still more sobering influence of his own advancing age. To comprehend, however, the state of society and of public feeling during this period it is necessary to have some knowledge of that which preceded it, and in the volumes of M. de Noailles our readers will find the deficiency amply supplied. In the few paragraphs which Miss Kavanagh devotes to his heroine, we think she has altogether mistaken the power that lady exercised, whether on the mind of her royal admirer or on her contemporaries generally. Louis in fact was jealous both of the substance and the semblance of sway, and was by no means inclined to yield to the wishes and entreaties even of those who approached him nearest. The Duke has a natural and hereditary partiality for Madame de Maintenon; but he has also a strong instinct of historical truth, and, while eulogizing her character and disposition, exhibits her in fact much as St. Simon himself had done. Cold and cautious, she was too fearful of risking her power to exert it frequently or to oppose the king's inclinations. She would promote the interests of her friends when she could do so with ease, but she rarely appeared as the patroness of those who much needed help; she extended no protection towards Racine or Fénélon when they fell into disgrace, and it was owing to no interference of hers that the Cardinal de Noailles did not incur a similar misfortune. In pressing the interests of his natural children upon a doting father, she flattered and pleased him most when seeming to force him by her importunities to gratify his own secret inclinations. It is true she joined the conspiracy to displace Chamillart, the favourite but incompetent minister of the king; but in this she had coadjutors almost as potent as herself, and certainly more active. Her part in the revocation of the edict of Nantes it is more difficult to excuse, though it may be easily accounted for. This act, which posterity has justly condemned as the greatest fault of a long reign, was by no means unpopular with the nation generally; and it was warmly applauded by the clergy, notwithstanding the disapprobation of the humane and prudent Innocent XI. (Odescalchi), who persisted in regarding the matter in a political rather than a religious light. Madame de Maintenon, who, as is usual with converts, avowed the most bigoted and exclusive doctrines of the church she had joined, was nevertheless averse to the Jesuit party with whom the measure originated; while the king, profoundly ignorant of theology, and even of church history, was guided entirely by his confessor, a zealous partisan of that unscrupulous body. The lady was not without apprehension that doubts of her own orthodoxy

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orthodoxy might be instilled into the king's mind, and she hoped to avert that dangerous imputation by affording her support to a measure so favoured by the ecclesiastical section who monopolized his confidence. Notwithstanding her sacrifice she did not altogether escape suspicion. When impelled by her humanity, or it may be her dislike of Louvois,* she condemned the cruelties practised on the Huguenots, she incurred the displeasure of the king, who dropped a hint that he feared the religion of her youth had not altogether lost its influence over her mind.

The true character of this extraordinary woman will be gathered neither from the panegyrics of her admirers nor from the censures of her more numerous enemies. 'Toujours dans la contrainte' (writes Duclos) 'd'abord pour subsister, ensuite pour s'élever, enfin pour régner, elle ne fut jamais heureuse, et n'a mérité l'excès ni des satires ni des éloges dont elle a été l'objet.' The Abbé Auger says: 'La considération a été tout à la fois sa fin et son moyen;' and she herself, in spite of her habitual reserve, has, in several of her familiar letters, confirmed this acute and comprehensive remark. Her vanity made her garrulous, and talkative vanity is never cautious. 'L'envie de faire un nom était ma passion,' she observes in one of her confidential communications to her pupils at St. Cyr. She might have included among her defects another form of self-love, too subtle perhaps to be readily detected even by herself, and certainly too ridiculous to be acknowledged;—the insatiable vanity, we mean, which ever made her desire to appear the victim to her own sense of duty no less than to the injustice or selfishness of others. Even in gratifying her own inclinations she could rarely be satisfied unless she also enjoyed the reputation of sacrificing them.

She is never quite candid in her account of her early life. Her marriage with Scarron was a resource against poverty, not an act of pity, as she occasionally chose to hint. She had no reason to regret her decision, and the respect with which she had been treated by his friends was not merely a homage to her own prudence and discretion—it must also be attributed to the example of her husband, who behaved to her with a delicacy and consideration that might have entitled him to a warmer remembrance than is conveyed in her allusion to 'ce pauvre estropié.' After the death of her mother she had been left wholly dependent on the reluctant charity of an avaricious relation, Mad. de Neuillant.

* It is well known that the remonstrances of Louvois induced the king to revoke his promise to Madame de Maintenon of acknowledging their marriage, and that Louvois thereby incurred the eternal enmity of the lady—who failed nevertheless in her efforts to displace him.

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Her situation excited the compassion of Scarron, in whose house she sometimes visited:—

'Il lui demanda ce qu'elle deviendrait si elle venait de perdre Mme. de Neuillant. Il lui fit sentir qu'en présence de la misère qui la menaçait, il n'y avait pour elle d'asile que dans le couvent ou dans le mariage, seuls moyens d'échapper aux périls où l'exposaient une beauté déjà célèbre, l'isolement, l'inexpérience, et la séduction. Puisqu'elle refusait le premier parti, il s'offrait lui-même comme pis-aller dans le cas où elle voudrait accepter le second. . . . C'est ainsi que le mariage se conclut. A ceux qui lui demandaient pourquoi elle avait épousé un tel homme, elle répondait—*J'ai mieux aimé l'épouser qu'un couvent.*' —*Noailles*, i. p. 173.

She owed her education to Scarron. 'En écolière docile elle recevait ses leçons. Elle apprit l'Italien, l'Espagnol, et même le Latin, et acquit des connoissances variées et solides. *Mad. de Maintenon*, nous dit Segrais, *est redevable de son esprit à Scarron, et elle le connaît bien.*' When deprived of her husband she was placed in the dangerous position of a young and beautiful widow, surrounded by unscrupulous associates and exposed to all the temptations of poverty, and it is no small proof of merit that her numerous enemies are unable to fix any positive charges upon her; the pleasantries of Ninon* and the ribaldry of the Regent's *roués* must not be received as evidence. We cannot, however, quite accept as a faithful likeness the picture which she drew of herself at this period when recommending her own example to her *protégées* of St. Cyr:—

'Les femmes m'aimaient parce que j'étais douce dans la société et que je m'occupais plus des autres que de moi-même: les hommes me suivaient parce que j'avais de la beauté et les grâces de la jeunesse. Le goût qu'on avait pour moi était plutôt une amitié générale que de l'amour. Je ne voulais point être aimée en particulier de qui que ce fût. Je voulais l'être de tout le monde.'—*Ibid.*, p. 191.

It was no doubt the caution and prudence of her character, no less than the partiality of Mad. de Montespan, that recommended her for the delicate charge of governess to the King's infant children by that lady: and in the conduct of the negociation which preceded this appointment, she exhibited all the tact as well as all the ambition for which she was afterwards remarkable. On the pretext of religious scruples—which were certainly not applicable to the case—she makes a distinction, which no code of morality recognises, between the illegitimate children of the King and those of any of his subjects; and to avoid being

* Mademoiselle de Lenclos, when questioned as to her belief in the imputed gallantries of her friend after her surprising elevation, replied laughing, 'Je n'en sais rien, mais j'ai souvent prêté ma chambre jaune à elle et à Villarceaux.'

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entrapped into countenancing the irregularities of the Duke de Lauzun, whose admiration of Mad. de Montespan was pretty notorious, she insisted on taking her orders only from the King and on being placed in direct personal communication with him. If the education of her pupils was not eminently successful, at least the principal object which we attribute to her was fully gained. Yet when her unparalleled elevation was reached, it became the object of her life to prove that it had never been desired and was not valued. On every occasion, and to all her correspondents, she deplores the misery of her situation, and contrasts her own humble disinterestedness with the vanity and selfishness of the man who had made such a vast sacrifice of pride to obtain her. 'Ne voyez-vous pas,' she writes to Madame de Maisonfort, 'que je meurs de tristesse dans une fortune qu'on aurait eu peine à imaginer, et qu'il n'y a que le secours de Dieu qui m'empêche d'y succomber?' To Madame de Caylus, her kinswoman, she bewails her hard fate in terms still more explicit; she compares herself to the carp languishing in the marble reservoirs of Marly—'comme moi, ils regrettent leur bourbe.' In her unsleeping anxiety to secure the pity and admiration of her correspondents, she entirely loses sight of consistency. Forgetting her pretended inclination for solitude and retirement, she bewails the seclusion to which she is condemned *at court.* On the 29th of April, 1713, she writes to the Princesse des Ursins, 'Les années n'ont point changé mon goût; je n'aime que la société—et je n'en puis avoir' (p. 271). Her letters are filled with complaints of all mankind. Her nearest relations, her niece, the Duke of Maine, and even the Duchess of Burgundy, the children of her adoption and her affection, are the objects of her constant censure, and their faults, contrasted with her own virtues, are deplored with all the asperity of self-idolatry. Her religion, we doubt not, was sincere. When she joined the Roman Catholic Church she had fully embraced its most comfortable and convenient tenets—implicit reliance on its infallibility, and the complete responsibility of her director. If for a moment she listened to the doctrines of Madame Guyon and the Quietists, it was only because she was ignorant that the Church condemned them.* 'I erred,' she said, 'because I did not know the danger—but I hastened to recant, and entreated my directors to enlighten my ignorance.' Her blind obedience was her weapon and her defence; but yet, when holding up her own piety to the imitation of her

* The Quietists, among other unintelligible doctrines, held the perfectibility of human nature. These mystic opinions were revived by Michel Molinos, a Spanish theologian, at the close of the 17th century, but they had been broached before in the 14th by certain enthusiasts in Thessaly, and had at that time caused much controversy.

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correspondents, she proves how unavailing it was to teach her forbearance even towards those who had best served her.

We believe, however, that Miss Kavanagh is in error when she supposes that either her austerity or the penitence of the King interrupted the usual routine of court amusements or the display of that magnificence to which the public had been accustomed (p. 25). The gloom of Versailles (in as far as it existed) was produced by the misfortunes which clouded the latter part of the King's reign, the death of his descendants, and the ill-success of his ambitious designs. Court devotion was confined to the chapel, and was compatible with every species of gaiety. 'Monsieur' during the King his brother's life was the patron and promoter of gaiety, and the age and disposition of the Duchess of Burgundy accounted for and excused all manner of diversions. So little rigorous was Louis himself, that he positively encouraged gambling. M de St. Simon tells us that he liked to see large sums lost and won at the court tables, and when the national disasters and the general poverty for a time interrupted the practice, the King, indignant that economy should reach his very presence, desired that the usual stakes might be resumed. Madame de Maintenon appeared indeed at none of these entertainments—but she made no endeavour to interrupt them; her object, on the contrary, was rather to engage the King to find amusement in them and to divert his attention from public affairs. 'Elle cherchoit inutilement,' says Duclos, 'à lui procurer quelques dissipations par des concerts, des prologues d'opéra pleins de ses louanges, par des scènes de comédie que des musiciens et les domestiques de l'intérieur jouaient dans sa chambre.' It is true that his own habits were reformed and he no longer permitted certain scandalous vices to be paraded in his presence, but the ascetic devotion that is attributed to his latter years had no existence except in the fancy of his biographers. He had never been a scoffer at things holy—he had never even neglected forms—in fact, he had in his worst day respected the virtue he did not imitate. It is undeniable that he had become unpopular—but he had also become unfortunate—and with the French people misfortune was ever the greatest of crimes. It was while he gave general scandal by his life, whilst he prosecuted unjust wars and lavished the public treasure, that he was adored; when he amended his own manners, gave a better example, and was suspected of being married rather than of keeping a mistress—when he lived at peace and endeavoured to recruit the exhausted finances—then it was that he lost the affections of his subjects, and, we fear we must add, incurred the contempt of posterity. 'L'ignorance et la foiblesse,' says Voltaire,

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Voltaire, 'ternirent, dans ses dernières années, cinquante ans de gloire et de prospérités.'*

The death-bed of this great prince exhibited an appalling spectacle of human baseness; his last moments were embittered by the desertion of his children and of the wife on whose gratitude he had such claims. In their last interview the King expressed his parting regrets with unwonted tenderness; he thanked her for the patience with which she had tolerated his defects and for the affection she had ever shown him; he regretted death principally, he told her, because it separated him from her—'but,' he added with pious confidence, 'we shall soon meet, I trust, to part no more.' She hurried from his couch and even from the palace; her anger, which was but partially concealed in his presence, broke out when she left his chamber—'Voyez le rendez-vous qu'il me donne!' she said to Bolduc the royal apothecary; 'cet homme-là n'a jamais aimé que lui.'† She had never forgiven the pride or indifference which resisted her desire to be acknowledged as Queen, and during the period of her influence she took an angry and sullen pride in a total neglect of her worldly interests. Before the King's death even she retired to St. Cyr, and there the Regent respectfully visited her immediately after that event, and provided her with a suitable maintenance. Never does that prince appear more amiable than when showing such humane attentions to one he had been taught to consider his enemy, nor, we must add, did M. de St. Simon ever pen a sentence more vindictive and unfeeling than when censuring such forbearance and generosity.

We know not whether it was a misfortune for France that the Duke of Burgundy (afterwards Dauphin) did not survive his grandfather, but the young heir himself was probably spared infinite disappointment and sorrow. His country and his age were alike unworthy of him and incapable of appreciating his qualities. The glimpses that contemporary memoirs afford of him reveal a phœnix in his family and nation. Endowed with good abilities, which were carefully improved by the instructions of Fénélon, he seems to have promised everything that is amiable in a man and estimable in a prince: had he succeeded to the throne, he might perhaps have united all the virtues of Louis XVI. to the judgment and firmness which that sovereign wanted. If France could have been saved, if its government could have been reformed, and if its corrupt society could have been regenerated,

* Note to the Mémoires de Dangeau, p. 135, edition of 1807.

† This anecdote is told by Duclos, who received it from one of the domestics of the King's bed-chamber; other historians have recorded the air of discontent and displeasure which marked her whole demeanour.

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such a king might, perhaps, have worked the miracle. Very different was the fate reserved for it.

The reign of the Regent Duke of Orleans was one of avowed immorality; religion was openly derided; and women vied with men in the parade of their profligacy and impiety. Nor did the accession and good example of the young Louis XV., who for several years was irreproachable in his conduct, produce any amendment. A change in general habits became visible about this time; society was greatly extended; its importance and the desire to shine in it were alike increased. According to M. de Noailles, it was at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, during the preceding reign, that the '*art* of society' had first been cultivated and the 'existence des salons' understood. He elegantly says:—

'Ce fut là enfin que naquit réellement *la conversation*—cet art charmant dont les règles ne peuvent se dire, qui s'apprend à la fois par la tradition et par un sentiment inné de l'exquis et de l'agréable;—ou la bienveillance, la simplicité, la politesse nuancée, l'étiquette même et la science des usages, la variété de tons et de sujets, le choc des idées différentes, les récits piquants et animés, une certaine façon de dire et de conter, les bons mots qui se répètent, la finesse, la grace, la malice, l'abandon, l'imprévu se trouvent sans cesse mêlés et forment un des plaisirs les plus vifs que des esprits délicats puissent goûter.'—*Ibid.*, i. p. 91.

If this charming state of society had ever any existence, except in the imagination of the graceful biographer, we cannot but think the following generation saw its extinction, and that Miss Kavanagh greatly overrates what remained of it at her period of the narrative. According to the English notions even of that day, the tone of conversation was gross and indelicate in a high degree, and topics were freely discussed which on every consideration should have been forborne. Indeed, our authoress herself says of it (p. 270):—'Every subject was treated with heartless levity; enthusiasm, serious thought, or generous impulses, were alike proscribed and withered by the cold worldly spirit which prevailed.' The introduction of men of letters might improve its wit, but diminished its polish; most of them had been unaccustomed to the best company, and were uneasy and uncomfortable in it. Voltaire himself, so pre-eminent in talents, gave frequent offence; Madame Du Deffand—no bigot certainly—complained of the pertinacity with which he intruded his scepticism; and even the Duke d'Aiguillon, his own worshipping correspondent, censured in an under tone the 'extrême mauvais goût' of his ill-timed pleasantries.

The court at this time was not in any degree responsible for the

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the profligacy of the capital. The young king, however, soon discovered that his obedience to the precepts of his tutor and his confessor secured him no esteem; and his subsequent irregularities were visited with no censure. It was in the midst of his most unbridled folly, when his life was threatened by illness, that the enthusiastic affection of his subjects procured for him the title of 'the well-beloved.' In defiance of decency, he elevated a series of shameless concubines to honours which the virtuous of their sex could never attain. Not only did these vicious women see the *beau monde* of Paris prostrated before them—the very 'lights of the age' aspired to be foremost in offering them incense. Rousseau read his fantastic sophisms in Madame de Pompadour's boudoir; and Voltaire in emulous flattery penned dedications to the same frail beauty. The king was glorified by the last-named writer in the midst of his voluptuous repose, and held up to the admiration of his people, under the name of Trajan, in the theatres of Paris.* Amidst such indications of public sentiment, a prince of greater capacity could hardly suppose that his subjects blamed him for not standing forward as a model of decorum. But the philosophers, whose self-imposed office it was to enlighten the age, did not content themselves with an indirect warfare against conscience. In the preceding century (as in all others) men frequently lived in violation of the precepts of Christianity, but they did not openly deride them, nor deny the authority of its divine founder. Perhaps M. de la Rochefoucauld is the only eminent author of that period to whom infidelity can be distinctly attributed. During the eighteenth century it became the profession of every writer who aspired to the reputation of wit, or who was a candidate for general popularity. So strong was this impression in favour of the 'esprits forts' that we almost think they enjoy some of its *prestige* even yet, and that posterity in judging them is fearful of incurring that stigma of dulness which so much alarmed their contemporaries. For our own part we care not what is thought of our taste, but we confess the wit of the Encyclopédistes has little charm for us—nor do we believe that, in honest truth, we are singular. Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Holbach, with a host of others, have left voluminous works which fill the French compartment in our libraries, but which we suspect are rarely read, and still more rarely admired, even by those who share their opinions.

* 'Le Temple de la Gloire.'—After the representation Voltaire placed himself in the king's way as he was leaving his box, and, not being addressed, committed the solecism of speaking first. 'Trajan est-il content?' he asked with a cringing impertinence that he would have ridiculed in another. The king, who never liked him, was incensed at this freedom, and turned his back without any reply.

Rousseau

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Rousseau and Voltaire start forth from this mass of mediocrity into strong relief; and the evil influence of both has extended over succeeding generations. Rousseau, incomparably more seductive than his cool-headed rival, is the apostle and forerunner of socialism; Robespierre was his avowed disciple; and those men who for the last three years have disturbed Europe with their wild delusions and criminal audacities are followers of the same school. Voltaire lent his wit to point the sarcasms of his clumsy satellites, and is doubtless answerable for much of the vice and folly that have since been exhibited by his and their pupils. His own life was corrupt, and his tales and rhymes were the fit recreation of the society he lived with. Women enjoying all the privilege of good repute quoted the verses of the 'Pucelle;' and the poem itself was submitted to the printer in the handwriting of a lady of the highest condition.

It was not the vices of churchmen nor the abuses in the church system that were the real points of his attack; it was rather the virtues which many of the priesthood did exemplify and the good influence which Christianity, in spite of corruptions, must in a degree at least exert, that he hated. Our Saviour himself was the favourite target at which his blasphemous ribaldry was directed, and to *crush the wretch* ('écraser l'infâme') was the special object of his philosophy.* He had numerous and active coadjutors, all closely united for the same purpose—members of *the holy philosophic church*, as they profanely called their body;—but the society of these clever men was by no means the elysium that many recent writers are pleased to suppose. A very slight familiarity with the memoirs of the period exhibits it in far different colours.† We find each author morbidly jealous of the literary and social success of his competitors. Voltaire loaded Maupertuis with ridicule—he was at open war with Rousseau; the hand of this last was raised against all men. Voltaire and the King of Prussia amused their contemporaries by showing with what malignant coarseness philosophers can vituperate each other when their vanity is wounded. Nor did 'Woman in France' avoid those unamiable controversies. Every coterie had its envious feuds within, and a regular warfare without. Each presiding lady was desirous at any cost to humble her rival, and to seduce her subjects from their allegiance. Voltaire himself tells us how much

* The intolerance of this society was most bigoted. Mad. Geoffrin was devout, and attended mass with regularity; but she was obliged to steal to her pew in the early morning, and to make assignations with her confessor.

† See our 45th No., where this subject is treated at some length in an article on the Memoirs of Mad. de Grafigny.

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his favour with Mad. de Pompadour—to whom he owed his place in the Academy and his appointment as Historiographer—incensed his brother wits. In the *Mémoires de ma Vie* we read: 'Dès que j'eus l'air d'un homme heureux tous mes confrères, les beaux esprits de Paris, se déchaînèrent contre moi avec toute l'animosité et l'acharnement qu'ils devaient avoir contre quelqu'un à qui on donnait les récompenses qu'il méritait.'

We surmise, however, that Miss Kavanagh overrates the degree of influence upon public opinion which the writers of France in the eighteenth century actually possessed, at least as much as that exercised by its women over those writers. Our readers will not be startled, we hope, should we express a doubt whether the press in France has ever really—in the highest sense of the term—*guided* the public mind at all. Is it not the fact that in all cases the success and so-called influence of literary men depended upon the timely adoption and the adroit adulation of views and feelings already popular? In every work of long continuance the fluctuations of current opinion may be traced as affecting the tone of the text; and many instances could be cited in which writers of some name have abruptly veered round at the signal of a change in the public mind, in utter scorn of that consistency which, though essential in England to the reputation of an author, is still but lightly valued in France.

The clever writers of the age immediately preceding the Revolution were mostly adventurers of humble birth and loose manners, who flattered the vices they practised, and reviled the religion that condemned them. If they sometimes attacked civil authority, it was with too little sincerity, and on points too minute and unimportant, to produce any practical result. They had no serious plans for reform. They have sins enough to answer for; it would be unjust to lay to their charge the overthrow of social order. The true or main sources of the prevalent discontent are, we believe, fairly enough described in Miss Kavanagh's own introductory chapter:—

'The French Parliament envied the authority of the English Commons; similar feelings pervaded every class: the nobles felt wounded at the servility to which they were compelled by the monarch; the higher clergy submitted impatiently to the yoke of royal authority; whilst the *tiers état*, or *bourgeoisie*, disliked the nobles and priests, because they saw them, though weak and powerless, in possession of the most valuable privileges. Had the upper classes been strong and active, the hardship would not have been felt so much: the logic of practical life teaches that power and privilege must associate; but they were feeble and corrupt. All that was left of the old feudal system was the inequality of ranks.'—vol. i. p. 20.

When throughout a community there is such a deep-rooted and

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widely-spread disgust for existing arrangements, need we ask for other causes of a revolution? Is not 'the influence of the press' better proved when writers, appealing to the sense, the morals, or the real interests of the people, stem the torrent of their passions, oppose their declared purposes, and lead them to other sentiments? Can the history of France, we would ask, furnish such a proof of influence? In England, on the contrary, the press *has* occasionally exhibited such powers. The British public has not always kept its ears shut against truth, however startling at first and unwelcome. It was while the French revolution was enjoying its highest popularity in this country, while the loyal and the prudent were not yet alarmed, that Burke raised his prophetic voice, tore the mask from affected patriotism, and exposed the leaders of that movement in their own colours. The brilliant wit of Canning completed the defeat his far greater predecessor had commenced; it was his part to brand with caustic ridicule a cause which the soundest philosophy and the loftiest eloquence had before rendered hateful.

The press has more to fear from its own licence than from the severest censorship. In Paris the deterioration of periodical literature dates from the revolution of 1830; after that period it was no longer distinguished by the talent it had previously exhibited:—but since the fall of the monarchy in 1848 with all respectability it has lost all power. Where Royalists have coalesced with the Socialist and sought his assistance, and where the 'friends of order' have made common cause with the Red Republicans, the last disguise has been dropped, and all claim to principle abandoned. If M. Thiers desired to raise a beacon as a warning to all the nations of Europe against the evils of revolution, his recent policy, and that of his motley allies, was admirably devised; but if he hoped to hasten the restoration of law, or to open a road for his own ambition, we suspect he has postponed those events to an indefinite epoch.

But to return to our authoress's ante-revolutionary sketch. We cannot applaud her logical consistency when she vaunts the charms of a society which she herself describes so justly, and, admitting the truth of the indictment generally, extenuates and denies each charge in detail. 'France,' she declares, 'was the acknowledged focus of European intelligence, and her writers the interpreters of the feelings and opinions of the age.' 'Women,' she continues, 'seized an influence by whatever means it might be secured—and they had received a shameless example of profligacy, which they were not slow to follow.' Miss Kavanagh here proves that she was thoroughly acquainted with the characters of her heroines, and understood equally well the state of society at 'the focus of European intelligence.' But where does she find the proof

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proof of their extraordinary abilities? Those who are removed from the dazzling influence of graceful manners and winning address have no excuse for remaining under the spell. We doubt not that some of Miss Kavanagh's ladies possessed many of the charms she attributes to them, and that their personal qualifications no less than other attractions of their drawing-rooms account for the indulgence with which their conduct was regarded—but several of them have, unfortunately, gratified their enemies by 'writing a book,' and in these 'books' we own we can discover little or nothing to justify the admiration of their contemporaries. We cannot be persuaded into reading a dull volume because we are told that the writer was once a pretty woman.

Madame Du Deffand, one of the principal of these, no doubt possessed wit, sense, and taste; very little of them, however, is perceptible in her letters. It would certainly require more than ordinary talent to adorn such a theme as that which occupies her longest—namely, the *love* of a blind old woman for a selfish coxcomb some thirty years her junior, to whom she addresses these her importunate epistles. Even when the undisguised weariness of her correspondent induces her to drop this ungracious subject, we still find little to commend; her style of narrative is dry—the verses with which her pages are interspersed are the contributions of literary friends—her judgment of contemporary merit is unsound and capricious, and of books generally, is contemptible. Her infirmities would naturally make her an object of pity—but she betrays impatience, discontent, ingratitude, and seems at war with her lot rather because she could not command perpetual youth and good looks than because she was blind and solitary.

Nor are we, we confess it, more enamoured of her famous *protégée*, Mlle. de Lespinasse, who is so great a favourite with our authoress. Her spurious birth, and the neglect and unkindness of her parents and early patrons, were, we allow, misfortunes well calculated to make a deep impression on her character. The world had not been her friend, and she never walked by the world's law. The circumstances of her rivalry and final quarrel with Madame Du Deffand must seem unpardonable when the earlier history of their connexion is considered—but her far heavier fault was to D'Alembert, to whom she owed a home when forced to quit that of her protectress, and whose disinterested affection she repaid with most unblushing ingratitude. Differing from their own contemporaries, and also from their last biographer (M. Jules Janin), Miss Kavanagh adopts the convenient belief that the *liaison* between these two celebrated persons was innocent, and she hardly seems to think that there was anything objection-

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able in its apparent irregularity. 'D'Alembert,' she observes, 'was *naturally averse to marriage*, whereas Mlle. de Lespinasse *wished to marry*. As friends they might agree, but it was very improbable they could have done so long, had their connexion been of a closer nature.' (i. 239.) Mrs. Peachum, in the Beggar's Opera, thought it was only *matrimony* which was certain to produce quarrels, and in her lecture to her daughter on her duties, she assures her that harmony might be secured by living on the terms which subsisted between herself and her worthy helpmate: and upon these terms Mlle. de Lespinasse and D'Alembert *seemed* at least to be. Be this as it may (a most profitless discussion, certainly!), while living publicly with D'Alembert, and while engaged to be married to the Marquis de Mora, who, Miss Kavanagh says, was 'dying for her love in Spain,' she carried on an intrigue with the Comte de Guibert, who had recently visited Paris, and with whom it was the fashion for every woman of any taste to be smitten. The Marquis de Mora was forgotten, and the 'excellent D'Alembert, though still devotedly attached to her, often suffered from her caprices.' (i. 244.) At the time she conceived this new attachment she was in her fortieth year, and the small-pox had destroyed any share of comeliness she might ever have possessed. Guibert could not return her passion, and after a time, when the novelty had worn off and he had ceased even to affect to do so, she continued to persecute him with her unwelcome solicitations. The tenderness and warmth of these effusions are much praised by Miss Kavanagh. Ladies doubtless are the best judges in such matters, but we have already owned that the amatory appeals of elderly nymphs to reluctant Damons seldom stir our sympathies. The 'excellent D'Alembert,' who was so complaisant a lover that 'he was in the habit of walking to the post-office every morning, in order to look for the letters of the Marquis de Mora which he brought back to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse by the time she wakened' (244), was not aware, till after the death of his mistress, that she had given him any second rival, and, according to Miss Kavanagh, 'he was painfully affected when he made the discovery.'

After these touching particulars we are favoured with a specimen of Miss Kavanagh's philosophical reflection—*paullo majora*:—

'There is a social meaning in the character and destiny of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, that should not be forgotten. The aristocratic world, where she might love, but where she could not be loved in return, had grown odious to her. Like Rousseau, she had aspirations towards democracy; and if like him she had not become one of the voices of the age, it was because she shrank from exposing her woes. Her

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Her whole life was a real though vain protest against the conventional society in which she lived.

'How many, like Rousseau or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, were thus crushed by those social distinctions which they so deeply despised! How many, like them, by the public or private expression of their feelings, hastened the decay of a hateful tyranny until it fell overwhelmed in the universal reprobation! Democracy, however mistaken in the forms it may assume, is but the open expression of the long and unknown sufferings of the multitude. Thus when the great crises are at hand, every token of the times assumes new interest, and there may be found deep significance even in the *hidden sorrows* of a *lonely woman's* heart.'—vol. i. p. 254.

It is rather by the patronage than the exclusion of these two distinguished malcontents that we would illustrate the profound corruption of French society. Rousseau, in spite of the immoral and indecent strain of his writings, his low and profligate habits, his ever-festering vanity, and his base ingratitude, was the object of most indefatigable kindness—he had found friends whom no ill-treatment could alienate; and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, notwithstanding her mode of living—which, even in that age and country, outraged, if not the moral sense of society, at least its regard for all *bienséance*—received a pension from the Crown, and was not tolerated only in good company, but courted and flattered by it till her death. We know not what more could be accomplished for them. The insane conceit of the man could never have been satisfied unless he became the sole object of universal attention; and the 'lonely woman' seems to have turned sick of the world only because she was not endowed with the power of attracting a continual succession of lovers. These are not misfortunes

'That either laws or kings can cause or cure.'

We have no intention of following Miss Kavanagh through the monotonous biographies her volumes contain. We trace everywhere, with few shades of variety, the same frailty in the women, the same vanity in the men, and the same inconstancy in both. The husbands (we cannot call them injured husbands) are generally the friends and confidants of the lovers; but these in their turn are betrayed; and if some compunctious visitings occasionally assail their mistresses, it is for the injury inflicted on them, and not on those to whom their vows had been plighted; and so little was all this profligacy excused by passion that jealousy figures very rarely in these heartless intrigues. Yet it was this vile society that was vaunted by Voltaire, not for its wit and cleverness, but for its virtue; and he it was who defended the

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the irregularities of the King and his court with such tenderness against the energetic remonstrances of the Bishop of Senez.*

Miss Kavanagh felt, of course, that her picture of 'the most polite, elegant, and intellectual society that ever existed' (i. 215), would not be complete without a sketch of Voltaire's connexion with the Marquise du Châtelet; and she gives it such prominence, that, though the subject is not new to our readers, we must pause on it for a moment. This lady, in whose character pedantry, lubricity, and vanity seem to have united in a pretty equal degree, was of good birth, and had been early married to a man considerably her senior, of still higher birth and pretensions. After numerous adventures, when near her thirtieth year, she formed an intimacy with Voltaire, which lasted, with occasional interruptions, till her death, about fifteen years afterwards. Miss Kavanagh says:—

'Her attachment for Voltaire was full of truth and earnestness. . . . An affection which could thus resist time, and modify itself with years instead of perishing utterly, must have been founded on much that was *good and true*.'

How far our authoress's details support this genial charity, it will be for her readers to judge. Voltaire frequently accompanied his mistress and her husband to Cirey, where the lovers had fitted up an apartment for their own use, with great luxury and splendour; while the owner of the château was obliged to be contented with much meaner accommodations. Here the lady devoted her time to the study of mathematics and astronomy, and the still more uphill task of adorning a person to which Nature had not been over-gracious. Her extravagance in this particular was ridiculed by Voltaire, who termed her Madame Newton-Pompon-Châtelet; and other contemporaries bear witness both to her love of dress and her bad taste in its arrangement. While she was thus engaged, the gentleman on his side was chiefly occupied with the composition of those tales and poems which delighted the polished society of France, as well as the literary *coterie* of his Aspasia. Though she patronized severer studies, and thought his time might be better employed in more direct and sytematic exposures of priest-taught Ethics and the absurdities of the Bible, she could not refuse her approbation to some of his lighter labours; and the cantos of the Pucelle, when submitted to the criticism of this select circle, were rewarded with its unqualified admiration. The château, however, afforded other amusement to the lady at least; and here she indulged in

* See Correspondance Littéraire de Grimm, vol. viii. p. 401.

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those amorous interludes which caused the established swain much less uneasiness than her bad temper. Had their alliance been one degree less convenient to either, it would in all probability have been dissolved. Their quarrels were perpetual—and while they reciprocally complained of 'vanity and selfishness,' the philosopher was often heard to declare that he would welcome any fate which delivered him from his domestic 'fury.'

Deliverance came at last. Madame du Châtelet died in childbed in her 45th year—the consequence, it is believed, of her intrigue with the Marquis de St. Lambert. Miss Kavanagh says (i. p. 178), 'Voltaire was overwhelmed with depair, and his grief was both lasting and sincere;' but Marmontel gives an account of Voltaire's behaviour on the occasion, which paints the men, the manners, and the tastes of the eighteenth century in France with more truth than will be found in Miss Kavanagh's pages. 'Je l'ai perdu!'—he exclaimed, indeed, as Marmontel entered the room—'j'ai perdu mon illustre amie—je suis au désespoir—je suis inconsolable!' The two sensitive spirits mingled their tears. 'Le brutal!' answered the great philosopher to Marmontel's inquiries; 'il me l'a tué! Il lui a fait un enfant!' The arrival of another guest interrupted the conversation and diverted the course of the mourner's thoughts. The new visitor had some whimsical anecdote to relate, and the inconsolable lover was in a few minutes 'aux éclats de rire.' To complete the picture, both M. du Châtelet and M. de St. Lambert were at the château; and the former thought it right to exculpate himself from any share in the mischief. 'Settle the matter between you,' said he to his two esteemed guests; 'I at least am innocent.'

Our authoress opens one formidable section of her work (i. 273) by expressing a deep regret that the democratic influence of the *bureaux d'esprit* was balanced by that exercised in the gorgeous boudoirs of so many fair Sultanas. It used to be a proverb in Scotland, we believe, that kings' chaff is better than other folks' corn. In these liberalised days we will not venture to assert so much; but we think we may affirm without offence that kings' chaff is as good as the chaff of their subjects; and in the case of these royal aberrations there was at least more beauty to excuse frailty, greater temptation to sin, and, if the culprits had less of intellect and knowledge, there was consequently less of responsibility and guilt.

Louis XV., a better man at his worst than the ministers who ruled and the philosophers who applauded him, expressed a settled abhorrence of the fashionable principles and of their professors. His own conduct was wrong, but he knew it to be so—the precepts of a good education were not forgotten though they

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they were neglected—because it was agreeable to him to sin, he did not, like the *Cacouacs*, assert that sin was right. The hope of reconciling himself to the Church never deserted him, and his transient returns to virtue and his occasional attention to the observances of his religion, are neither to be attributed to hypocrisy nor to superstition. He had the sense to perceive the tendency of the prevalent theories, and he clearly foretold the calamities they would bring on France. Miss Kavanagh may well wonder at the blindness of the noble and wealthy voluptuaries of Paris, who cheered the philosophers even after their views in politics as well as religion had been fully developed. 'If the privileges of rank,' she says, 'were founded on folly and injustice, and if that religion that commands us to bear injustice patiently was a dream, what security had they? It seems incredible that self-interest should not have checked all those philosophical and liberal tendencies in the upper ranks at least' (i. 163). Her observation is a very just one, but she does not calculate the influence of fashion, an influence of great weight in corrupt societies, and paramount at all times in France. It was this influence, even more than the traditionary hatred of England, which raised the cause of American independence to such popularity in Paris. It was this which armed the young Lafayette and so many other volunteers—which penetrated even the walls of Versailles, and prompted Marie-Antoinette herself to kiss the picture of Washington and to accord a flattering reception to the coarse and homely Franklin.

It is an acute if not a very courteous saying of a close living observer that women are cruel because they have little imagination—meaning that kind of imagination which vividly presents to the mind those particulars, which the general idea contains, but does not project. Their conduct in the struggle which ensued too fatally illustrated this remark. To the open profligacy of the late reign there had succeeded more outward decorum, but by no means a purer tone of morality. Philanthropy and political economy were the fashion; ladies talked sentiment, and would-be politicians professed to desire reform—but no one was willing to make the slightest sacrifice, and perhaps Louis XVI. was the only sincere and disinterested reformer in his dominions. M. Necker, the most deluded and delusive of ministers, hurried on, however unintentionally, the long-anticipated catastrophe, by his bad advice and worse measures; and the influence of his wife, and perhaps of his young daughter, tended neither to strengthen his judgment nor to support his principles. The position of Madame Necker, no doubt, would have required more discretion than most women possess, and the frugal

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frugal precise Calvinist must have found herself completely out of her element in the gay salons and amidst the lively rakes of Paris. They must, however, have exercised no slight influence over her, and she must have not infrequently lost sight of the precepts of that 'austere virtue' for which Miss Kavanagh (ii. 39) gives her credit:—never more—whether as a republican or as a Christian—than when she headed a subscription (p. 34) for the purpose of raising a statue to Voltaire during his life-time.

Necker advised the convocation of the States-General, and that step with others equally imprudent precipitated the revolution. A revolution was, we believe, inevitable:

> 'A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;
> A feeble government, eluded laws,
> A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
> And all the maladies of sinking states.'

But hardly, had the friends of monarchy actually taken counsel from its foes, could they have chosen a course more ruinous than that which they pursued. The king himself was equally infatuated, and hurried blindly forward to his own destruction. But his weakness was his heaviest fault. His friends could place no reliance on his promises of resistance, and others knew that by perseverance they could extort any concessions. He knew nothing of the character of his people, and he never penetrated the purposes of his advisers. He fell because he was too honest for the times in which he lived and the nation he was appointed to govern.

The power of the Queen, and the use she made of it, have been exaggerated and misrepresented. Her alleged extravagance, the secret records of the treasury (since published) disprove, no less than facts disprove the alleged extent of her influence. The Cabinet first formed by the King on his accession, and the immediate restoration of the usurping parliament, can hardly be supposed to have met her approbation; and if the Archbishop of Toulouse enjoyed more of her favour than the specious Turgot, he had, not less than Turgot, the more potent support of Voltaire and the philosophers, whose flatterer and disciple he had been. It is notorious that she had great expectations from the financial schemes of Necker; and, though she might not like the man, she certainly did not oppose his nomination to the ministry. But he was a Calvinist, and as such he was excluded from enjoying the usual trappings of high office. The religious prejudices of the King were more adverse than the Queen's supposed respect for etiquette to the ridiculous pretensions of the vain 'roturier,' who, not contented with the reality of power, coveted also the glittering shows of it, and who—bred a republican, and aspiring to the name of a *savant*—

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savant—begged for titles and ribbons with all the importunity of a hardened courtier.

We agree with Miss Kavanagh in her estimation of the talents and accomplishments of the Queen. She was not endowed with extraordinary abilities, nor had she owed much to her early education. But her character was honest and open: she scorned to affect esteem and regard for those she disliked and despised; and, like many other persons in high station, she has since been censured for not practising that dissimulation which is so often attributed to their class as its most odious defect. She was steady and constant in her friendships, and was so devoted to the interests and the honour of the royal family, that she would never consent to separate her cause from the King's, or suffer her name to be made a rallying cry for the ultra-loyal. It was for the virtues she did possess, and not for the faults of which she was accused, that she was unpopular. Had she condescended to dissemble—had she even gratified her enemies by any exhibition of weakness, she would have incurred less hatred: if even they could have accused her of hypocrisy, the bitterness of their hostility would have been diminished.

There are many other points in the character of this ill-fated princess on which we are at issue with Miss Kavanagh, but they are foreign to our present purpose, and the discussion would be worse than useless. We cannot join the biographer in condemning her for not receiving into her intimacy some of the celebrated ladies of that day whom she enumerates. We cannot think such women as Mesdames de Genlis, Condorcet, Necker, and de Stäel (ii. 94), notwithstanding the accomplishments of some and the genius of the last, were desirable friends for the sovereign, or that the court would have been gratified or the tone of society improved by their exaltation. Neither can we agree with our philosophical authoress in lamenting that she did not affect a preference for them which she did not feel.

Let us however observe here that Madame de Stäel deserves a warmer and more discriminating eulogium than that of Miss Kavanagh. Brilliant in genius and generous in temper, she stands far apart from her female contemporaries and predecessors. Touched undoubtedly, but not debased, by the contagion of bad example, in a more moral age and country she would have been the model of all that is great and admirable in woman. It was the native uprightness and independence of her character that procured her the enmity of Buonaparte, and drew down on her an unmanly persecution. When banished from Paris, after vainly endeavouring to obtain her recall, she addressed herself to

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to an illustrious foreign minister for whom Buonaparte was known to entertain a high esteem, entreating him to intercede in her behalf. He did so; and Buonaparte replied—'If she were a republican or a royalist I should not object to her, but she is a constitutionalist, and she would fill the salons of Paris with those discussions which I wish to remain at rest—she is a dangerous woman—I will not have Madame de Staël in Paris.' Miss Kavanagh could hardly produce an instance of greater homage to female influence.

The sufferings of Marie Antoinette date long before she became a captive menaced with an ignominious death. Almost from her first arrival in France she had been exposed to misrepresentation and calumny. Young and beautiful, and a Queen as well as a woman, she had long been the butt at which all the outrages of 'the most polite and chivalrous nation in Europe' were levelled. We may cite the evidence of Miss Kavanagh, who is little inclined to favour this princess:—

'When she walked in the gardens of St. Cloud, the very children followed and insulted her. Allusions against her were eagerly seized in every theatre, and the lieutenant of police had to beg that she would no longer come to Paris, as he could not answer for the consequences of her presence. Every class seemed bent on ascribing to her the misery of the nation: the nobles calumniated her; the people called her Madame Deficit. Marie Antoinette bore all in haughty silence; but every insult, every proof of hatred she received, sank deeply into her heart. Her beauty, once so fresh and dazzling, gradually faded away; her cheek became pale and thin; her eyes grew dim with weeping and with nights of anxious vigils. The sunny smile which had lent so great a charm to her expressive countenance, visited it no more. If she saw not yet the terrible future, she was haunted with the shadow of dark, foreboding thoughts, and a secret terror filled her breast whenever she asked herself what fate awaited her, her husband, and her children. Through every fear and trial she maintained, however, a bearing more composed, more truly royal, than that which had marked the days of her splendid prosperity. But though she had the heroism which braves, Marie Antoinette lacked the prudence which wards off evil. No suffering, no danger, could subdue her wilful nature. She struggled, even unto folly, against the tide of popular feeling; and her enemies read her features well when they said that, through all their traces of sorrow, they still bore the impress of unconquered pride. She waited her fate undismayed: alone against a nation.'—vol. ii. p. 95.

She was doomed to sip the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and death itself was grudged her till all she held dearest had been murdered and tortured before her eyes. The death of the King was not the bitterest of her sorrows: her child was torn from her. We

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We forbear to dwell or even to touch upon the fate of that infant, whose sweet disposition softened at moments even the insane brutality of his tormentors. Miss Kavanagh gives a few lines to the parting between the child and the parent. It was ordered that the Dauphin should be taken from the Queen when her own trial was decided on:—

'The officers of the Convention who came to execute their barbarous order met with unexpected resistance. Casting away every feeling of queenly dignity or silent pride, the mother placed herself before the bed of her son, and vehemently declared that though they might kill her, they should not touch her child. For two hours she defended him against all their efforts. They at length threatened to kill him in her arms if she resisted any longer. Upon this she embraced him, dressed him, and weepingly delivered him up. The unhappy and innocent child was handed over to the shoemaker Simon; his mother never saw him again.'—ii. 208.

It would have been well had the Queen resisted the instincts of nature, and suffered her child to be butchered in her arms. Miss Kavanagh says she was not aware of all the tortures which were inflicted by Simon on the young prince. She is mistaken; by a refinement of cruelty, for which we can find no parallel, she was forced to witness the process of his corruption, and to bear the insults he was compelled to offer her.

> 'Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
> Of mercy'

are the perpetrators of that crime; most of them suffered for it here in the flesh, but the deathless reproach of the nation that endured it has not been expiated. Years of blood have not sufficed to wipe it off, and a deeper retribution, we fear, is yet in store. It has been often asserted, and Miss Kavanagh repeats the cant, that 'the crimes of the Revolution are the crimes of the few.' If this be so, what excuse is to be found for the cowardice of the majority who tolerated—nay applauded—these crimes? Are we to believe that 'the most brave and chivalrous nation of the earth' endured the daily spectacle of butchery with secret repining, which they did not dare to manifest? We know not if the nation will accept this apology; but, in our opinion, that dark period exhibits the whole people in a light almost as contemptible as odious.

With the heroines of the revolution here extolled we have still less sympathy than with the 'fair atheists'* of Miss Kavanagh's first volume. We leave her special favourite Charlotte Corday to the pen of M. Lamartine. His minute and not very delicate description of her beauties cannot reconcile us to her crime, nor are we mollified by the details of her education, and how

* Milton.

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her mind had been strengthened and her taste formed by the pages of Voltaire and Volney, the Nouvelle Héloïse, and the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Faublas. The murder, which has found so many to admire it, was that of an atrocious villain—but this is no apology for her. She had not the excuse (if it be any) of personal injury to avenge—she had not even any acquaintance with Marat: she was, moreover, a still bolder free-thinker and a not less zealous republican than her victim. We could also have wished that Miss Kavanagh had left to the same candid and veracious historian the privilege of pronouncing the panegyrics of Théroigne de Méricourt and

'Of that great woman, Roland's blameless wife'—*

kindred souls, allied in their ardent republican aspirations, religious independence, and *perhaps* moral purity. The first led the troop of drunken rioters to assail the palace at Versailles, and the latter regretted that she could not personally enjoy the spectacle of royal humiliation. These women, so closely resembling each other, were doomed to different fates—the one died impenitent on the scaffold she had contributed to raise—the other passed from a penitentiary to a madhouse, where she closed her life in raving blasphemy.

There is no relief in the chapters of this tragic volume. How mitigated are the sufferings of Mde. Roland in comparison with those of Marie Antoinette! Miss Kavanagh ascribes the patience and silent dignity exhibited by the Queen during her long trial to pride. Pride she had, no doubt—it was in her blood;—but we still think they might with more justice be traced to that sense of religion which never deserted her. Mde. Roland had no such monitor during her prosperity, and no such support in her evil hour. *Her* firmness might with more propriety be ascribed to pride, since she rejected with haughty scorn all religious assistance and comfort. To us in the hideous phantasmagoria of the French Revolution there is no figure more repelling than that of this unfeeling woman—one who shared the weaknesses of her sex without its redeeming virtues, and who, in the solitude of her prison, could survey the ruin and misery she had helped to make, not only without remorse, but with triumph. The unfortunate and erring Madame du Barry lost her life for attempting to minister to the wants of the royal family in their captivity. The beautiful Dauphiness, in her brief young day of conscious dignity and unimpeached innocence, had turned with ill-disguised contempt from the minion of her husband's grandfather: it was this guilty being who, in the hour of trial, was found ready to face

* W. Taylor's Ode on the United Irishmen.

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the danger from which good people shrank. Madame Roland, hard and pitiless even for the calamities she shared, exults in the reflection that the royal captive was groaning in a deeper dungeon of the same prison-house, exposed to fouler insults, and a prey to far more terrible afflictions!* In those pages of arrogance and self-conceit with which she soothed her solitude, no expression of regret at the cost by which 'reform' was purchased ever escapes; she resents the treatment to which her party had been exposed with keen indignation, and she loads her victorious adversaries with scorn—but she has as little tenderness for her friends as forgiveness for her enemies. Unable to distract her thoughts for one moment from self, and finding food for her vanity rather in what irritated than in what softened, she dwells on the petty mortifications of social life with a bitterness, even on the verge of eternity, such as in no well-constituted mind they could at any period have excited; and she regrets less the loss of power and even of liberty and life than the triumph of an opposite faction. With an openness to which M. Lamartine hardly arrives, she blazons her self-idolatry with needless candour, and, with a pruriency even more repulsive than Rousseau's, she draws the veil from the sacred mysteries of nature and reveals the secrets of her sex. 'With such details,' as Sir W. Scott has justly observed, 'a courtesan of the higher class would hardly season her private conversation to her most favoured lover.'

The influence of Madame Roland over her husband and his

* Miss Kavanagh repeats a story connected with the queen's execution, which we believe to be perfectly true. 'The men who had not thought the accusations of Hebert too infamous for the queen, conceived the project of degrading her death, by causing her to be judged and to perish between two courtesans confined in the same prison with her. They boasted of their plan till it came to the knowledge of the women concerned in it, who, degraded as they were, felt and resented the intended infamy. They both declared with the greatest energy, that if the project were carried into effect, they would, even on the scaffold, in the face of the people, fall down at the feet of the queen, and publicly implore her forgiveness for being compelled to die with her. Alarmed at the effect such a scene might produce, the projectors of this infamous plan abandoned it reluctantly.'—v. ii. p. 215.

We are tempted to add a short extract from a MS. diary kept by one of the founders of this Review, who accompanied Lord Malmesbury on his mission to the Directory in 1796:—

'Paris, October 23. This evening had some curious particulars respecting the Queen's execution from an eye-witness [an ex-noble], who was in the front ranks of the line of soldiers through which she passed. She was unusually pale, but rather from long exclusion from the light than the effect of fear. Her dress white, her behaviour composed, her countenance fixed, but *the muscles of her forehead singularly agitated and convulsed* by the conflict of passions. Some cannoneers, the basest of the populace, took their stand near the narrator, and reviled her as she passed. On her arrival at the scaffold a general order through the line of *Tourner la tête à droite!* that she might meet every eye, and that the feelings of the spectators might be suppressed by the fear of awaking the jealousy of their superintendents by any signs of compassion. While the executioners were tying her she said to them hastily, *Dépêchez vous donc*, and mounting the scaffold was dead in an instant.'

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party is much insisted on in proof of her mental superiority:*—if, indeed, she possessed this influence, then she must also share the blame of their follies and crimes. The attack on the Tuileries was a plot of their contriving; we now know even the price at which the mob was hired for the purpose; and the massacre of the prisoners on the 2nd of September and the trial and condemnation of the King took place while they held office. They made no attempt to mitigate the rigours of the captivity of the royal family, nor to protect their adherents from butchery; if they really disapproved these crimes, and sanctioned them only through fear, their guilt is but the more contemptible.

We regret to observe that Miss Kavanagh imitates the tone of M. de Lamartine in describing the career even of Robespierre.

'Robespierre,' she says, 'has been, and ever will be, most diversely judged. He was certainly a man of strong principle, inflexible, severe, and self-denying; in many respects the Calvin of the French Revolution—applying to this world stern dogmas, such as the Genevese reformer dealt out for the next. A deistic democracy was the ideal of his existence; he was neither cruel nor immoral; but he was cold, insensible, almost passionless, and a political pedant. For the same reason he was uncompromising, relentless, and almost inaccessible to the pity that far more guilty men could feel. Their motives were hatred, thirst of blood, and revenge; his were centered in the triumph of his system; let that prevail, and he would not ask for one drop of blood. It is difficult to judge such characters fairly.'—ii. 307.

We read such passages as these with a disapprobation more profound than we are altogether willing to express when they come from a lady. The affectation of candour, where our own interests and passions are not even remotely concerned, is mere cant; when applied to the crimes and vices of the party we wish to favour, the artifice is as transparent as odious. What the motives of men may be it is not for us to decide: we can only judge them by their acts; and common sense, as well as the interests of society, are outraged when good motives are assigned to wicked deeds, and virtues are attributed to men conspicuous for the violation of every precept of humanity or even of natural instinct. 'It is difficult to judge such characters fairly.' Where are there 'such characters'? The most depraved of whom history furnishes

* Both Miss Kavanagh and M. Lamartine endeavour to enlist our sympathies for Madame Roland by minute descriptions of her beauty and perpetual allusions to her personal charms. We must observe that no representation we have ever seen of that lady justifies their eulogy, and we think the hard, ill-drawn, and most unsightly portrait with which Miss K. has interleaved her pages is enough to frighten away the illusion which her text would fain perpetuate. Indeed we cannot congratulate her on any of the engravings she has given us—none of them are likely to suggest much apology for the frailty of contemporary admirers.

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us any record would gain by a comparison with Robespierre. They, at the worst, are human beings unscrupulously eager to gratify human passions; whereas the cold-blooded malignity of this 'neither cruel nor immoral' prodigy resembles the nature we attribute to a fiend. We know not where Miss Kavanagh discovers the 'diversity of opinion' by which she professes to be embarrassed. It might suit the purpose of M. Lamartine to perplex the judgment of his readers by confounding right and wrong; but this is a subject upon which we are not aware that there is in our own country any difference of opinion, and most deeply should we regret the state of public mind that would suffer any to exist.

'Robespierre was not cruel,' says Miss Kavanagh; 'but he was almost inaccessible to pity.' This is a distinction we do not understand—and Danton saw it as little as we do:—'I love pleasure and power,' he observed, 'but Robespierre loves nothing but blood.' She adds—

'He was severe in his morals and *religiously* inclined, and he hated his colleagues for their atheism and their profligacy. He intended to arrest the progress of blood, and he was opposed to Collot d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville, who bid higher for popularity by offering the people a larger sacrifice of blood. When these men perceived that it was Robespierre's intention to sacrifice them, they hastened the crisis and forestalled him.'—*ib.* 309.

If 'popularity' was only to be acquired by 'the sacrifice of blood,' we can hardly see how 'the crimes of the revolution' can be called the crimes of the few, and we are, we own, much more surprised that any English writer can apply the words 'religious principles' to the Theo-philanthropy of Robespierre, than that the revolutionists who had thrown off Christianity should refuse to sanction the buffoonery he had installed in its place, or to join the fantastic processions which he headed in person, dressed in top-boots and a sky-blue coat with a nosegay in its button-hole. Robespierre is the only character in history in whom we can detect no redeeming virtue: human only in his vanity and ambition—chaste from temperament and not from self-restraint—a coward amidst men personally brave—cruel beyond example where every one was cruel—he stands a solitary figure in the panorama of crime, condemned for his insensibility even by Danton.

Miss Kavanagh enumerates many traits of manly courage and generosity which brightened this period of violence and sorrow—and still more of womanly devotion, to shame the harshness which even she cannot but now and then recognise in the republican Amazons. Most willing are we to accept such instances

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stances as a spontaneous tribute to virtue, and we reprobate the cynical observation of St. Lambert (the lover of Mesdames du Châtelet and D'Houdetot), who had survived the reign of terror, the last example of the roué of Louis XV. Like all profligates he despised the sex, and when the 'dévouement' of women during these melancholy scenes was commended in his presence, he replied, 'Yes, dévouement is the fashion.' We must however observe, while conceding to Miss Kavanagh that women exhibited throughout incomparably more generosity, disinterestedness, and courage than the men, yet still this period is less chequered with redeeming virtues, more replete with horror, and more degrading to human nature than any recorded in the annals of crime. We must also take the liberty of remarking that the whole of the retrospective glance over French society to which she invites us, leaves an impression but little favourable to the women who, according to her theory, directed its tone. She betrays the cause of her sex in advancing such claims. In the earlier part of the century their influence failed to improve the morality or even the decency of society; and in the latter part it succeeded still less in softening and humanising it—if indeed it could be proved that in both cases such influence was not exerted to increase the prevalent mischief. She adduces numerous traits of humanity among females of every class during the dark period of the revolution—no one supposes that they were altogether unsexed—but that they were sometimes successful in wheedling a life from a lover would not prove their general influence; had that influence really existed and been properly exerted, the whole course of patriotic murders should have been checked on their remonstrances. Nor yet can we think that Miss Kavanagh advances the cause of her sex by her account of their behaviour under persecution. If she does not greatly exaggerate (which we would willingly hope), the conduct of the victims in the prisons presents a picture rather of levity than of firmness. Neither did the survivors exhibit more taste and discretion: the gaieties and gallantries of the prisoners are less offensive than the festivities that followed their release:—

'The dead of the reign of terror are scarcely cold in their unanointed graves when their friends give balls at which none but near relations of victims can dance. These *bals des victimes* have great success.'—vol. ii. p. 321.

The admitted 'frivolity' of 'society' in the earlier part of the century is not contrasted, we think, quite so unfavourably as Miss Kavanagh means it to be, with the political tone affected towards its close. Society (we mean the assemblage of persons of both sexes in large cities for the purposes of amusement) need not be

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regarded with contempt merely because it seems frivolous; it has, and it should have, no aim beyond the innocent gratifications of cultivated people according to their different times of life;—whenever *society* professes any graver object it betrays the essential frivolity of those who give its tone. It is the idler who brings into company a desire for grave discussion:—the busy man desires recreation—the lawyer, the merchant, the statesman, seek conversation with the hope of unbending their minds and banishing their cares. Moreover, the influence of 'salons' on public matters must always be dangerous, since it is necessarily exerted by those who are irresponsible for its direction, and who in most cases have other objects in view than the public interest. Whatever may be the defects of English society, we rejoice in thinking that no such influence has ever been admitted, and no attempt has been made to vindicate it from the charge of frivolity by rendering it political. It is one of the misfortunes of France that the influence of her salons was not at once swept away when the constitutional government was adopted. and the legislative chambers gave a free vent to opinion, and offered a fair field for manly controversy. The influence of ladies, whether real or supposed, over the minds of statesmen could only have the effect of degrading both—of rendering themselves obnoxious and their admirers ridiculous.

Heaven forbid we should enter into the perplexed and complicated question of modern French politics! a subject which every day becomes more strange and incomprehensible; we would only pause to inquire what has been the result of the political education so amply conceded to our pleasant neighbours. In this age of intellectual penury and dearth of genius there is everywhere an inclination to boast of the general development of talent and the rapid progress towards perfection. The French assert more boldly than others their claims to superiority: not only have they themselves arrived at seeing clearly, but by their assistance the scales have been made to fall from the eyes of surrounding nations. 'In the moral as well as in the physical world, life may spring from corruption and decay; and if institutions perish, there is a power of truth in the heart of man which cannot die.' So our instructress sagely observes. (p. 154.) Well, then, what has been the upshot? Can France, boasted focus of illumination, point to any great accession of manly spirit, of political wisdom, or generous disinterestedness—in the conduct of her masses or even of her public men? How will posterity judge this question? The tendency of despotism, we every day read and hear, is to confound distinctions of character, and to level all independence and self-respect in a general submission. But has not

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not this undesirable result been still more completely obtained under the reign of democracy? How much less frivolous will the 'luxurious nobles' of the eighteenth century appear than their cold and mean-spirited descendants! When the great revolution broke over France, not a few of these *frivolous* nobles still lingered on their native soil, to watch over the safety of the royal family. Thousands died on the scaffold; many joined the loyal standard in La Vendée, and perished in the field or were butchered afterwards in cold blood. Those less active abandoned their own country, and refused to countenance by their presence the crimes which they had no means of preventing. When military despotism had crushed the revolution beneath its iron heel, many exiles still refused to benefit by the offered patronage of the dictator, and preferred banishment and poverty to sanctioning the exclusion of their legitimate monarch. After the fall of that stern tyranny, when the infatuated folly of the Elder Bourbons again closed in exile, some few true-hearted servants still gathered round the feeble prince—a few faithful troops shed their blood in his defence and protected his retreat from insult. Another monarchy —'la meilleure des républiques,' as it was then called—was erected—with a very general cheer of approbation, but still without that disgraceful show of unanimity that has since been affected. Some few at least of the creatures of royal bounty refused to serve the elected successor—some peers and some prelates declined taking the oaths of allegiance; and the expedition of the Duchess de Berry, disgracefully as it terminated for her and fatally to the cause of her family, proved at least that the cause and the family still had devoted adherents. A steady opposition to the Government was kept up—though we cannot always approve of the taste in which the high-born and well-bred manifested their repugnance to the quasi-legitimacy of Louis-Philippe. Miss Kavanagh no doubt would trace it to female influence. Many of the most illustrious names refused to grace the court lists of the usurper; the Faubourg St. Germain closed its doors against his favourites and ministers; fine gentlemen showed their spirit by being impertinent to the Duke of Orleans, and fine ladies refused to dance with his aides-de-camp!

The life of Louis-Philippe was long deemed the guarantee of external peace and internal tranquillity, and the danger to which it was exposed was a subject of general and unremitting anxiety. The faults of his reign were imputable less to himself than his subjects—but chiefly to a vicious, impracticable constitution, which had the radical defect that, being moulded under revolutionary influences, it deprived authority of its proper weight.

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Yet a moment of popular caprice was sufficient at once to destroy the government thus originated and for many years apparently so valued; not a blow was struck in its defence; not a protest was registered in favour of a dynasty that had been called to the throne by the voice of the people; and such was the tame submission before a few arrogant and indigent demagogues, that even material well-being and social civilization found not a single vindicator. Such inconstancy is a practical protest against revolutions and revolutionary elections. Unfortunately in such changes, with political integrity individual consistency and individual self-respect are too frequently destroyed. It was years before public morality recovered its tone even after the *English* revolution of 1688—which was so just in its motive and so very moderate in its conduct; and no wonder that the deeply-instructed Burke foresaw and predicted the far broader display of the same inevitable result in France even before her first revolution had proceeded to its most extravagant excesses. After adverting to the old civil wars of France, in themselves so dreadful, he asks why she recovered so quickly from their effects:—

'Why? Because among all their massacres they had not slain the *mind* in their country. A conscious dignity, a noble pride, a generous sense of glory and emulation, was not extinguished. The organs also of the state, however shattered, existed. All the prizes of honour and virtue, all the rewards, all the distinctions remained. But the present confusion, like a palsy, has attacked the fountain of life itself. Every person in a situation to be actuated by a principle of honour is disgraced and degraded, and can entertain no sensation of life except in a mortified and humiliated indignation. The next generation of the nobility will resemble the artificers and clowns, and money-jobbers, usurers, and Jews, who will be always their fellows, sometimes their masters.'

Buonaparte too (perhaps even a weightier testimony) traced and explained in his turn the demoralising effect of revolutions and the instability of all systems founded upon them. His melancholy reflections have reached us from his exile at St. Helena. 'My dynasty,' he said, 'was too modern—the people were not yet accustomed to it. Had I been only my own grandson, I should have retrieved my ruined fortunes even at the foot of the Pyrenees.' Nor is his evidence less valuable in tracing the profound immorality of the public men of France to the same cause. A long list of the great names of the movement followed this observation — each dismissed with some brief commentary of just contempt. To mere familiarity with revolution he attributed the indifference of the country to his own fall, and the alacrity with which it had so soon deserted the restored

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restored dynasty to welcome his return from Elba. 'Never can the country prosper,' he said, 'which has more vanity than pride—where revolutionary turbulence supplies the place of fixed principles—and where a love of office is stronger than the respect for national institutions.'

It was the boast of the orators and managers of the commotion of 1848 that the science of revolution-making was in rapid progress. The affair of 1830 had been accomplished in three days—three hours had sufficed for their own, and any future change must be achieved in less than three minutes. We know not if this proud prophecy will be accomplished—but of this we are certain, no country ever evinced such a contempt for national honour and social order, or ever boasted so insolently of the power of the mob to trample on law. At Constantinople, indeed, an insurrection of the Janissaries, the assassination of a visier, a massacre, perhaps, in the seraglio, and the revolution is complete; but what part of Christendom ever before exhibited such a rivalry of oriental degradation?

ART. III.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

STRANGE though the fact may seem, at a time when ingenious men are seeking subjects throughout every domain of human knowledge, it is certain that we have no English work, deserving the name of a history of the Roman Empire, prior to the point at which Gibbon takes up his vast and splendid theme. Nay, this deficiency, it can hardly be denied, extends over the whole antecedent period. It might fairly be deemed a vacant field to which Dr. Arnold came, when he undertook the work which was abruptly and unhappily terminated by his death. His learning and candour fitted him well for the task; and though there are some defects of method in its earlier part, no writer need disdain the task of completing what he has thus begun. Such completion is indisputably required to sustain the fair fame of our literature; so faulty on this subject, that even now it is difficult to place before the student any English book which creditably relates the great events intervening between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla. The work of Middleton comes in at this time; but owes its reputation much less to its own merits or originality than to our deep interest in the actors it records, and to a comparison with the bald and feeble essays which

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which precede it—volumes uninformed by critical research, and destitute of every charm which style or philosophy can afford.

Our continental neighbours have dealt more copiously and successfully with this great subject. In France the writings of Dr. Beaufort opened that vein of sceptical inquiry as to the early history of Rome which has since been so boldly pursued elsewhere. To the theme of her grandeur and decay Montesquieu brought his high philosophy; Vertot, Michelet, Thierry, &c., have furnished works excellent for study; while other writers have diligently pursued those researches which connect the Roman Empire in western Europe with institutions and usages existing down to our own times.

The German scholars of the last half-century have given to the Roman history that zealous and minute labour which is their best characteristic. It may well be called an exhaustive power of research, for they leave no record or fact untouched; though often, it must be owned, without any just regard to the authority, or worth in any respect, of the materials they accumulate. They have taken up this subject, like others, not merely on the broad scale of history, but in detached parts; illustrating more fully the course and effect of certain political changes, and the career of those men whose genius or fortune has brought about such revolutions. We may notice as examples Schulze's history of the republic to the time of the first plebeian consul; Hegewisch's and Heeren's history of the Gracchi; Heyne on the social war; Schleuter's history of the period between the two narratives of Sallust; Meissner's life of Julius Cæsar. The more recent book of Drumann well deserves the eulogiums Mr. Merivale has bestowed upon it, and the use he has made of it in his own. Nor can we omit mentioning the *Stemmata Gentium Romanorum* (the account of the great families) of Ruperti, as one of the most valuable aids to Roman history yet published. Finally, we must name the great work of Niebuhr; coldly or harshly critical it may be; often theoretical; and in parts doubtful or mistaken; yet correcting much of common error, and affording a juster estimate of the relative value of those documents, whether Greek or Latin, from which the Roman history is derived.

Mr. Merivale now aspires to fill the historical void in our own literature. We opened his book with interest, but not without jealousy; because, even if itself not worthily fulfilling the objects designed, it might yet so far succeed as to deter one of higher genius and more complete equipment from attempting the same labour. It is a space in the world's history far too vast and important to be allotted to any one who is unable to found thereon a fair and lasting edifice. Mr. Merivale was already known as an accomplished

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accomplished scholar; his reading and power of Latin versification had been placed advantageously before the public; his 'Age of Augustus,' published a few years ago, was a natural antecedent of his present undertaking. Whether he regarded it as tentative of the larger work, or was led to the latter by getting thus far into the middle of the subject, he does not inform us. But we can well understand that a man who found himself immersed in the epoch of final change from republic to monarchy, might naturally proceed to spread his scheme over the first great period of the Empire.

Looking at these two volumes with the jealousy we have sought to justify, we venture to speak of them as a fair foundation for the whole work; in some parts not so massive or well wrought as we might have desired, yet fully capable, we think, of supporting the superstructure designed. We should have hesitated in forming this opinion from the first chapters only; but Mr. Merivale rises with his subject; and the great figure of Julius Cæsar becoming dominant on his canvas, gives more vigour and earnestness to his manner than when treating of that general condition of the republic, and those city parties and civil broils in which this wonderful man was nurtured. It is a good sign when an author warms with the actions he records.

Mr. Merivale could not have dispensed with a preliminary outline of Roman history, even from its origin. In any case, to render such a summary clear, just, and effective for its purpose, is the highest test to which an historian can be put. In the case of Rome the difficulty exceeds perhaps that of any other. We think ourselves familiar with it from the teaching of schools; but this knowledge is for the most part of events only; few comprehend at all distinctly the strangely interwoven elements of Roman government and internal polity, the progressive changes therein, the mutual effects of these changes, the influence of foreign conquest on the social and political condition of the state, or those other more secret and subtle causes which are ever at work, altering and undermining all human institutions. If the reader has at any period devoted himself to such studies, the summary in the first of these chapters may suffice to refresh his memory of all that is most essential. But we do not think it will adequately instruct those who come only half informed to the subject, and for whom it is the duty as well as profit of the historian to smoothen the road to the threshold of his work. This duty indeed has its limits, and no writer can be called upon to provide for utter ignorance. But still we complain of the present introduction as less lucid than it should have been. There is too much of obvious labour for effect, and a certain turgescence of phrase

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phrase which falls heavily on the ear, and tends to make obscure what it is most needful should be easily understood. The following passage, taken almost at random, will show our meaning:—

'As the light begins to brighten about the cradle of the Roman institutions, we discover distinct traces of the existence within their pale, not of two classes only, the warriors and their subjects, but of a third also, occupying a position between the others, sharing in the name, and in an inferior degree in the rights and privileges, of the dominant class. The patricians and plebeians of Rome represent, at this early period, two races of different origin: the former of which has admitted the other, whether on compulsion or by concession, after a fruitless resistance, or by a spontaneous arrangement, to a certain prescribed share in the privileges of government and the rights of conquest. It exacts in return a strict alliance against the unruly subjects and jealous enemies common to both. During a century and a half of republican government, while the external policy of the state is developing its tendency to universal aggression, and the work of aggrandizement and self-defence seem to the eye of the mere bystander to be animated by a common instinct, there exists nevertheless internally a strong under current of hostility between these half-reluctant yoke-fellows.'

And again, towards the close of the chapter:—

'At the same period there arose in various quarters of the world mysterious voices, of which historians have repeated the echoes, indicating a general but undefined presentiment that an age of social or moral unity was approaching. The East was roused to a fervid anticipation of the advent of some universal conqueror, who should melt all mankind into a crude inorganic mass. Accustomed from its infancy to a series of monarchical dynasties, it was uneasy under the republican organization and individual development which followed upon the Roman conquest. It sighed for the coming of another Cyrus or Alexander. But these sounds found a responsive chord in the West.' &c.

This metaphorical redundance—not very correctly applied in some parts of the foregoing passages—is sensibly abated as the author proceeds; and, on the whole, we do not find other fault with his style than that it is somewhat deficient in point and terseness, and is spotted with foreign phrases for which we have no need. Such expressions as the 'Marian element,' 'the normal type of a conquering race,' 'Hellenic ideas,' 'an indecent cult,' &c., occur frequently, and are always offensive.

He begins with a somewhat ambitious description of the topography of the Seven Hills; and depictures the isolation and fierceness of the Roman character, as connected with the solitary wildness of this locality. 'Such a position,' he says, 'was admirably adapted for a place of retreat, and offered an impregnable shelter to crime and rapine. It seemed created by Nature

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Nature herself to be the stronghold of a people of reserved character and predatory habits. It was destined to become the den of the wolves of Italy.' Mr. Merivale is hardly justified in thus describing the early Romans by the phrase of a defeated enemy. Nor have we much faith in the inferences here drawn. The Seven Hills, even if they offered shelter to the infant city, did not nurture it into greatness. They owe everything to Rome—not Rome to them. A hundred localities of the same land would have offered like advantages. The soul of Roman greatness was not in the shelter of its hills, but in its civil and military institutions, and in the unity of spirit and vigour of action produced thereby; which kept the State from being ever confederate with others, save when she became their conqueror and chief.

The growth of a single town, obscure in its origin, into the empire of the then known world, is a prodigious phenomenon. We need thus to bring together the two extremes, before we can fully comprehend how greatly the fact surpasses any kindred event in the history of nations. And even in the decline and fall of this vast fabric of power we have fresh cause for wonder at the slender foundation of an edifice, stable enough to resist so many centuries of decay, and leaving such ample vestiges to later ages. Fortuitous causes are out of the question; nor is any theory of race or temperament more admissible. Whether we consider the founders as a colony, or as a band of lawless adventurers, which Mr. Merivale seems to suppose, equally certain is it that they were of the same Latin stock as other neighbouring tribes—modified, it may be, by intermixture, or other incidents to which such small communities are liable. Throwing aside what is poetic and legendary in the history of Rome, we cannot look elsewhere than to moral causes for its grandeur of growth. Partially modelled under the rule of the kings—more largely evolved in the change to republican government—farther extended and matured by those internal struggles of classes which more than once threatened the existence of the state—the institutions of Rome survived in show when their virtue was extinct, and lent a specious shelter even to those usurpations which converted a republic into an empire. The living energy they possessed in the better times of the republic has no parallel in history, ancient or modern. The harsh and limited character of Spartan institutions removes them from the comparison. Athens, even in the utmost vigour of that democracy which so deeply engages Mr. Grote's admiration, did not put forth the unity of action, or create that passionate devotion of citizens to their country, which is so striking in the annals of Rome. The internal polity of Venice was too complex and corrupt, even in its best days, to admit of its being brought into the parallel. With every

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every allowance for that (so-called) casualty of events, to which nations as well as men are liable, it is impossible not to see in the fate and fortunes of Rome how much her constitution rose above others in solidity and active power. The successive and fierce struggles of the plebeians for a guarantee of personal liberty, for division of lands, and for equal right to all the offices and rewards of the commonwealth, show how deep the foundation was laid; these contests actually invigorating the state which at the moment they seemed fated to ruin. The expression of Florus, *Magna populi Romani fortuna, sed semper in malis major resurrexit*, applies as well to her recovery from civil dissensions as to her proud survival of the foreign assaults which repeatedly menaced her existence.

Though the greatness of Rome could not have arisen from fortuitous causes, yet we must admit that the adoption and growth of the institutions which engendered it may have resulted much more from what we call accident than from actual design. In truth, no human intention could have produced such a fabric, any more than it could have created the complex structure of our English constitution. We have every reason to suppose that Rome adopted into her primitive government many usages from the Latin and Etruscan states. These were progressively moulded and modified as with us—in some cases by convenience or necessity, in others by the direct collision of different influences and classes. In both instances the result may in part be attributed to the comparative insulation from neighbouring states. While the Etruscan and Latin cities were engaged in confederacies, more or less extensive and binding, Rome was almost always single in her course of action. Her connexions with other states were mainly those of conquest and supremacy. Her institutions, whether of peace or war, were all individual to the city. Her rights of citizenship, even when most extended by prudence or necessity, flowed from within to without. Her colonies, unlike those of the Greeks, never assumed the condition of independence. Her most distant wars were conducted, her most distant provinces ruled, by men chosen within the walls. The forms and superstitions of the national religion were maintained wherever her arms or her magistracy were present. Conditions like these, however originating, could not exist without large influence on the destinies of a state. Yet the greatness thereby created had in it a germ of decay, derived from those very elements of power, and growing with their operation.

In one of Hume's Essays he mentions three anomalies of government as among the most singular which history affords—the γραφη παρανομων of Athens, the relation of the Comitia Centuriata and Comitia Tributa of Rome, and the impressment of seamen in

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in England. The second of these is, indeed, a striking instance of the peculiarity and integrity of Roman institutions. Here were two distinct legislative bodies; opposed to each other in origin, interests, and manner of action; yet, amidst all the civil contests in Rome, the only instance of actual collision between them is one recorded by Appian, trivial in itself, and happening at a time when the republic was well nigh extinct. No one beforehand could have predicted such a result.

The office of Dictator, in itself almost as great an anomaly, must be counted among the most admirable of the Roman institutions. Based on the principle of preservation of the commonwealth, it rested for its action on public virtue and obedience to law; and it is wonderful for how long a period, whenever the agency was invoked, this confidence was justified by the result. Some partial analogies to this office may be found elsewhere; but none approaching it in grandeur and efficacy. It is purely Roman in its every part—in the choice of men—in the limitation as to time—in the frequent surrender of the dignity the moment its object was fulfilled—and even in the law, trivial as it may seem, which forbade the supreme functionary to appear on horseback without permission of the people. A void of more than a century had occurred in the Dictatorship when Sylla assumed it. But it was the name only, without the ancient virtue of the office. The Dictator was now the military tyrant of the state, no longer the guardian of its safety and freedom. The fact is one which well illustrates the mighty change that had already taken place in the social and political condition of Rome.

The points on which we have been tempted to dwell are among those which the work before us has all but waived. The author who is about to record the change and decay of the Roman constitution ought clearly to expound this constitution in its nascent and progressive state. Mr. Merivale has given a rapid but faithful summary of the struggles on the agrarian laws—of the momentous changes which raised the *plebs* to equality of privilege with the *populus*—of the principle of Roman colonization—and of the contests and concessions by which the citizenship of Rome was finally extended to all the Italian states. But he is almost silent as to the origin of the Roman people—says little of the form of government as conducing to their greatness—and alludes to the peculiar isolation of the republic rather as a proof of their barbarous character than, as we have found cause to consider it, an element and cause of their progress and persistent success. He speaks of them indeed as the *normal type* of a conquering race; but very slightly shows whence this type arose, or in what it mainly consisted.

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He has justly depicted the increasing and already intolerable corruption of Rome at the time when his narrative opens. Many causes contributed to this—none more than the system of provincial rule. Consulships, and other curule offices, were sought for, not from regard to the public weal, but as steps to the government of those provinces which yielded most ample spoil. No sovereignty so harsh or destructive as that of a Roman proconsul; fostering his private vices, or forwarding the projects of his future ambition, by the riches torn from his temporary subjects. The recorded wealth of Crassus was less nefariously acquired; but the high position it gave in the commonwealth to a man of his slender merit, strikingly illustrates the change of manners that had taken place. The growth of the city, increasing with that of dominion and citizenship, brought together a base and brute multitude, alien to the glories of Rome, and ignorant of the better institutions of the ancient time—ready to render service to any Catiline or Clodius who might call them to the work of revolution and plunder. These abuses had sunk so deeply into the morals and discipline of the republic, that the restoration of primitive ideas and usages became impossible. It would have taken a whole generation of Catos to accomplish it; and of Catos more truly wise and practical than him who has carried the name to posterity. The institutions and virtues of Rome had alike decayed; and that decay was not the simple decrepitude of age, but the worser disease of human passions let loose by prosperity and power. Both within the city and without, save among a few old republican enthusiasts, there existed the feeling that a change was at hand—inevitable if not desirable.

The epoch of Marius and Sylla, and the civil war begotten by their ambition and jealousy, form a threshold to the events which occupy the still more remarkable period before us. These extraordinary men, each victorious over foreign enemies, each taking the badge of a party, and contending fiercely for superiority at home, did much to hasten the catastrophe in progress. Marius—an admirable soldier, but coldly and brutally unprincipled—is readily understood. He assumed the cause of the Italian states against the ruling aristocracy of Rome, from the personal motives just named, and to recruit the armies which subserved to these objects. He probably had no real purpose beyond, though party spirit gave him credit for such. Sylla was of higher stamp—one of those who stand out in bold relief on the world's history; great in intellect, constant in purpose, intrepid and powerful in action, but blasted in the moral part by a contemptuous indifference to human virtue and happiness, which led to the perpetration or permission of cruelties, hateful in their very record. It needs a large

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large view of the contradictions of human character to explain the anomalies of this man's mind and career. It is usual to speak of him as the champion of the nobility and old senatorial families against the encroachments of democracy within the city and the pressure of the new citizenship created without: and such undoubtedly he was in the changes he effected during the two years of his dictatorship. But we stop short of believing, as some do, that his single and settled purpose was that of restoring the integrity of the Republic. Personal passions mingled themselves with, if they did not decide, his public acts. An early hatred of his rugged rival Marius was embittered by time, and by the cruelties of their protracted conflict. Ambition had doubtless also a large share in moulding the events of his life. Such a man, so gifted with the ability for power, could not do otherwise than grasp at it. His sudden abdication of what had been won at such cost of toil and blood is not as incompatible with this as it might seem. We dare not set down anything to principle; but neither can we admit the notion of fear as prompting the act: we look rather to the pride of a man who had nothing further to gain, to his contempt of the world he had thus mastered, and to his love of luxurious indulgence, as it is described to us by the writers of the age. Or it might be, that he already felt the approaches of the disease, whatever this was, which shortly after ended his days. The annalist easily records that event which stops alike the career of all—of the great, the brave, and the wise—

Ἄμμες δε οἱ μεγαλοι ἠ καρτεροι ἠ σοφοι ανδρες—

but he is ignorant, or takes little note, of those more subtle causes, which, though not sufficient to stop the current of life, yet check and turn it aside in its course—of those physical changes which put passions to sleep and paralyze the powers of action. History revels in tales of poison and secret assassination, but is silent as to the secret disease of organs—the slow poison of bodily decay. Yet it is certain that these things are deeply concerned in worldly affairs; and we could suggest many cases of historical paradox, best solved by looking to them alone. Such documents, however, are written for the most part in too delicate a character to be legible by the historian; and we must needs be content with, and give what credit we may, to the coarser materials which are put in evidence before us.

Again, there is an obvious facility in defining character by strong and arbitrary lines; and there may be often a moral use in this, inasmuch as the highest grades of virtue and excellence are those which best will bear such definition. But the author who generalizes too much in this matter invents a drama rather than writes a history; and his personages become puppets, moved by his own

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hands, not the real actors on the great stage of the world. Though it be true that every man has a certain mental and moral temperament from his birth, more or less apparent throughout life, yet is human character, in the common sense of the term, made up of too many elements, often strangely incongruous in themselves, to be submitted to any standard of unity. Accidents and mutations interpose in this as in all other human things; and it would be hardly less an error to attribute all events to a blind fate than to assign them universally to fixities of purpose in the agents. The consciousness of every man tells him of such alternations and anomalies in himself. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober has a meaning beyond the bare anecdote; and the noble poetry of Dryden is true to life in picturing, under another influence, the rapid changes of mood and mind in Philip's greater son. We advert to this matter, not as a mere contingency of error, but as an actual fault in historians, which it is the more needful to guard against at a time when fiction, open or concealed, presses so hard in various ways on the true history of mankind.

Scarcely had the troubled period of Marius and Sylla come to a close, when there sprang up the concurrence of four wars—that with Mithridates in the east, the vigorous struggle of Spain under Sertorius in the west, the devastating war of the pirates in the Mediterranean, and that of the gladiators in the very centre of Roman power—contests formidable separately—capable perhaps of subverting the republic, could they have coalesced in action as they coincided in time. These wars, whatever their effect on the fortunes of Rome, gave lustre to the name of one great commander, and raised him to high influence in the state, strengthened by his relation to the ruling aristocracy of the city. The yet greater rival of Cneius Pompeius had no such early harvest of glory. Though his descent was ancient and distinguished, and his talents always conspicuous, yet was he chiefly known during the first period of his life in city profligacy or party conflicts; and gave little certain augury of that wonderful career of victory which made him master of the Roman world, and rendered even his assassination ineffectual in annulling the sovereignty he had created.

Our author's second and third chapters are chiefly occupied with the conspiracy of Catiline, and with sketches of the character and early life of the two illustrious rivals just noticed, and of others who played an eminent part in the great drama of Roman revolution now approaching towards its crisis. Of what relates to Julius Cæsar we shall have occasion to speak afterwards. As respects Pompeius—or may we be pardoned for adhering to *Pompey*, since it is part of the greatness of certain names that they

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they are naturalized among nations remote in position as in date—the estimate Mr. Merivale forms of his character and public conduct is probably just on the whole, though we think he commits the error of defining too absolutely the course of thought and policy which led to this public career. It may be that Pompey saw and felt what our author affirms he did; but there are several circumstances which inspire very great doubt on the subject. Energetic and successful in military action, his political course, where not actually feeble, was tortuous and uncertain even to his friends and confederates. Adopted the successor to Sylla as leader of the aristocratic party, he was often lukewarm, sometimes a traitor to their interests. His accession to the triumvirate comes closely under the latter interpretation. His permission of the violent and flagitious acts of Clodius, when he might have prevented them, can hardly be explained, still less vindicated; and his relations, political and personal, to Cicero aggravate this charge against him. Warm and amiable generally in his private affections, he wanted the vigorous consistency needful to his ambition—more urgently needful when engaged in competition with a Cæsar. He brought to this conflict for the mastery of Rome the fame of his former acts and the support of the old nobility, for whom, though with a confidence abated by time, he was the only hope. Cæsar came to it, armed with present glory, and with a steadiness of purpose and action all his own. So confronted, it could not be doubtful how the contest between these two great Romans would end.

These views of the character of Pompey, and the doubt whether he held any settled scheme of political action, are mainly derived from the writings of Cicero; his advocate, as far as circumstances would allow him to be so—an advocate, or an accuser, not merely with his own time, but with all succeeding ages! In the case of this eminent man, also, a bold and skilful pen is needed to serve the cause of strict historical truth, without needlessly offending opinions which have gained a sanction from the general adoption of posterity. The character of Cicero, as drawn by our author, is not altogether such a picture as might have been desired: neither his merits nor his foibles are brought out with sufficient force. Little is said of the consummate grandeur and completeness of his oratory, though upon these performances his glory mainly rests. His philosophical and purely literary works hardly add to his real fame, though they do not deduct from it. His epistles, admirable as documents of character and manners, are so at the cost of his personal reputation. Vanity, pedantry, feebleness of will, and feebleness of endurance, all stand in record against him under the unconscious testimony of his own pen.

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pen. Such is the evidence that we are compelled, despite ourselves, to apply it to the greatest act of his public life, and to doubt whether his conduct in the Catiline conspiracy was all that he himself has depicted it to us. This doubt is strengthened from other historical sources; and the acclamation which hailed him Father of his Country was a cry of momentary impulse, which a year afterwards dwelt in few memories but his own. He met his death, indeed, with fortitude, but even here we have it from a high contemporary authority that 'it was the sole calamity which he bore as it became a man to do.'

Incomparable as an advocate, these other and lower qualities, and a certain jealousy as to his origin, forbade his ever attaining the higher conditions of a statesman, especially at the time of revolution in which his lot was cast. We have various proofs that Cæsar and Pompey thoroughly understood all his foibles, and worked upon them for their own purposes. To the masculine vigour and singleness of Cæsar's mind, in particular, they appear in remarkable contrast, and there is curious evidence how much the orator stood in awe of the great commander even before his career of victory had begun. We can well believe that the latter must often have smiled at the mixed humility and vanity of Cicero's communications with him—the submissiveness of a conscious inferiority in will and action—the vanity of a man whom it is painful to call a pedant, but who in reality was such. In the midst of Cæsar's last Spanish campaign, one of the most critical of his life, Cicero introduced to him a young man, named Præcilius, in a letter interlarded as thickly with Greek phrases and quotations as is a modern fashionable novel with French; and, it must needs be added, with as little pertinency or fitness. It is true that he calls it *genus novum litterarum;* but still we feel it strange that such a letter should have been written by Cicero and addressed to Cæsar.

There is something of moral guilt in indiscriminate praise, as in indiscriminate censure. To this further reproach we fear that Cicero must be submitted. He was δεινος επαινετης in the strongest sense of the phrase. His speeches against Verres, Catiline, and Antony show how large an armoury of caustic language he had at command. But in his epistles and elsewhere we possess the most copious collection of laudatory phrases in existence—one that has served as a lexicon to the learned flatterers of every later time. It is impossible not to see that he generally praises with a reflex view towards himself. He is governed much more by the seduction of his own style than by the reality before him. If the letters of introduction, of which he is so liberal, were but half true as to the virtues of those recommended, Rome could not have been so speedily submitted to the servitude which now hung over her.

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The character of Cato is not formally brought forward by our author among those of the other great actors of the time. This we regard as an omission. He is one of those personages in history who have become, in some degree, the property of the poet and the moralist, and respecting whom there is a conventional language of panegyric not wholly in accordance with the rough and rude reality. The succeeding part of Mr. Merivale's narrative, in as far as it relates to the Roman Stoic, shows what the truth of history requires to be deducted from common repute regarding him.

The account of the intrigues and combinations which produced the first Triumvirate is clear and forcible. It was an unprincipled cabal, annulling by a transient union the real powers of the constitution, while keeping up its outward forms. The interests of the senate and nobles were sacrificed by one triumvir; those of the people by another; while the third ministered to the alliance that power which wealth gives in a corrupted state. What individual ambition could not yet effect was attained by this conjunction. It was the empire of Augustus by anticipation, and conducting to this as a natural result. But it wanted that stability which unity of person and purpose alone could give, and was dissolved by the separation of the same ambitious interests which had created it.

The first effect of the Triumvirate was to give to Cæsar the consulship, which he could not otherwise have obtained. He was regarded by the aristocracy of Rome as too dangerous a representative of the doctrines and acts of the Gracchi and Marius to admit of their acquiescence in the power which this office conferred on him. But the power was got—the colleague whom they thrust in to cripple it thrown violently aside—and the position of Cæsar further confirmed by the marriage of Pompey with his daughter. The uxorious temperament of the latter offered a pledge and security to Cæsar, during the long absence from Rome which was close at hand as the first act in his higher career. This career now lies before us in a more definite form than heretofore; and, though more or less familiar to all, yet, considering the grandeur of the man, the greatness of what he accomplished, and the influence this has had upon all succeeding ages, we may be excused for dwelling at some length on the subject. It occupies, indeed, more than one half of the volumes before us; and we cannot hesitate in admitting that Mr. Merivale has done it full justice. As we before said, he rises in vigour as he gets free from the complex intrigues of the city, and embodies in his narrative that series of stirring events which carried Cæsar to single supremacy.

We have before noticed several foreign works, and particularly

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those of Meissner and Drumann, in which the life, character, and policy of Julius Cæsar are fully and ably handled. In England we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Arnold and to Mr. Long for what we possess on this subject; and in Mr. Merivale's preface he warmly and gracefully acknowledges the aid he has derived from the writings of the former on the later commonwealth of Rome. Of the original materials for the life of Cæsar, we have little room and not much occasion to speak. They are well known to scholars in their different degrees of value and authenticity. We may well regret here, as so often elsewhere, the lost books of Livy, whose personal knowledge of those who had witnessed or partaken in the acts of this eventful time would have given still deeper interest and charm to his narrative power. We should willingly recover from the spoils of time the history of Asinius Pollio, the cynical companion of Cæsar in all his most arduous campaigns; or the letters and biography of Atticus, the tranquil observer and common friend of all parties, even when factions were fiercest. Yet more should we wish that the stern truth and lofty moral dignity of Tacitus could have been applied to the life of a man who made such mighty changes in the destinies of his country. These are vain aspirations; yet in some sort forced upon us when disheartened by the doubtful stories of Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion Cassius, and other anecdote-mongers of antiquity. The authority of Appian is abated by distance of time and other doubts as to his histories. The little we have from Sallust upon this period the bias of the writer compels us to receive with caution. The Pharsalia of Lucan may not safely be taken as more than subsidiary authority to facts recorded elsewhere; though we are unwilling to utter anything in depreciation of this fine composition, which we can hardly agree with Quintilian in regarding rather as oratory than poetry.* The materials which come to us for the life of Cæsar most free from cavil and doubt are his own Commentaries, and Cicero's Epistles and Orations. The former, whatever their merits, cannot be rescued altogether from the charge of partial representation. The latter need to be read with a critical eye, from the peculiarities of Cicero's character, and his political position in regard to the great men who figure in the events before us.

The early life of Cæsar affords two or three anecdotes which we cannot well distrust, seeing how entirely they accord with his later acts. His bold and successful collision with Sylla, then in

* We suspect that Mr. Merivale concurs with us in our high estimate of Lucan, seeing the great frequency of his quotations from this poet, and the undue value he thus gives to his historical authority. Occasionally too, we are sorry to add, we find his style passing insensibly into what is almost a translation of the Pharsalia.

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the fulness of power, and enforcing his will with blood—and the chivalrous transaction with the Cilician pirates—are instances of the strong determination, self-confidence, and perfect intrepidity so amply shown in the sequel. The moral courage of the youth is said to have drawn a prediction from Sylla of the future fortune of the man. Such stories are often begotten by the event; but we can well believe that Sylla might discover, in a character having so much kindred with his own, those elements which are sure to be effective in a state bordering on dissolution.

The other information we possess as to the early part of Cæsar's life, with the exception of his study of rhetoric at Rhodes, places him before us as a reckless spendthrift, a city voluptuary, a fearless politician and partisan. His relationship to Marius gave name and foundation to a course of action which he would probably have pursued had no such connexion existed. For though, in this instance also, we think Mr. Merivale too decided in assigning motives and method to political conduct, yet we cannot doubt that Cæsar, conscious of and confiding in his own powers, and observant of the decay of ancient institutions and all republican virtues around him, must have felt that a great arena was open to the exercise of these powers, and to the ambition which their possession was sure to inspire. Under such impressions he took the line of party most natural to him as the nephew of Marius, and offering a surer road to influence than the adhesion to a jealous, intriguing, and tottering aristocracy. Without pretending to affirm it, we see no cause to suppose more of scheme or foresight than this in Cæsar's early public life. He flung himself upon the tide of events then rushing stormily on—prepared to stem it with strong arm and heart of controversy—but yet unaware how he should be carried forwards, or on what shore his fortune would cast him.

This broad view tallies better, we think, with Cæsar's character and the records of his early life, than any more refined speculation as to his political and personal objects at this period. The juvenile excesses related of him were due in some part, probably, to physical constitution—an element never to be disregarded in forming such estimates—in part, perhaps, to the desire of warding off suspicion at a time when the hand of power was strong against his party. We have already had occasion to comment on the frequent error of historians in regarding character as single and unchangeable, and parcelling out their theory of motives and events accordingly. The mind of Cæsar was as entirely individual, as little touched by time or changed by circumstances, as any on record. But it is perfectly consistent with this to suppose that his views were enlarged, and their direction determined by events themselves.

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themselves. The ambition with which he was early charged, he undoubtedly had—seconded by a strong and consistent will and high intellectual power—and these sufficiently defined his course in the existing state of Rome. He seems to have avoided any direct connexion with the profligate plots so frequent at this period. We doubt his being otherwise concerned in that of Catiline than as a too indulgent spectator of scenes which might open new avenues to his own ambition. During the career of Clodius he was absent from the city; but he signalized himself by his efforts to shelter his political adversary Cicero, whom Pompey, professedly a friend, betrayed to the violent demagogue. His own measures in the popular cause, both before and during his consulship, appear to have been in themselves neither intemperate nor unreasonable. His period of government in Spain was successful in arms, able in administration. But this was his sole independent command before the Gallic war; and when we compare his early course with the wide career and large renown of his rival, yet find them equally associated in the Triumvirate, we see that Rome had already learnt to know the loftier character and higher resources of Cæsar, and that this position was one which could not safely be denied to him.

In his fifth chapter, as an introduction to the Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, Mr. Merivale gives an able and lucid history of the great Celtic race, which in its different branches and at successive times came into urgent collision with Rome—once putting her very existence at stake, and often inflicting panic by the conjunction of these northern hordes with the Italian states hostile to the republic. The last great alarm from this people had been the irruption of the Cimbri, in transient connexion with certain Teutonic tribes, into Italy and Southern Gaul—a gigantic armed migration, which swept away more than one Roman army, and required the strenuous arm of Marius to arrest it. Bloody victories, ending in massacres, satisfied the dignity and restored the safety of Rome. It was reserved for the greater nephew of Marius to complete the work on the soil of Gaul itself, and by the conquests of successive campaigns to bring the whole of this warlike country into subjection to the Roman power—a splendid achievement, and, from the causes just mentioned, duly estimated at Rome. The formidable king of Pontus, a worthy rival in arms to Sylla and Pompey, had disturbed, after all, but the distant possessions of the Republic. The Gauls once reached the Capitol, and still stood at the mountain gates of Italy, menacing her provinces, and requiring the constant watchfulness of her legions.

These Gallic campaigns of Cæsar, extended through his long proconsulship of nine years, illustrate splendidly the genius and

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resources

resources of the man, and throw, moreover, a curious light on the still remaining institutions of the republic. As proconsul, and with provinces and legions allotted to him, the law forbad his going out of the limits they assigned. The city was interdicted to him; and for this long period of time, though forty years of age when this section of his career began, he never entered the place in which the interests of the world were concentered. Yet in no other way could his ambition have been better served. The active part of each year was passed with his legions in marches and victories, and in the acquisition of spoils, with which to purchase further power. Leaving his army under his lieutenants at the end of the campaign, to be recruited and refreshed, he came himself each winter to the frontier of his province nearest to Rome, where he was met by his numerous friends and partisans from the city, animated by his conquests and increasing fame. His military court there had more validity in it than the habitual presence of his rival in the heart of Rome. It now became a contest between living success on the one side, and the memory of past achievements on the other—a contest which the world will ever decide in the same way:—

> 'To have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery.'

The resistance of the Gauls might possibly have been prolonged, or more successful, had they been familiar with the methods of guerilla warfare. But either from temperament or national custom, they aggregated themselves into masses wholly incapable of withstanding the organized valour of the invaders. The history of the tenth legion is familiar to every reader of these stirring campaigns. Cæsar was well served by his generals as by his soldiers. Yet, as in the case of Napoleon's marshals, their fame was little more than the reflection of his. Labienus, the most noted of them, deserted the standard of Cæsar at the time he passed the Rubicon; an act which served but to show how entirely it was the spirit of the great commander which ruled and invigorated his army. Though Labienus served the enemies of Cæsar until he perished in the battle of Munda, his name never again appears before us associated with any great action of war. Other causes may be conceived for this; but the main one doubtless was, the absence of that inspiration which came from the genius of the Master.

Our author's account of these military transactions is spirited, and fairly illustrated by reference to existing localities, though such is the life which illustrations of this kind impart that we could have wished them carried still much farther. We draw our chief

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chief acquaintance with the Gallic wars, it is needless to say, from the books which have come down to us under the name of the great chief himself. The Commentaries have ever held a high place among historical records; and no wonder, considering his fame, the masculine simplicity of the style, and the greatness of the deeds recorded. Even here, however, the audacity of modern criticism has flung its doubts on the theme of our schoolboy exercise and delight. We have already adverted to a general suspicion of partiality in the narrative. Other charges have been made impeaching the accuracy even of the military details, which we are surprised to find that Mr. Merivale passes over without notice. Long ago M. Puysegur, a French general, had broached this pyrrhonism as to certain parts of the work. Frederic of Prussia, sceptic and warrior by profession, and fresh from his own bloody campaigns, avowed that he read the Commentaries in later life with altered faith from that of his earlier days. His friend Voltaire—if we may thus profane the name of friendship—living close to the scene of the actions recorded in the first book; and Warnery, upon a minute survey of the same localities; started grave scruples as to the operations by which Cæsar sought to stop the egress of the Helvetians from their mountain territory.* Various passages in the other campaigns have been the subject of like criticism, and doubts even stated as to the authorship of the whole work. In these doubts we cannot for a moment acquiesce. Without referring to those other writers, Rohan, Guichard, &c., who have vindicated the military narrative, we find in Cæsar's Commentaries a perfect reflection of the energy and intelligence of the man, and an entire correspondence with the description which Cicero gives of their style:—*Nudi sunt et recti et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detracto.* We cannot indeed conceive any other or lesser artist to have thrown off so completely all ornamental colouring from his narrative, and to have preserved such entire unity throughout the whole. And what record or note has there been left to us of such other author? We may admit the recorded criticism of Asinius Pollio, that many things were written by Cæsar from the report of others long after the events, and still see in these Commentaries the genuine work of Cæsar himself, and one of the most authentic and valuable records of ancient warfare.

But passing over this question of criticism, there is no question

* The great stumbling-block here is the fortified wall, reported to have been built to bar this passage; 19 miles in length and 16 feet in height, with ditch, and all other appurtenances to such fortification. The length is deemed by Warnery to be refuted by local circumstances. The execution of the work by one legion, in the time indicated, is thought impossible by others. See on this subject an interesting series of papers in the United Service Magazine for 1850.

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as to the fact that, in eight or nine years, with a force never exceeding sixty thousand legionary soldiers, Cæsar subdued the whole of Gaul—a mighty and a terrible work. We do not give ready belief to historical numbers, especially where fields of battle are concerned; but where the struggle was so fierce, and the conquest so complete and lasting, we are obliged to think it probable that the estimate of more than a million of Gauls perishing in these campaigns is not above the truth. It is one of the many unhappinesses of war in every age, that by its real or supposed necessities it leads to acts of cruelty and bloodshed, even where most alien to the feelings of those who conduct it. We have no reason to charge the character of Cæsar with inhumanity, or that gross indifference to human life which Marius and Sylla displayed throughout. On the contrary, we have many instances on record of his personal humanity and forbearance. But the history of these Gallic wars is undoubtedly one of profuse bloodshed—the natural result of a struggle between disciplined legions and undisciplined multitudes—of critical positions in the midst of an enemy's country, the *necessitas in loco, salus ex victoria*—of exasperation of the soldiery—and of intimidation used as an instrument of success. Our vindication can go no further than this; unless, indeed, we were to find it in a parallel with the wars of Frederic and Napoleon, an argument upon which we have neither room nor disposition to enter.

The two invasions of Britain and the passages of the Rhine are episodes in the history, chiefly remarkable as proofs of the indomitable boldness of Cæsar, who thus adventured on new lands while those behind him were yet but half subdued. In the fame, however, and the fear which followed these deeds, he found an equivalent to the risk incurred. At Rome, as well as in Gaul, his passage to Britain was a step towards empire; while, to a mind thus instructed and enlightened, there must have been a further interest in this new land and people beyond the sea. We possess some curious evidence from astronomy to show the time and place of his disembarkation in Britain—evidence which may well excite the wonder of those who know not how physical science triumphs in its proofs, even upon the most obscure historical questions; and how deeply chronology is indebted to eclipses and the recorded places of stars for some of its happiest discoveries. Our scientific readers are well aware of the method by which Halley accomplished this calculation; indicating the beach at Walmer or Deal as the place of landing of the Roman legions, and not Hythe, as others from an expression of Dion Cassius had supposed;* From

* The single statement of a full moon occurring on the fourth night after Cæsar's arrival

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From his castle at Walmer the illustrious Warden of the Cinque Ports looks down upon the spot where Cæsar first trod the soil of England—himself equal to Cæsar in military fame and success; incalculably superior to the Roman, as to all other commanders, in those loftier virtues of a citizen which have secured to him the eternal gratitude of his country.

We must, however, hurry forward to those remaining events in the life of Julius Cæsar, occupying only a few years, but years of marvellous activity and success, which brought him to the very steps of the throne he was not destined himself to fill. The defeat and death of Crassus in his Parthian expedition changed the name of the Triumvirate, but hardly affected the real contest for power, which remained, as before, between the two great military chiefs—Pompey in the city, Cæsar in his camp. Jealousies and causes of rupture multiplied as time went on. The death of Julia—more deeply lamented, it would seem, by the husband than the father—broke asunder one bond of union between them. The anarchy in Rome, fomented rather than repressed by Pompey, had placed him in the condition of sole consul of the republic; an anomalous admixture of the old institutions with the aggressions and tyranny of the existing time, and certain not to subsist long, when so palpable a fiction in itself, and so entirely opposed to the interests of his matchless rival. On the side of Cæsar, the spoils of Gaul were poured into the city as bribes and largesses; the tribunes were gained to his cause; at length he put forward claims to a participation in the extraordinary powers thus conceded to another—and to a second consulate, while yet holding his province and absent from the city:—demands adverse alike to the letter and spirit of the constitution, and sanctioned only by the breaches already made in it. The claim of Cæsar was refused, as he probably anticipated, under the influence of the senatorial party. He passed the Rubicon, the limit of his province; boldly, as was his wont; but deliberately, we are told, and with full knowledge of the importance of the act, which has served ever since to designate all conclusive audacities of ambition. His march upon Rome and occupation of the city, while the great strength of his army was yet far distant, were marked by the same dauntless determination. In sixty days from the passage of the fatal streamlet he was master

arrival off the cliffs of Dover gives the clue to the calculation. His passage across the Channel was early in the morning of the 26th of August. That retrospective reckoning, which is one of the prime powers and wonders of astronomy, enabled Halley to determine that there were two full moons in August, 58 B.C., and the narrative shows the last of these, at midnight on the 30th, to be the one recorded. The course of proof then turns to the tides. On the 26th the tide must have begun to flow at Dover at 2 P.M., running northward round the South Foreland. The fleet left its moorings off Dover on this tide, and the length of course Cæsar describes would very exactly suffice, under ordinary circumstances, to bring them to the flat beach of Walmer or Deal.

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of Italy. The conduct of Pompey in evading the first struggle of arms has been variously explained. Whatever the impulse or urgency of the procedure, it was a proof of present disability, disheartening to his adherents and a source of dissension to the party. Though a vast body of senators clung to his flying camp, it was the senate of Rome no longer, and brought neither counsel nor strength to his cause.

At this time, when the Duumvirate resolved itself into a personal contest between the two leaders, we may believe that the views of Cæsar had become more exactly defined, and that he saw, as the needful issue, the mastery of one or the other over the whole fortunes of the republic. Now, if not before, we may suppose him to have uttered the lines which Cicero tells us were often on his lips, from the Phœnissæ of Euripides, that 'if ever it be fitting to commit wrong, the noblest motive for this is the gain of sovereign power.' Hastening forwards with the tide of events, we find them still all marked with the character of the man, ever more energetic and capable as the difficulties were greater. While Pompey was loitering with his senators and troops in Epirus, Cæsar pushed across the Alps and Pyrenees into Spain, subdued in an arduous and critical campaign of forty days the large legionary army opposed to him on the Ebro, overcame the remaining Pompeian forces on the Guadalquivir; and, when hardly yet known to be on the shores of the Atlantic at Cadiz, suddenly appeared at Marseilles to decide the surrender of that city, long vainly besieged by his subalterns. To estimate rightly what such marches and victories were, it is needful to revert to the aspect of these countries at the time, to the state of the mountain roads, to the means and danger of navigation on the seas. When we are told that Cæsar himself often crossed rivers by swimming on inflated skins, overtaking his own couriers in the speed of his course, we form some idea at once of the difficulties encountered, and of the energy by which they were overcome.

After quelling by his single presence and speech a mutiny of some of his legions at Placentia, he reappeared at Rome, confirmed his authority there by wise and salutary acts, and then, with such part of his army as he could collect in time, threw himself suddenly upon the coast of Epirus, there to confront for the first time his great adversary. A protracted contest followed near Dyrrachium, of refined strategy and alternate blockade by sea and land. The inferiority of Cæsar's force, even after being joined by fresh legions, exposed him to a severe check, which had the effect of suddenly transferring the war, across the mountain chain of Pindus, to the plains of Thessaly. Here the momentous battle

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battle of Pharsalia closed the war, and decided the fortunes of Cæsar. His hardy legions, like the iron regiments of Cromwell, confident in their commander, won complete victory over the numerous, but more courtly and effeminate army opposed to them. The field is to this day unchanged in its main features; the stream of the Enipeus is still seen winding across it; a village occupies the site, and yet bears the name, of Pharsalus. We ourselves have twice trodden over this ground, and been able to note, without any great ambiguity, the main localities of a conflict thus famous in history.*

Cæsar permitted no pause in the pursuit of his rival or in the interest of his own career. With a hardihood which might be censured as rashness, were it not so constantly justified by success, he was still ever in advance of his army. Rapidly traversing Thrace and Asia Minor, he embarked for Egypt, where, though he found Pompey slain, no meaner talent or fortitude than his own could have saved him from the peril to which he thus exposed himself amidst the populace of Alexandria, infuriated by his bold demands and interference with their national affairs. Rescued from this danger, the history of Cæsar for a moment changes its complexion, and we find the warrior and statesman yielding himself to the blandishments of Cleopatra, and the companion of the Egyptian queen in the lawless and luxurious revelries of the East. We hardly know in what degree this picture has been coloured by hostile scandal or poetical embellishment. Both, we suspect, have been at work with the story; though we must add that Mr. Merivale gives larger belief to it, and describes the character of Cæsar as permanently changed by the vices and indulgences of his Egyptian life. Thus he says—in a passage which we cannot speak of as among the specimens of his happier style—

'But the sorceress of the Nile had not only corrupted the Consul's patriotism; she had enchanted him with the poisoned cup of Canopic luxury. She had taught him to despise as mean and homely the splendour of the Circus and the Capitol; she had imbued him with the gorgeous and selfish principles of Oriental despotism, and debased him to the menial adulation of slaves, parasites, and eunuchs. . . . . .

* Mr. Merivale's account of the battle has one unfortunate defect—he is by no means clear in his topography. His supposition of change in the course of the Enipeus is not necessary to reconcile Cæsar's narrative with the actual localities. The vestiges of the ancient walls of Pharsalus around the modern village, the position of the several hills bordering the Enipeus to the south, and the interval between these hills and the stream, all accord with the events as described to us by Cæsar. On this subject we may best refer to the authority of Colonel Leake. In a Memoir lately read to the Royal Society of Literature, this most diligent and accurate scholar satisfactorily illustrates the whole campaign, and very especially the battle of Pharsalia, upon his personal knowledge of the ground.

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If

If from henceforward we find his generosity tinged with ostentation, his courage with arrogance, his resolution with harshness; if he becomes restless and fretful and impatient of contradiction; if his conduct is marked with contempt for mankind rather than with indulgence to their weaknesses, it is to this impure source that the melancholy change is to be traced.'

We confess that we always view with distrust such antithetical writing; nor do we find in the remaining acts and events of Cæsar's life any evidence sufficient to justify this conclusion. Though by no means exempt from human weakness, we believe him to have been a man who could dally with luxury and flattery without being subdued by them. We find him breaking loose from these supposed bonds on the first intimation of a war in Pontus, rushing with his usual rapidity to this distant contest, and ending it with more than his usual speed and success. What our author calls his 'arrogant bulletin'—the famous *veni, vidi, vici*, of this war—is a story too variously told by the writers of the time to admit of its being brought in evidence against Cæsar. Nor have we proof that he sacrificed any real object of his policy either by this dalliance in Egypt, or by the later visit of the Egyptian queen to Rome. Mark Antony might lose his world for Cleopatra—Cæsar could not be thus conquered. Yet, while rejecting the probable exaggeration of anecdote and poetry, we cannot willingly part with the whole of the picture handed down to us. A passage of Suetonius places before our imagination a barge on the Nile, bearing the splendid freight of Cæsar and Cleopatra—the majestic Roman who changed the face of the world, noble in person and feature, great in intellectual power as in war—and the royal sorceress of Egypt, bent to win her splendid prize, and by the very witcheries which long after led a conqueror captive to his ruin. But we need for such a scene as this our Shakspeare, whose gorgeous picture of Cleopatra on the Cydnus is however but one of the many marvels in his unapproached delineation of this woman—a portraiture ranking as a whole among the truest and most felicitous of all his exquisite works.

Scarcely had the untiring Cæsar reached Rome from his victory over the son of Mithridates in Asia, when he set forth again with his army for Africa to encounter the powerful force collected there by Cato and Scipio. The conflict at Thapsus closed the campaign at once; and gave a motive, though we are far from believing a necessity, to the tragic end of Cato. On that subject we have satisfaction in quoting from the book before us:—

'Such was the proud though melancholy end of the gravest philosopher Rome had yet produced—the first of a long line of heroes of the robe, whose dignified submission to an adverse fate will illustrate the pages

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pages of our history throughout the gloom of the imperial tyranny. The ancient heathens but faintly questioned the sufferer's right to escape from calamity by a voluntary death. It was reserved for the Christian moralists, in their vindication of nobler principles, to impugn the act which has rendered Cato's fame immortal. The creed of the stoic taught, indeed, that the world is governed by a moral intelligence, and from such premises the obvious inference is, that it is the part of man to conform to its behests and fulfil his appointed lot, whether for good or for evil. But the philosophy which exalted man to a certain participation in the nature of the Deity seemed to make him in some sort the arbiter of his own actions, and suicide, in Cato's view, might be no other than the accomplishment of a self-appointed destiny. The wisest of the heathens never understood that the true dignity of human nature consists in its submission to a higher existence; that its only hope for the future is in the consciousness of its imperfection and weakness and responsibility here.'

From Africa Cæsar returned to Rome, and celebrated there a quadruple triumph of greater magnificence than any that had gone before, but with all the strange and ferocious exhibitions belonging to this festival. It was a needful concession to national usage, whether made willingly, or not, we have no means of affirming. Much discretion was required in the selection of the subjects for triumph; since civil wars had been so closely interwoven with foreign that his greatest exploits and successes were needfully kept out of sight. And scarcely indeed were these shows ended when he was again summoned to the field to put down the large insurrectionary army which the sons of Pompey had assembled in Spain. In twenty-seven days—*celeri festinatione*, as his historian well says—he was with his forces in Andalusia. The bloody but decisive day of Munda, where 30,000 soldiers were left on the field, and the victor himself exposed to imminent personal danger, closed this last formidable antagonism and the military life of Cæsar. It is a point of time when even those who most deprecate war in all its forms may look back with astonishment, if not with admiration, at the wonderful career of victory so terminated. Whether we consider the vast countries and distances traversed in Europe, Africa, and Asia, the battles gained or the conquests effected, we cannot but feel that Cicero has well applied the term τερας to express the activity, the vigilance, the sagacious daring of Julius. He is indeed a *prodigy* in the history of mankind.

After his final campaign he returned to Italy: this also was for the last time. Though absent for many months, the awe inspired by his name had protected the city against all turbulence or innovation; and he now came back, single and supreme, the arbiter of the future destiny of Rome and the world. Already three times declared

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declared Dictator, he was now named such for life; the consulship was given to him for ten successive years; a crown of laurel and triumphal robes were allotted to his public appearances; his head, for the first time, was stamped on the public coinage. All these things were outrages on old custom and feeling—they betokened the greatness of the change not less than of the man who had completed it. The title of Imperator, given at the same time, had much less import and weight then than it has since obtained. Though never before *prefixed* to a name, it avoided the odium which was still attached to the style of King; but associated as it was in Cæsar with more than regal power, it became the badge of sovereignty, and descended through a long line of Roman (or so called) Emperors to the times in which we live.

This last epoch of Cæsar's life, at which we arrive, was of little more than eight months' duration. It was occupied in various useful reforms and legislation; the sequel in principle to the measures which at prior times he had proposed, or partially carried into effect. He indulged the people with the sports and shows which usage and policy required; but his aims were evidently beyond these things; and from what he actually did, we have reason to believe that, though his destined term of life was nearly completed, his designs were far from being so. We have no exact knowledge of the date of his several measures; but as far as we can see, they had as their basis the establishment of order in the city and provinces, the suppression of existing abuses, and the change or extinction of those old institutions which were now effective only in lending a shelter to them. His liberal extension of the rights of Roman citizenship was but a sequel to the policy of his whole life on that point; and the result doubtless of his conviction that what was not yielded peaceably would be, sooner or later, extorted by violence. The large increase of the Senate, and the admission of numerous foreigners into this body, while it seemed to repair the breaches made by the civil wars and flattered the new citizens from the provinces, was virtually an annihilation of this part of the old Roman government, already debased by luxury and intrigue, and incapable of fulfilling its ancient functions. With the same view, probably, he shortened the term of the consulate; an office which was now sought for by turbulence and bribery, and exercised only for party purposes. The consular and prætorian provincial governments were also abridged in duration; for the wise purpose of checking the gross peculations and abuses which had grown up in this part of the Roman administration. Larger admission was given to all public offices, with less limitation as to rank and age; a measure which tended to destroy the influence of those great families (*præclaro nomine*

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nomine tantum insignes) who made their ancestral fame an avenue to public functions, which they dishonoured by their acts. As Censor, Cæsar enacted certain sumptuary laws, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have enforced; and began various improvements in the judicial system, and especially in criminal law. He established colonies of veteran soldiers on a plan which procured exemption from many of the disorders consequent on long civil war. He appointed a commission, and furnished a scheme for a land-survey and map of the whole empire; and with the same zeal for practical good and knowledge of the resources of science, he accomplished that reform of the Calendar which would alone have preserved his name to posterity.

While thus indicating the general principles upon which Cæsar guided his government, there remains the curious inquiry—what would have been his own future course and position in it, had his life been prolonged? Master of the Roman world he was—master he must have continued, under one title or other. No conspiracy by open arms could have succeeded, or been attempted, in the face of his military renown; and the resignation of Sylla, of which he is said to have spoken disdainfully, could never, indeed, have seemed other than a warning—since it had but given fresh scope to those civil disorders which he, above all men, knew the necessity of bringing to an end. His personal ambition doubtless here concurred with and strengthened these convictions of his reason. But power, even the most entire, cannot well subsist without some external form or title; and the *turba Remi* resembled the populace of every age and country. We know not how far the story of the kingly crown being offered to him, and of his reluctant refusal of it, is worthy of reliance; but we suspect that the officiousness of friends, or the malignity of enemies, were more concerned in this matter than the will of Cæsar himself. There never was a man less governed by mere phrases, or who would more readily abandon an outward show for the reality that was before him. The new *prefix* of Imperator sufficed for the designation of that power; which, in default of direct issue, he would probably have conveyed downwards to the very successor on whom future events actually conferred it. We further believe, on all the evidence of his acts and character, that his own rule would have been one of vigour, tempered by moderation and humanity—of firmness to repress sedition, and of wisdom to organize new institutions where the old ones had become impotent for good.

Two anecdotes, unconnected with politics, belong to this last period of Cæsar's life, which have the greater interest from the time of their occurrence. One is the narrative, contained in a letter from Cicero to Atticus, of the visit paid by the great master

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of Rome to its great orator, at his villa near Puteoli. The details of the interview, and the dinner given to the Dictator and his numerous attendants, illustrate most agreeably the manners of the day; but far more strikingly describe the two remarkable men, thus brought together for the last time—both deeply concerned in the public events of the preceding twenty years, both destined to perish by a violent death. We would willingly invite the attention of those of our readers who may have forgotten it, to this curious and characteristic letter. We have always been especially entertained by the frank confession of Cicero to Atticus, that Cæsar was not a guest to whom he could say, 'Pray, pay me another visit on your return,'—*semel satis est;* and also by his acknowledgment that no serious matter (σπουδαιον ουδεν) was discussed between them; but that the conversation turned mainly on literary topics. The motive for this restraint may readily be found in the history of the time and in the relative position of Cicero and his great visitor;—the direction of the conversation, we doubt not, rested entirely with the latter. Even with such restraint upon it, who does not wish that a Boswell had been present at such an entertainment?* The other anecdote to which we allude has less certain authority for its truth, but great internal probability. Cæsar was the guest of M. Lepidus at supper at Rome. After the repast, a conversation arising on the question which was the most desirable manner of death, the Dictator pronounced as his opinion that it was 'the one most sudden and unexpected'—a sentiment natural to the man, and which, in a qualified form, was afterwards repeated by his first successor in the empire.

On the very day, as we are told, after this supper, Cæsar's life was ended by that murder which seemed at the time fated to change the condition of the world. It would be difficult indeed to name any single incident of deeper interest. On the one side we have the character and dignity of Cæsar, the power he had acquired, and the prospect of this power being permanent as a new form of Roman rule—on the other side, the publicity of the assassination, and the condition and qualities of the men whose swords were thus

> 'made rich
> With the most noble blood of all this world.'

The death of Cæsar, like that of Cato, has almost lost its historical character in the poetry and romance of later times, which have appropriated to themselves an event thus signal in all its

* We gather further from this letter that Cæsar had other and more ordinary powers of making himself an agreeable guest at dinner. 'Edit et bibit αδεως et jucundè—opiparè, sanè, et apparatè.' We are surprised that Mr. Merivale should so slightly press this curious document of Roman life.

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circumstances.

circumstances. Shakspeare probably comes nearest, as he generally does, to reality; as indeed his whole portraiture of Julius may perhaps deserve to be considered as the most wonderful of his wonders. His Cassius is at once a faithful transcript from history, and a picture of the jealous and ambitious conspirator of all ages. The Brutus of his play was necessary to the dramatic effect which he so well understood; and accordingly we find that, while closely adhering to historical truth in most parts, he has pitched the character of the Roman patriot somewhat higher than the level assigned by contemporary authorities. History has been defined 'philosophy teaching by examples;' but we have little faith in the force of such example, as opposed to living and current events; and, removing all artificial colouring from the act before us, we are disposed to regard it as the result of jealousy, ambition, and other personal feelings, much more than of the pure love of liberty, or the desire of restoring the grandeur of Rome. His assassination inflicted another civil war on the state, without really retarding the great change which was on the eve of accomplishment. Had Cæsar's life been prolonged, it is probable that his enlightened vigour of administration would have given a better basis to the empire, and a higher model and precept to his successors, than the more subtle and temporising reign of Augustus was able afterwards to afford.

This act of blood closes the *narrative* now before us — the author's final chapter being occupied by a delineation of the character of Julius, and of the condition of Rome at the time of his disappearance. The former subject has been variously handled, according to the complexion of the writer's mind, or that desire of framing a theory of motives and events which is so often observable in those who undertake to record them. We have no desire to shelter moral failings, or to palliate the evils arising from ambition and war; yet we must express our belief that Dr. Arnold has coloured his Cæsar too darkly. Mr. Merivale is less austere; and a passage at the beginning of the third chapter shows his comprehension of those high qualities which designate to all posterity this greatest of Romans. We have, however, to complain that his portraiture is somewhat broken and unconnected, giving the feeling of a certain want of congruity; and occasionally it would seem that a line of Lucan, or an anecdote of Suetonius, has sufficed to produce a change of tone. In one place, for instance, he speaks of the 'perfect simplicity of Cæsar's character;' in another, of 'his gratuitous indulgence to his passion for personal display;'—qualities hardly compatible in themselves, even with every allowance for those disparities of which we have elsewhere spoken. That the error lies in the latter passage we entertain no doubt. The mind of Cæsar had, we believe, very much

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much more of singleness and consistency than has ever been common; but the events and relations of his career were so various and extraordinary, that it would indeed require vast critical research and discrimination to present a picture of him which would satisfy all the requirements of equity or probability. On the whole we may say, without attempting such an analysis, that, while his public course during the last sixteen years of his life was one of almost constant and bloody warfare, his natural temperament seems to have been humane, and free from that remorseless cruelty which stained the career of so many of the public men of his age. Whatever of moral contradiction there may seem in this, experience teaches that the conditions are compatible; and in the instance before us we have proof sufficient to justify the opinion given. The 'gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ' of Lucan is the phrase of the poet, and not the truth of the historian. Amidst the thousand private animosities which civil wars engender and envenom, we call to mind not a single action of Cæsar prompted by private malice or revenge —many of humanity and generosity to enemies who fell within his power. Whether he was a man of warm affections may admit of more doubt. We incline to think not; though without any certain evidence by which to decide the question. He had friends, indeed—Oppius, Calvena, Balbus, &c.—who were deeply attached to him; and various acts of his personal kindness to them and others are on record: but his superiority to all around him was such, that it is difficult to measure the feelings in this case by any ordinary rule. All the strongest traits of Cæsar's mind were intellectual; and we doubt whether softer sentiments, passion, or romance, had ever any very strong hold upon him. A tragedy, indeed, was among the number of his literary works; but it no longer exists, nor have we any such accounts of it as to affect our guesses.

The profligacy of his early course—partially, as it seems, carried on into his later years—has been a main allegation against him in all succeeding times. We cannot accuse him of intemperance at table, since Cato remarks that he was 'the only one who went forth sober to the overturning of the commonwealth.' But the charges of other sensuality admit no excuse or palliation; unless we find such in the general corruption of the age, or in some suspicion that the public eminence of Cæsar might have led to exaggerated statements of all that regarded his demeanour in private life. Making every allowance for such over-colouring, however, we are still unable to dismiss the general imputation. Temperament, temptation, opportunity, were all on one side, without a single aid from religion or moral discipline on the other.

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Two or three small incidents are presented to us as proofs of superstitious feeling; but we believe them to have depended rather on a politic or careless conformity to popular sentiment; for Cæsar lived, as Virgil did,

'Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi;'

and it was impossible that an acute intellect like his should have submitted itself for a moment to the puerile absurdities of the Grecian or Roman belief, or derived motives to virtue from sources thus scanty and impure. He lived without religion, on the very verge of that time which brought new light and truth into the world.

As to the intellectual qualities of Cæsar, it is needless to say more. They are inscribed on every page of his life and history, and are the subject of constant admiration to his contemporaries, as well as to succeeding writers. A single sentence of Cicero, than whom no man was better entitled to judge, is a relation to all future time of that combination of faculties which has rarely, if ever, had its parallel: 'Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, litteræ, curæ, cogitatio, diligentia.' Pliny, in his Natural History, recording the most noted examples of intellectual power, instances Cæsar as possessed of an innate vigour of mind, transcending all others; able, without confusion, to embrace various subjects at once, to dictate clearly on each, and to pass with the celerity of lightning from one to another. Omitting the many other testimonies of the same age, we may take the eulogy by Drumann as a brief and just statement of what was achieved in various ways by this wonderful force and capacity of mind. 'He was great in everything he essayed: as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.' We have only to object to this that it assumes something like a parity of excellence in points where we may suppose that there was much real inequality. But nothing is stated which Cæsar did not actually accomplish; and his mind rose so high above mediocrity, that, even where our evidence is imperfect, we may fairly presume that some part of his genius was conveyed to all he undertook.

With the exception, and this a doubtful one, of Frederick of Prussia, Cæsar is, perhaps, the only great commander who adds the fame of literature to that of war. Unhappily all his writings are lost to us except the Commentaries; a fact which, regarding the author both in his own greatness and as the head of a long line of sovereigns, may reasonably excite surprise as well as regret. We are indeed imperfectly informed as to the mode in which the manuscripts, forming the literature of ancient days, passed into circulation, and were transferred from one generation to

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to another; but still it must appear strange that so large a part of the writings of a man like Cæsar should utterly have disappeared from the world. It is related that he composed a grammatical treatise, *De Analogiâ*, while travelling through the Alps, and a poem called *Iter* during a journey in Spain. Looking at other points in his character, we are half inclined to believe that he wrote them solely for his amusement while on the road; and that, indifferent to literary fame, he took little care to multiply the copies, which might secure transmission to later times. Of his other writings we most covet the satire of the Anti-Cato, the treatise on Auguries and Presages, and his tragedy of Œdipus. We venture no opinion as to the merit of these works, beyond the general inference already stated; but may hazard a conjecture that the poetical and imaginative part would have added least to his gigantic reputation. Niebuhr has somewhere remarked that there is no witty saying of Cæsar on record. It is difficult enough to define wit in any form, and we should hardly go to a German professor for aid in such definition; but if pithy and pointed expressions and retorts come under the term, we know that Cæsar had such at command—some specimens live indeed in every scholar's memory;—and if his collection of apophthegms—the *mucrones verborum*, as Lord Bacon calls them—had reached us, we should probably have had abundant evidence for his keen apprehension of those great sayings which form the true wit of every time and language of man.

We are greatly surprised that Mr. Merivale takes such slight notice of the oratorical fame of Cæsar, seeing the strong impression it made upon the best judges of his own age and country. Where Cicero and Quintilian have testified their admiration in terms so remarkable, it is hardly enough to despatch the subject in a short sentence, without any reference to these eminent authorities. From one passage in the *De Claris Oratoribus*, it may be seen how high a value Cicero attached to Cæsar's recorded opinion of his own oratorical powers. What other commander or conqueror, how few statesmen even, have obtained or merited tributes like these, and given by such judges!* Nor can we fail to notice the

* 'Cæsar autem, rationem adhibens, consuetudinem vitiosam et corruptam purâ et incorruptâ consuetudine emendat. Itaque cum ad hanc elegantiam verborum Latinorum adjungit illa oratoria ornamenta dicendi, tum videtur tanquam tabulas benè pictas collocare in bono lumine * * * * Splendidam quendam, minimèque veteratoriam rationem dicendi tenet, voce, motû, formâ etiâm magnifica et generosâ quodammodo.'—*Cicero De Claris Oratoribus.*

'Quem huic antepones eorum, qui nihil aliud egerunt? quis sententiis aut acutior aut crebrior? quis verbis aut ornatior aut elegantior?'—*Ibid.*

'Caius verò Cæsar si foro tantum vacasset, non alius ex nostris contra Ciceronem nominaretur;

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the portrait they convey to us of the noble aspect, attitudes, and voice of Cæsar, when addressing an assembly. We are able, in considerable part, to complete the picture of his lineaments from busts, coins, and actual description; all which indicate, as far as mere outline can ever do so, the high intellect, vigour, and determination belonging to this wonderful character.

We have, we hope, shown that we are disposed to augur well of Mr. Merivale's large and bold undertaking. We shall look with interest to his next volumes, as the record of the period of Augustus—who, under the specious show of old names and forms, succeeded in giving to a disputed and divided power all the unity and integrity of an ancient monarchy. Yet further, and our author will acquire the aid of Tacitus to his labours; an authority and a guide not less admirable than is Thucydides to the historian of Greece—both possessing qualities which may well serve as instruction to those writing history in all time to come. We have before spoken of Mr. Merivale's language as tending to redundance and inflation, and especially where he is most studious to produce effect. Without exacting from him the rigorous brevity of Tacitus, which would be rendered impossible by a regard to modern taste, as well as to the larger field of critical history over which his course lies, we still think that something may be gained to him from this great model; whom it is impossible to study without acquiring vigour from his style, or without sympathizing in that high spirit of philosophy and utter disdain of all that is false and frivolous in the world, which marks everything he has written.

ART. IV.—*La République dans les Carrosses du Roi—Triomphe sans Combat—Scènes de la Révolution de* 1848—*Curée de la Liste Civile et du Domaine Privé, par Louis Tirel, ex-Contrôleur des Equipages de S. M.* pp. 226. Paris, 1850.

THE Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 differ from all former revolutionary convulsions in France in one remarkable point—that of being such mere accidents and so little in accordance with either the wants or the wishes of the nation at large, that the victorious party, after the first short interval of tumult and terror, found itself not strong enough to gag the press, and that, thanks to the habits of constitutional freedom introduced and established

nominaretur; tanta in eo vis est, id acumen. ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat.'—*Quintilian*, lib. 10.

It is obvious that Quintilian would not thus have expressed himself, unless some at least of Cæsar's speeches had been extant in his time.

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by the Restoration, it has been no longer possible to conceal from public indignation the fraudulent pretexts, the ignoble intrigues, and the scandalous abuses and excesses by which both these catastrophes were produced and accompanied. The revelations of Sarrans, Mazas, Bérard, and Bonnelier have reduced to their real value the 'glorious days of July;' and now the flimsy vapourings of Lamartine and Louis Blanc, with the astounding commentaries of Chenu and Delahodde, and a crowd of other evidences of all classes, have exposed the fraud, the folly, the horrors, and the *crapule* of the February scramble, which—in the very Assembly that represents it and even by those who had giddily helped to produce it—has been justly stigmatised as '*journées terribles et funestes!*'

The popularity of all the works that have any tendency to discredit the Republic is an indubitable proof of how little it was and is in unison with public opinion, and the volume now before us has made a great sensation—not because the facts which it relates are of much importance, but rather, on the contrary, because they are small matters, which from their very triviality throw the greater obloquy and ridicule on the Republic and its heroes.

Among the slanders, the affronts, and the injustice which during the earlier period of this revolution were lavished on the late King, the most serious, both as affecting his character and his property, were the imputations of meanness and even dishonesty in his pecuniary concerns. He was accused of sordid avarice and gross rapacity; of having transferred large sums from his French revenues and allowances to create an enormous private fortune in England and America—and this was made an excuse for the seizure, not only of all his own patrimonial, private, and personal property, but even of that of his children, and for inviting and exaggerating, in connexion with that seizure, every possible claim, real or pretended, that could be brought up against him, his family, or even his government. Everything that he possessed in the world, which had not been already plundered from his palaces by the people '*si magnanime et généreux*,' was sequestrated and committed to the custody and superintendence of a Paris notary of Radical principles, whose administration of his trust was so rigid that he could not be persuaded to part with what was left unpillaged of the Queen's wearing apparel. He seemed inclined to treat us with a new edition of *Les Chemises à Gorsas*, and M. le Baron Fain and M. le Comte de Montalivet were forced to dance attendance in the notary's waiting-room to solicit the release of her Majesty's body-linen!* The

* In 1791 when the poor old aunts of Louis XVI. were arrested, their clothes, even to their very shifts, were seized—a brutality which one Gorsas (then a journalist, afterwards

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The vexations and hardships thus imposed on Louis-Philippe in the liquidation of so large a mass of debt, real and *imputed*, have induced the Comte de Montalivet, late minister of the royal civil list, to publish an ample vindication of the King on every point of his financial transactions. Of that work we need on this occasion to say no more than that it confirms in detail the brief statement as to the insignificance of Louis-Philippe's foreign resources which we presented to our readers in June, 1848.

But while M. de Montalivet's defence carried conviction to the minds of all who were inclined to look seriously into those subjects, there appeared the pamphlet of M. Tirel, 'Ex-comptroller of the Equipages,' in which—loyally indignant at the calumnies against his exiled master, and, obviously, not less so at having lost his own place—he produces (amongst some graver topics which we shall notice hereafter) a very singular and piquant *set-off* against the portion of the Civil List debt attributed to his own department; and, much to the amusement of the public and to the surprise and annoyance of almost all the leading men of the Revolutionary Government, brings them in as debtors to the Civil List for the use and *abuse* of the royal carriages and horses, of which in the first transports of their triumph they had constituted themselves the legitimate heirs and owners. This unexpected *tu quoque* has burst like a bomb-shell on the patriots, and, in addition to the weightier imputations of personal indelicacy and official malversation, it exhibits some peculiar circumstances of ridicule which have made the *coupé à Flocon* and the *britska à Louis Blanc* a more stinging joke than even the *chemises à Gorsas*. The very title is an epigram. Under the ancient monarchy, *monter dans les carrosses du Roi* was a special privilege of the higher aristocracy; and it is certainly droll enough to find *Albert ouvrier* and Marc Caussidière aping the same honour!

It seems that immediately on the expulsion of the royal family the Provisional Government named one of its satellites to the duties of Master of the Horse, and this grateful and active functionary—Belin by name, and by trade a *bandagiste* or truss-maker—lost no time in supplying the whole *nova progenies* of statesmen with equipages from the ex-royal stables suitable to their new-fledged dignities. *Forty-one* carriages and *ninety-one* horses, with a

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wards a Conventionalist, and the first of that body guillotined) justified by asserting that the *shifts* must have been bought with public money, and so belonged to *him* or any of the people rather than to the princesses. This was ridiculed in a song called *Les Chemises à Gorsas*—a *plaisanterie* which had such success at the time as to have become historical.

proportionate

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proportionate number of coachmen, footmen, and grooms, were appropriated to the daily service of the various members of the Provisional Government and *their families* (p. 197). The accounts of the royal stables had always been kept, it seems, with great precision and exactness.* The carriages were distinguished—as ships are—by *names* such as *Apollo*, *Diamond*, *Duchess*, and so forth, and the horses, by the same kind of trivial or fanciful nomenclature that we are accustomed to in our own stables; and a register was kept of the daily employment of each horse and carriage. When the *Ecuyer-Bandagiste* of the Provisional Government had given his general orders to M. Tirel for the supply of the vehicles to the several functionaries, the selection of the individual equipages rested with the latter, and it is the exercise of this choice that has given to the graver matters of charge a comic and even farcical air.

M. Tirel prefaces his details by observing that many of the personages who were thus accommodated with the equipages under his charge had had very little experience of anything of the kind beyond a cab or an omnibus. One of those 'great ladies," who was, he hints, more used to wash fine linen than to wear it, ordered her new carriage to be at the door on the first morning after her accession, at ten o'clock, but so impatient was she for the expected *ride*, that as early as half past nine she came in person to the royal mews, accompanied by a maid with a basket, and insisted on having the carriage directly. A very handsome chariot was presently got ready, which the lady triumphantly entered, followed, to the astonishment of the attendants, by the maid and the basket. When the chariot came back, some unmistakeable stains on its rich silk lining testified that the lady had been at market, and had carried home her provisions in the *ci-devant* royal vehicle, while certain fragments—*débris*—found on the foot-carpet indicated that she and her servant had made a kind of repast by the way (p. 197). M. Tirel seems to produce this anecdote as a mere spirt of upstart vulgarity; but the patriots may possibly consider the lady's proceedings as a public rebuke to the idle luxury of the Court, and the *émeutiers* of the *Pays Latin* would applaud a tribute to republican simplicity after the purest classical model,

'et sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.'

* The following statistics of the royal stables seem worth preserving. The total average expense during Louis Philippe's reign had been about 40,000*l.* a year: in the last two years it had risen to 45,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* The number of carriages was 275: the number of horses 360—of which there were,—202 bred in Normandy—18 from other parts of France—76 English—35 Germans—15 Spaniards—14 Arabs. The whole estimated at the average value of 50*l.* each.

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It is, we suspect, of this same great personage that M. Tirel tells us another pleasant story. It seems that the ladies of the Provisional Government accommodated themselves with the royal boxes at the opera and theatres as freely as they did with the equipages; and in answer to some objection hinted to one of them, she vindicated the right of herself and 'her colleagues' as she called them, by the decisive argument,—'*Why, it's us that is the Princesses now!*' (p. 193).

The usual hire of a job carriage and pair of horses for a day in Paris is stated by M. Tirel at twenty-five francs, and that of a saddle-horse at fifteen; and at these moderate rates he is content to estimate the very superior articles supplied from the royal mews, and to debit the respective parties who used them. It seems that M. Tirel was not only a strict accountant, but moreover somewhat of a wag, and indeed, it would at first sight seem, a good deal of a prophet; and he tells us that, in selecting the carriages and horses for the use of the several functionaries, he was guided by the *names* which seemed to him most congenial to their respective characters. The satirical aptitude of the greater part of those selections seems at first sight too *piquant* to be absolutely genuine; but M. Tirel protests that they are literally true. We shall first present our readers with a few of the ex-comptroller's most striking statements, and shall then produce his vindication of his accuracy.

For the seventy-five days of his reign, Citizen LEDRU ROLLIN had at his orders four carriages, eighteen draught and saddle horses, and ten servants. 'None of the King's sons,' says M. Tirel, 'had ever had any such establishment.' For these, at the rates before stated, the comptroller brings in Citizen Ledru Rollin debtor to the civil list in a sum of 27,750 francs; but what is worse, he hints that the character of the celebrated demagogue was expressed in the names of the horses appropriated to his use, as *Montagnard*, *Orageux*, *Trompeur*, *Hypocrite*, *Vandale*, *Diable*, *Poltron*, and the like. The latter epithet must surely have been furnished by a kind of second sight of the hero's somewhat ignoble escape through the *vasistas* of the *Conservatoire*, in June, 1849.

Citizen MARRAST, formerly a schoolmaster and editor of the *National*, whose aristocratic airs and affectations obtained him the *sobriquet* of *Marquis*, was, however, satisfied with one chariot and pair, the charge for which was only 2975 francs; but the name of his carriage was the *Ci-devant*, and his horses were *Pimpant* and *Faquin*—*Dandy* and *Rogue*.

ARAGO, the astronomer, is likewise charged 2975 francs for the chariot *Star*, drawn by *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

MARIE, a second-rate lawyer, who got into first-rate offices, is charged

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charged 6850 francs for a *calèche* named *Screech-owl*, and the two horses *Babbler* and *Wrangler*.

Citizen Flocon, *ci-devant* editor of *La Réforme*, whom our Parisian friends had likened to Sancho Panza in Barataria, had two carriages; one for himself, and one for his lady; but as they were seldom both out together, M. Tirel's liberality only debits him with the latter. It was called the *Duchess*, and drawn by two mares, viz., *Calypso* and *Pomarée*—the name of the celebrated queen of the Polynesian Cyprus. On this occasion M. Tirel is ungallant enough to make some insinuations which we are not sure that we quite understand, and should not copy if we did.

Crémieux, the Jew lawyer, whose unwelcome *surveillance* and hypocritical attention to the King on the morning of the 24th February were so obtrusively offensive, had a carriage named *Cerberus*, and one of his horses was *Judas*.

Citizen Carnot—that wonderful Minister of Public Instruction—was admirably characterised by the names of his steeds—*Pedant* and *Midas*.

The little orator Louis Blanc had for forty days an elegant little britska, named the *Humming-bird*, with two ponies, *Millet-seed* and *Ciron*—*Ciron* being what is called in English, flesh-worm, and in the French dictionary is noted as *le plus petit des insectes*. On the subject of Louis Blanc and his britska, M. Tirel tells what he calls a 'delicious' anecdote. One evening, after one of his socialist lectures at the Luxembourg, as he was stepping into this smart little vehicle, he attempted to reconcile his position with his doctrines by exclaiming to the crowd of admirers who were about to trudge home on foot, 'The day will come, my friends, when you will *all* ride in carriages.'

Citizen Courtais, who was suddenly invested with the command in chief of the National Guard of Paris, but was dismissed and imprisoned for his incapacity or infidelity, was supplied during his command with four chargers, splendidly caparisoned, but with the ominous names of *Soldier*, *Blockhead*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sufferer!*

Citizen Clement Thomas, another extemporised general of the National Guard, and who forfeited both his popularity and his place by having called the Cross of the Legion of Honour—which he happened not to have—a *bauble*, rode for forty-seven days two chargers, named *Bauble* and *Envy!*

Two, and two only,* of the new government—Dupont and Lamartine—declined the use of the equipages that M. Tirel had selected for them with more than his usual felicity of nomen-

* Three functionaries of a secondary rank—MM. Vaulabelle, Bethmont, and Pinard—also declined.

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clature. For Dupont he designed the carriage *Doyen*, which means exactly *President by age*, and his horses were to have been *Good-man* and *Upright;* and, for Lamartine, the chariot *Apollo*, with two horses, *Pegasus* and *Enchanter*, but, for a second pair, were added *Mysterious* and *Zigzag*.

These coincidences (and there are about five and twenty others hardly less curious) will no doubt appear to our readers all very singular, and some quite incredible. It is sufficiently strange that the idea of such epigrammatic insults to his new masters should have occurred to M. Tirel; still more so that he should have *ventured* to put it into execution; but most of all, that he should have had the *second sight* of foreshadowing such accidental mishaps as those which subsequently befell Ledru Rollin, Courtais, Thomas, and some others of his victims; but on the other hand, he appeals boldly to the books of the department and the evidence of the servants—both still extant and open to examination—for the perfect accuracy of all his assertions; he gives in an appendix the official list of the names he quotes; and amidst a variety of *reclamations* and objections made to other topics of his work, we have not seen any doubt thrown on this singular coincidence of character and names. Our guess at the solution of the enigma is this—that Tirel is not quite so clever nor so brave a fellow as he wishes to seem. We suspect that, at the first outbreak, he was willing enough to keep his place by flattering his new masters, and having on his list carriages with such lucky names as *Doyen*, *Apollon*, *Star*, and such horses as *Good-man* and *Upright*, *Pegasus* and *Enchanter*, *Thunder* and *Lightning*, it was a very obvious piece of courtiership to appropriate them to Dupont, Lamartine, and Arago; and we dare say that Madame Flocon would not much resent the being alluded to as a *Duchess* or even as a *Calypso*. The *complimentary* idea being once admitted, the opposite one became equally obvious; and as M. Tirel probably began very early to suspect that he was likely to be dismissed, he may have treasured up a little secret spleen and future ridicule against adverse individuals—

> ——————'quæ nunc condonabitur;
> Sed proferentur *post*, si pergent ludere;'—

and, moreover, we must recollect that 'an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.' When, therefore, the more complimentary names were all appropriated, those who came after must e'en put up with those that were less flattering; and as the latter largely predominated, it was a lucky chance, and not a miraculous anticipation, that enabled M. Tirel to horse Ledru Rollin's coach with *Montagnard* and *Poltron*—to mount *Courtais* and *Thomas* on *Blockhead* and *Bauble*—and to moderate his first compliment to Lamartine

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Lamartine by relaying *Pegasus* and *Enchanter* with *Mystery* and *Zigzag*.

Two or three of the thirty-five persons exhibited in M. Tirel's list (but not in ours) have denied any personal use of the royal equipages; and one or two of them assert that they had even hired carriages on their private account—not one, it seems, of the whole administration, unless perhaps Lamartine, having a carriage of his own. But it is not denied that the carriages went every day, by orders of the *Bandagiste*, to the appointed places; that thirty of them were employed as M. Tirel states, and that the other half-dozen might have been so, for aught he knew; so that on the whole we think that the great mass of what is either important or *piquant* in M. Tirel's assertions may be taken for authentic. One or two other protesters take the bolder course of admitting that they did employ the royal equipages, but assert that it was only for the service of the Republic, and that, like the ladies in the opera-box, they had a perfect right to do so. We will not stop to inquire whether these, and indeed all the rest of the revolutionary functionaries, had not some excuse for considering these *bagages de l'ennemi*—so one of the parties termed them—as lawful spoils of war. They had at least numerous precedents for the practice; but the boldest asserter of such a belligerent right would hardly maintain that the carriages and cattle ought to have been—as the ex-comptroller complains that they were—still kept at the king's expense. M. Tirel's view is illustrated and corroborated by the following remarkable fact,—four of the saddle-horses employed in those duties happened to be the private property of the Duke de Montpensier, who, when the first bustle was over, sent to reclaim them, and they were accordingly restored, but not until he had paid the sequestrator of the civil-list the cost of their keep for the time they had been ridden by the republican officers.

Here we may dismiss the lighter portion of M. Tirel's work; but it contains, as we have already hinted, much graver matter.

The position of the royal stables, looking out on the Carousel and the esplanade between the Tuileries and the Louvre, and close to the Place du Palais Royal—where the only serious conflict took place—afforded M. Tirel a better opportunity of seeing the popular movement than any witness we have yet heard, and his evidence is very decided on two important points: the first, that the number of the insurgents was exceedingly small—contemptible, indeed, compared to the forces which might have been employed against them, and exhibiting much less than the habitual courage, and rather more than the habitual ferocity, of the Parisian mob: the second, on which M. Tirel insists with sorrowful earnestness, is, that if there had been more resolution and decision

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cision at head-quarters the revolt would have been suppressed with comparatively little difficulty. We have in former articles discussed both these points; and though we concur with M. Tirel, and indeed with every other credible witness, in the general facts, and in this conclusion also, we still adhere to our opinion, that a victory so obtained would probably have been only a postponement of the evil day, and that it was therefore fortunate—probably for the public interests, and certainly for the personal feelings of the King and M. Guizot—that more blood was not shed in defence of a system which, deriving its anomalous authority from the insurrectionary principle of the July revolution, could never be really safe from a similar catastrophe. We shall not renew this discussion, but shall content ourselves with relating some remarkable facts, of which M. Tirel was himself an eye-witness, and which we suppose will be new to our readers, as they are to us.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th of February an order came to get ready about the same number of royal carriages that were usually employed for a drive to St. Cloud or Versailles, whither M. Tirel very naturally concluded the royal family were about to retire; but judging from the aspect of affairs that this was no ordinary movement, an additional number of carriages were prepared. As M. Tirel has put us on the look out for coincidences of names, we remark, *en passant*, that two of the carriages ordered for this expedition happened to be called the *Thames* and the *Seine Inférieure*—the King having eventually made his escape from the *Seine Inférieure* (Honfleur and Havre) to the banks of the *Thames*. The carriages were drawn up in the mews-yard, all harnessed, and the coachmen ready to mount their boxes and the postilions their horses, under the order and guidance of a young outrider, named Hairon; but the steady countenance and loyal enthusiasm shown by the eight or ten thousand regular troops which surrounded the Tuileries gave the occupants of the royal stables reason to hope that their services would not be required that day. About noon '*the troops disappeared as if by enchantment;*' and half an hour after the order came to send round the carriages, which accordingly began to move, young Hairon at their head, in his full livery and laced hat. Just before they quitted the yard, Tirel seeing some angry groups on the Carousel, told Hairon that he had better put on his blue surtout, as his scarlet coat might attract notice. 'Pooh,' replied he, 'why should anybody hurt us, who hurt nobody? and besides, you know that we never attend the King in our undress liveries.' The great gate opened, and the carriages proceeded; but the two first had hardly passed out when a body of armed mob attempting to force their way

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way in, the gates were precipitately shut, and a straggling fire from the Carousel and the adjoining streets was directed on the equipages which had advanced. Two carriage-horses fell dead; two others were mortally wounded; the horse of the outrider, who had evidently been the chief mark, fell, riddled by twelve or fifteen bullets, but the young man himself had not been hit: disengaging himself as rapidly as he could from the dead horse, he ran for refuge to the Triumphal Arch, but in vain; a ferocious villain ran to meet him, and fired his musket right into his breast; the ball broke the collar-bone, and divided the carotid artery. Hairon fell dead; the assassin seized his gold-laced hat, hoisted it into the air, as a sign of triumph, and invited his accomplices to come and share the spoils. The poor young man was stripped of all his clothes with a quickness and dexterity which showed that the assassins were used to such work; and the body was left lying in a pool of blood, *with no other covering than its shirt.*

This was the terrible event, which would probably have produced still more horrible consequences to the royal family, if the Duke de Nemours had not, from his station in the front of the Tuileries, separated from the crowd by the great *grille*, observed the stoppage, and with great presence of mind, availing himself of a lucky accident, been able to send round three little one-horse carriages, which happened to be standing within the *grille*, to the rescue of the King, who was already on the *Place de Louis XV.*, waiting for the eqipages which had been thus murderously intercepted. The assassin, whose name it appears was Lacombe, lost no time, says M. Tirel, in presenting himself to M. Ledru Rollin, and with poor Hairon's hat in his hand as a certificate of *civisme*, asked and immediately obtained the place of guardian in the great Museum, under the very windows of which the murder had been perpetrated. M. Tirel's narrative of these facts has been violently contradicted by some of the friends and associates of Lacombe, but has been substantially corroborated by other and, we think, indisputable testimony. The only point of the case on which there is any doubt is as to the minister by whom the appointment was actually made. One witness denies that any such appointment was made by Ledru Rollin; but his account of the transaction has been totally disproved on other points; and on the whole, as the appointment was in Ledru Rollin's department, we are not entitled to refuse credit to M. Tirel on that point, until some better defence for M. Ledru Rollin can be produced. But as to the main fact, it is beyond all doubt that Lacombe presented himself at the Museum with the claim of having shot Hairon, and that a subsequent inquiry made by the authority of a subsequent ministry, established his guilt, and occasioned his dismissal;

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dismissal; nor, as M. Tirel very justly remarks, can this strange patronage of a murder be at all incredible on the part of a government which had decreed national recompenses to the connexions of Fieschi, Pepin, and Alibaud.

After the murder of Hairon, the mob betook themselves with great activity to the destruction of the two carriages. They released the horses—the dead as well as the living—by cutting the rich harness to pieces, but found the demolition of the coaches a more difficult job. The frequent attempts on the King's life had suggested the introduction of a great deal of iron into the vehicles destined for his personal use. They were ball-proof in every part but the windows; and though decorated inside and out, like any other carriage, were, in fact, as M. Tirel calls them, 'moving citadels.' At the head of the mob engaged in this attempt now appeared a character nowhere, we believe, to be seen but in French revolutions. A woman of large stature, but still young, and of a form and features that must have been handsome, till drink and debauchery had degraded them, was the Fury of the hour—*Dux fœmina facti!* Over her very loose attire she wore military cross-belts, with their appendant sabre and *cartouche*. She bore in her hand a heavy musket, which she handled like a feather, and on her head a military cap, all probably the spoils of some soldier that she or her followers had murdered. Fifteen or twenty scoundrels of the most hang-dog looks obeyed the shrill and grating voice of what M. Tirel strangely calls 'this Joan of Arc of the brothels;' she easily broke all the glasses of the first coach, and defaced the arms and panels with her bayonet, but the iron-bound body resisted even the butt-end of her musket. Surprised at this resistance, she directed her gang to stuff it quite full of straw, to which she set fire, jumping up at the same moment on the coachman's seat, where she sat with the musket between her legs, while her satellites harnessing themselves, with shouts of triumph, to the pole of the carriage, now blazing out at its two side windows, dragged her along, to make, as she called it, 'a little excursion to the Carousel and the Tuileries.' But though the straw, renewed again and again, blazed away, the coach would not burn, and the virago, jumping from the box in a violent rage, set the crowd the example of endeavouring with paving stones, iron bars, and whatever other instruments of violence they could lay their hands upon, to break it to pieces—but all in vain; until at last in her despair she screamed, with a hoarse voice, *To the river, to the river;* and accordingly it was dragged down to one of the bridges, and there with great difficulty hoisted over the parapet, and precipitated into the Seine; as were also two other

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carriages of the same description; and there they lay for four or five months, when they were sold as old iron, and the proceeds were, no doubt, conscientiously placed to the *credit* of the civil list.

While all this was going on, the mob were besieging a party of the Municipal Guards and a company of the 14th regiment of the line which, when the orders were given for the general retreat of the troops, had been forgotten in the guardhouse of the *Place du Palais Royal*. The insurgents had seized the commanding officer, and when he gallantly refused to order his men to surrender their arms, they butchered him in the most disgusting manner. This rendered the soldiers desperate, and they resolved to defend themselves to the uttermost. M. Delahodde, who himself was present, tells us the mob—at the head of whom were MM. Caussidière, Albert, Lagrange, and other leaders—showed no great desire to win the post at much personal risk; they therefore despatched a messenger for two pieces of cannon, but they not arriving immediately,

'and the soldiers persisting in their resistance, one of the insurgents [we think his identity is not unknown] exclaimed "*Let us roast them.*" No sooner said than done: a quantity of hay and other combustibles were piled up against the doors and windows and set fire to. Some of the soldiers were stifled, others were burnt alive, the rest preferring—death for death—the danger that faced them without, to the agonies of fire within, opened the doors and presented themselves to the bullets and bayonets of their assailants. This was a case in which honour as well as humanity should have dictated mercy; but no—every man was massacred—*fifty* corpses, covered with wounds and disfigured by fire, were spread out upon the pavement—some were no more than heaps of ashes. Such was the fight at the Palais Royal, the only serious conflict that took place in the whole of this revolution, and it was this high deed of arms that was celebrated with all the trumpets of praise by the journalists of the *Réforme* and *National*, who had been themselves very much mixed up with this glorious event.'—p. 51.

The hay which was applied to this dreadful use was plundered from the royal stables, which (as we have said) were close by, and several of the carriages that were not fire-proof were dragged to the same place and broken up and applied to the same nefarious purpose. In short, twenty-seven carriages, of the value of about eight thousand pounds, were destroyed on this occasion. M. Tirel adds:—

'The disgraceful scenes which I have just related were not the spontaneous work of a misguided multitude; they were visibly directed by men whose dress and language showed that they were not of the same class with the brutal and ignorant mob that followed their orders. Some of the royal servants, victims and spectators of these violences, have assured me that, *amongst those whom they afterwards drove about in the royal carriages*, they recognized several countenances, never

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never to be forgotten, which they had seen illuminated on that fatal evening by the conflagration of the royal carriages.'—p. 68.

In estimating the general loss of property suffered by Louis Philippe in the revolution, M. Tirel enters into several details, which have in other respects something of historical and even antiquarian interest. By the old law of France the reigning sovereign had only a usufructuary possession of a great class of the personal and moveable property of the Crown, such as jewels, ornamental and antique arms and armour, pictures, statues, and other works of art,—state carriages, furniture of palaces, &c. &c., all of which were valued and registered in official inventories kept in the various departments of the household. All such articles as were not in ordinary use were consigned to a great repository, called the *Garde Meuble;* and—notwithstanding the devastation and plunder of the royal residences at several epochs of revolutionary violences and some notorious robberies committed on the Garde Meuble in the first Revolution—a vast deal of such property remained in the custody of its official guardians. Thus it came to pass that the palaces of the Directory, and subsequently of Buonaparte, were indebted for many of their most remarkable decorations to the ancient *Mobilier de la Couronne.* We have heard of certain splendid suits of velvet furniture belonging to the *ancien régime* which Buonaparte had with laudable economy applied to his own use, by having the embroidered *fleurs de lis* picked out and replaced with his own *bees.* This we have only on hearsay; but we ourselves saw that similar, if not the same, furniture was similarly treated by Louis XVIII. on his restoration. By and bye, on the chairs and sofas of his Majesty's own cabinet—as some verses of the time recorded—

'the curious might see
The ill-erased traces of Buonaparte's *bee.*'

The royal property was divided into two classes, one of which, especially ascribed to the Civil List, was, in fact, public property; the other was called the *domaine privé* of the King. There was also the private property of the House of Orleans, which at the July revolution Louis Philippe had taken precautions to separate from both the Civil List and the *domaine privé.* All these classes, however, were seized by the February revolutionists, under the pretext of paying the debts of the Civil List, which would have been fair enough, had there been (which there was not) any real balance against Louis Philippe on that score; but without giving him credit—to which he was in the strictest justice entitled—for what he had added to the Civil List property, and loading with all kind of chicanery and exaction his personal interest in the *domaine privé.* This mode of proceeding will be best

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best explained by one of many instances given by M. Tirel. Charles X. had on his abdication left behind him ten or a dozen state carriages, some of them 'really *chef-d'œuvres* of art.' One built for his coronation at Rheims, and thence called the *Sacre*, had cost no less than 13,000*l.* sterling; others had cost 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* each; and the whole were models not merely of construction, but of all the decorations of painting and carving of which such vehicles are susceptible. These carriages were soon after the July revolution exposed to public auction. Louis Philippe, with a feeling of which he gave many analogous instances, thought it indecent that these fine specimens of art and also as it were types of royalty should thus pass into the hands of brokers, and he therefore had them all bought in at no inconsiderable prices: for the *Sacre* he was forced to bid 3600*l.*—and he spent 400*l.* more in necessary repairs on it. None of these carriages, however, did he ever personally use: two only of them were ever used at all, and that was on certain diplomatic occasions, when it was the etiquette to furnish foreign ambassadors with royal equipages. The republican government has taken possession of all these carriages, which luckily escaped the February mob, and has placed them and their elaborate harness, together with a great variety of antique and foreign horse-furniture found in the *Garde Meuble*, as objects of public curiosity, in the great national Museum of Versailles:—it has even proposed the erection of a special repository for their reception and better preservation. This—*en attendant* the recall of their rightful owners—is the best thing that could be done; and we are glad to find the principle of conservatism extended even to carriages; but it seems hard that these *chef-d'œuvres d'art*, saved from destruction by Louis Philippe's delicacy and good taste, out of his private purse, should be thus taken as public property, without any compensation to his personal estate. This is a sample from M. Tirel's own department; but the same species of injustice, on a much larger scale, was extended to other and more important classes of the royal property. We must, however, in justice add that a Commission of the present National Assembly has shown the disposition to consider these matters, we will not say with more liberality, but at least with less injustice. We find from a Report made by this Commission that the inventories of the furniture and other articles handed over to Louis Philippe's Civil List in March, 1832, amounted to an estimated value of near 360,000*l.*; while it appears that the present value of this class of articles belonging both to the Civil List and the *domaine privé*, (even after the plunder of the Tuileries and Palais-Royal, and the entire destruction of the magnificent country palace of Neuilly,) is not less than

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600,000*l.*,—a sum which the King's officers assert, and, as far as the inquiry has yet gone, have proved to be infinitely short of the real value; thus even on the Commission's own showing, the Republic was indebted to the *domaine privé* in at least 240,000*l.*

This great increase of property consists, says the report of the Commission,

'of the articles which furnish the principal national palaces, and particularly the apartments which are open to public curiosity. A *considerable portion of them have been employed in furnishing the Elysée palace of the President of the Republic*; others were taken in 1848 for the use of the National Assembly, and adorn several apartments of the official residences of the *President of the Assembly*. If we were now to remove all these articles, and apply it to the liquidation of the debts of the Civil List, we should unfurnish those palaces, deprive ourselves of a vast number of valuable articles, exactly fitted for the places they occupy, and which could not be replaced but at a very great expense.'—p. 109.

The Commission, therefore, very wisely propose that the public should keep the articles, on the footing of a composition with the liquidators of the Civil List, and they propose a vote of 2000*l.* for making out an inventory of the articles in question, which they say is a very moderate charge, considering that the inventories will fill 390 Registers, and enumerate not less than 190,311 *items*—several of the *items* comprising a number of smaller denominations.

M. Tirel gives an interesting account of the circumstances by which a certain apartment in that part of the Tuileries extending along the Rue de Rivoli, which might be considered as the King's *strong-box*, escaped observation and plunder. It contained on the morning of the Revolution, 1st, the diamonds of the Crown, worth near a million sterling; 2nd, bills and other securities to the amount of some 160,000*l.*; 3rd, about 13,000*l.* in Bank notes and about 1700*l.* in coin; 4th, the jewels of the Princess de Joinville, which had been deposited there during her visit to Algiers; 5th, a great quantity of public stock, bank notes, and jewels, belonging individually to various members of the Royal family, and placed here temporarily in the private custody of the Treasurer. In the hurry of the King's departure no one, fortunately, had thought of saving this property; we say *fortunately*, because it is evident from the details which M. Tirel gives us of its subsequent removal to the National Treasury, that any attempt on the part of the Royal family or their attendants to save it, must, on the contrary, have rendered its pillage by the mob inevitable.

As it was, its safety was endangered by a very singular circumstance.

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stance. On a lower floor than that in which all these valuables were placed, was a little room accessible by a small 'mysterious' door from the arcade between the Carousel and the Rue de Rivoli. The room in question was the office through which the *charities* of the Royal family were dispensed; and the amount of these charities sufficiently accounts for the proximity of this office to the private treasury. It appears that the private charities of the King and Queen during the seventeen years of the reign amounted to 21,650,000 francs, about 860,000*l.* sterling—that is above 50,000*l.* a-year—and their more ostensible munificences to nearly as much. Those of the Prince Royal and the Duchess of Orleans amounted, says M. Tirel, to the annual sum of from four to five hundred thousand francs, that is, from sixteen to twenty thousand pounds. We were very well aware of the charitable dispositions of all those illustrious persons, and we can very well conceive that the peculiar position to which they had been raised by a popular tumult and a kind of popular election, must have exposed them to an extravagant degree of popular solicitation; but we confess that the amounts stated would have appeared to us hardly credible, on any less decisive authority than that of M. de Montalivet.

M. Tirel has, he tells us, good reason to suspect that this extensive charity met with a very ungrateful return. The room where this *bureau de bénéficence* was held had no other furniture than the clerks' writing-desk and stools, and some shelves and presses, in which were ranged the registers of the donations and all the applications of the several parties in alphabetical order. The wicket and stairs that led to it, though out of the way and '*mysterious*' to most of the inmates of the palace, were of course *familiar to the habitual recipients* of the royal bounty, amongst whom M. Tirel very rationally concludes that some of the leaders of the mob must be classed—because it was by this remote and obscure passage that a very early, if not the very first, entrance into the palace was effected—whereupon the intruding mob proceeded directly to the room in question, with apparently no other solicitude than to possess themselves of the books and papers, which they carried off, and tore, and burnt, even to the last fragment, in the street below. Some of the invaders were observed to be particularly anxious to lay hold of certain bundles; and one in particular was remarked for the care with which he destroyed the bundles marked with the initial D, and, that done, taking no trouble about the destruction of the rest. 'These autographs were a most curious collection,' says M. Tirel, 'in which were to be found many names of some notoriety, necessitous artists, authors and journalists, who became afterwards remarkable for their republican energies.'

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gies.' The destruction of these letters and registers was so exclusively the object of this portion of the mob that they did no other damage, and did not even carry their curiosity so far as to proceed up the next flight of stairs to the rooms overhead, in which they would—with as little resistance—have possessed themselves of the diamonds, cash, and other treasures before enumerated. The inference is obvious.

Some imperfect idea of the mischief done in the more public and accessible apartments of the Tuileries and Palais-Royal may be formed from the fact that there were gathered up no less than *twenty-five tons* weight of broken crystals, mirrors, and other ornamental and table glass; and there were, moreover, *ten cartloads* of fragments of the finest Sèvres china. The number of pieces of porcelain so destroyed was above 45,000; and they were so richly ornamented that 800*l.* worth of pure gold was recovered from the wreck: their artistical value was incalculable.

The devastation at the Palais-Royal was greater than even that of the Tuileries. The Orleans family's private collection of pictures, an assemblage of the *chef-d'œuvres* of all the schools, but especially of the best French masters, were cut to pieces, and burned; and the library, a collection of great value, and still greater curiosity, was torn to pieces; the scattered leaves thrown out of the windows, filled one of the courts of the palace several feet deep; and when set fire to, the court became an immense furnace, which threatened the edifice, and the whole of that rich and populous neighbourhood, with a general conflagration. In the Palais-Royal was placed the office and treasury of the private property of the house of Orleans. By the presence of mind and courage of the officers of this department, who severally loaded their own persons with as much as they could carry without suspicion, a considerable sum in money, some family jewels, miniatures, and medals, belonging to the Queen, were saved, and finally restored to her majesty; and 20 or 30,000*l.*'s worth of notes and other securities connected with the Orleans estates were also preserved, but were delivered over to the national sequestrator.

At Neuilly the destruction was still more complete; for there, after beginning by a general pillage, and making the apartments the scene of the most frightful extremes of drunkenness and debauchery, the building was committed to the flames; and of that rich and beautiful villa nothing remained but the blackened walls. All its contents perished—except only the library. It had been thrown out of doors before the mob had thought of setting the palace itself on fire, in order to its being burned separately. By this accident it escaped the general conflagration, and was afterwards

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wards removed, though of course much damaged, when the National Guard of Neuilly had superseded the mob.

These were the results of a revolution, the 'orderly and generous' character of which has been so prodigally extolled; and be it remembered that all these infamous excesses had not even the apology of having been provoked by any the slightest resistance to the will of the people.

We have already intimated that we have no serious doubt as to any of the main facts of M. Tirel's narrative, though we certainly have a strong impression that some share of his indignation against the men of February may be attributed to his own dismissal, and that, if he had been still continued in office, we should have heard neither of his satirical nomenclature, nor, we even suspect, of the indecent promotion of Citizen Lacombe. When he designates M. de Rollin as *Diable*, we feel the proverbial justice of giving even that personage his due, and we must therefore admit, that if the ex-comptroller really entertained such opinions of the members of the Republican government and had slily prepared for future use such a stock of insults against them as he now promulgates, he has no reason to complain of having been relieved from a service that must have been so odious to him; and the less so, because it turns out that M. Tirel only lost by one revolution what he had got by another. M. Tirel was himself a hero of July as Lacombe was of February; he was a *décoré de Juillet*, and obtained his place in the royal household on that single title. Now Lacombe would have been, no doubt, a *décoré de Février* had there been any such decoration, and he obtained for his deeds on that day no more than the same reward that M. Tirel had done for his—a place about the Tuileries. We hope that M. Tirel did not earn his decoration by any such deliberate atrocity as he charges against Lacombe; but if we knew the detail of the services for which he was so decorated, we should probably find that these were not in principle essentially different from those of Lacombe. To be sure M. Tirel takes care to inform us that he considers the insurrection against Charles X. as of a totally different class and character from that against Louis-Philippe, and we have little doubt that every man, high or low—from M. Thiers to M. Tirel—who had gained a position by the first revolution and has lost it by the second, is of the same mind; but we believe that the great majority of mankind are now pretty well satisfied that those events were merely successive acts of the protracted *comédie de quinze ans;* and that the only class of persons in France who have not well founded causes of complaint against the *men of February*, are the

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the *men of July*. Indeed the identity of the principles or rather pretexts by which both these revolutions were accomplished was emphatically established by the evidence of Louis-Philippe himself in that last candid and pathetic exclamation, when he was leaving the Tuileries, *Tout comme Charles Dix!* That short but pregnant phrase—the last words of his reign—was the political testament of the wise old King. It comprises the whole history of the two last revolutions, and indicates the only principle on which a durable monarchy can be re-established in France. Indeed what pretence does Louis Napoleon advance, but that he is the heir of the Emperor? What claim can be made for the Count de Paris but that he is the heir of Louis Philippe? What is there to direct public attention to either rather than to any individual in France, but heirship? Is heirship then to be a title for everybody except the real heir?—the heir of St. Louis, of Henri Quatre, of Louis le Grand, of Louis the Martyr? For our own parts we confess that the prospect of any solid settlement in France seems to become every day more and more doubtful, or at least more distant. The mass of the nation appears very indifferent as to the form of its government, and we fear that this apathy can only be cured by some terrible crisis. Nothing can be so inconsistent and anomalous as the present state of things—and it cannot last. If France wishes to be a Republic, she must get rid at the next election (or sooner if he persists in or resumes any projects of usurpation) of the ape of the Emperor, and should give the republican experiment the fair advantage of a republican President: if, on the other hand, she wishes for a monarchy, after having four times expelled it, she had better seek some surer foundation for it than the sword of some lucky soldier, or the caprice of the populace; and we know not where that is to be found except in the legitimate heir of the Bourbons—*parcoque Bourbon!* He—whoever he may happen at the time to be—will be not so much a *person* as a *principle*. And, as to the rivalry between the two branches of the royal House, we are satisfied that no consequence from logical or mathematical premises can be more certain than that any attempt to renew *July* would—even if temporarily successful—be only a prelude to another and more disastrous *February*.

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ART. V.—1. *Report of the General Board of Health on the Execution of the Nuisances Removal Act, and Public Health Act, up to July* 1849.

2. *Appendices to the Report of the General Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis: videlicet, Appendix* 1. *Returns to the Queries addressed to the several Metropolitan Water Companies. Appendix* 2. *Engineering Reports and Evidence. Appendix* 3. *Medical, Chemical, Geological, and Miscellaneous Reports and Evidence.* 1850.

3. *Report of the Select Committee on Private Bills, with Minutes of Evidence thereon.* 1846.

4. *Subterranean Survey of the Metropolis.—Report on the Subterranean Condition of the Westminster District; with a Pictorial Map.* By Henry Austin, Consulting Engineer, and Joseph Smith, Assistant Surveyor. 1849.

5. *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London for the Year* 1849-50. By J. Simon, Esq., F.R.S., Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, and one of the Surgical Staff of St. Thomas's Hospital. 1850.

6. *The Laws of England relating to Public Health.* By J. Toulmin Smith, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Special Pleader. 1848.

IN a recent article we briefly traced the history of our London water-service through the five epochs of its gradual development; noting how its progress, during the last two centuries, has been impeded by the misfeasance of a corrupt Monopoly; and how this Monopoly has of late years been curbed in its turn by the growing force of the Sanitary Idea. Of that Idea we also rapidly sketched the progress—from its origin in the theoretic dogma of the *Preventibility of Disease*, to its embodiment in the practical formula of *Sanitary Consolidation*. Of these two fundamental propositions, standing to each other in the relation of Science to Art, or of ascertained Law to the means of its Technical fulfilment, the first is now, happily, too universally recognised to stand in need of further demonstration. The second principle, on the contrary, is still the subject of animated controversy in each of its two main bearings, Administrative and Structural; which, as their importance fully equals their obscurity, we propose to take up for present elucidation: examining, under the first head, the economical advantages of consolidated Sanitary *Jurisdiction;* and, under the second, the corresponding benefits of consolidated Sanitary *Works*. This exposition, succinct and familiar as we shall endeavour to make it, will yet, we trust, suffice to disprove the pretended analogy between Sanitary

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Sanitary Consolidation and the continental system of Centralization; —to which it is, in fact, diametrically opposed. On the eve of a great struggle for Sanitary Reform, against which parochial prejudices are diligently invoked, this demonstration will not, we think, be inopportune: and though the main principles we seek to establish are of universal and permanent interest, we shall accommodate our argument to the problems now pressing for immediate solution, by selecting our principal illustrations from the Water question;—so as to follow up our previous indications respecting the quality and sources of water, by some remarks on its distribution and removal, on its applications industrial and sanitary, and on the important question of its cost.

And first—to strike at once into the heart of the debate—let us meet the charge of 'Centralization,' or the alleged tendency of the new Sanitary system to supersede Local Self-government by the arbitrary rule of a Metropolitan Board. To reduce this question to its proper terms, we must begin by laying down a well-marked preliminary distinction,—that, namely, which exists between Local self-government, as it affects the *mass* of residents in any district, and as it concerns the *functionaries*, often corrupt and ignorant, by whom they are rated and ruled. Obviously, wherever district rates are squandered by jobbing or incompetent Local boards, the corrective intervention of a Central power, so far from diminishing, may tend largely to increase, the *real* self-governing power of the place, as measured by the control of the population over the expenditure of their own funds. Just so the gradual subjugation of the feudal barons by the imperial power, and the suppression of such local privileges as those of 'pit and gallows,' relieved provincial populations from an odious tyranny, and procured them a large increase of local freedom: for which (paradoxical as the assertion sounds) they were indebted to a development of Centralization. This distinction between *real* and *nominal* Self-government—between the liberty of local communities, and the privileges of local functionaries—was perceived ten centuries ago by King Alfred; who stretched to the utmost his prerogatives, in order to bring about the local enfranchisement of his subjects. Nay, his administrative expedient for this purpose was actually borrowed from the Roman imperial centralization; for he used to despatch Royal *Missi*, or Commissioners, to the local jobbers of those days, with such peremptory messages as this: 'I marvel at your insolence, who by God's gift and mine have taken on yourselves the ministry and rank of wise men, but have neglected the study of wisdom. Now, therefore, it is my command that ye either give up at once the powers which ye enjoy, or pay a much more devoted attention to the studies of wisdom.'

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Nor did King Alfred confine himself to words; but occasionally impressed his precepts upon obdurate functionaries by hanging one or two of the more recalcitrant. Without staying to discuss how far this summary exercise of royal power was justified by the necessities of those rude times, we must frankly own ourselves indebted to this great king's centralizing vigour for the early development of our popular local freedom.

And this brings us to a second preliminary distinction, not less broadly marked than the first, nor less necessary to dispel the vulgar prejudice against so-called 'Sanitary Centralization.' Just as we have shown the local effect of the principle in question to be twofold, so now we have to exhibit as twofold its central manifestation. For, the imperial or central power has obviously two separate spheres of action—one general and permanent—the other particular and exceptional: the first embracing all the collective interests of the nation at large, but excluding the internal concerns of particular parishes; while the second, still keeping in view the general interests of the nation, enters also on parochial ground, and interferes in the affairs of district populations, aggrieved by the misconduct of their local rulers. Those who are averse to Centralization in its first-mentioned general and permanent sphere, might as well demand at once a return to the heptarchy; or claim for Marylebone and St. Pancras the right of declaring war against each other, or against France. Those, on the other hand, who repudiate the exceptional exercise of the central authority in its local sphere, evidently hold a less liberal doctrine than our own; seeing that they would hinder the imperial government from complying with the prayer of district populations. Centralization is, in fact, equally legitimate in both cases, provided that in each its action be based on ascertained public requirement, national or provincial. It is only when these limitations are disregarded, when the exception becomes the rule, and when, in opposition to the public wish, the imperial power exercises by its nominees a direct and permanent sway over local affairs, that Centralization becomes excessive and obnoxious.

The term *Centralization* is in fact a double-edged word, susceptible of two interpretations; and implying an exercise of power, in one sense wholesome, in the other odiously tyrannical. This dangerous ambiguity (like many others of the same sort) is fertile in sophisms and misconceptions, of which adroit advantage has been taken by parochial agitators, who denounce as *Centralization* (in its bad sense) the due regulation of their own misused powers, and the protection of the public interests against their private malversation. And herein we see also the equivocal source of the common but fallacious antithesis between

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Centralization

Centralization and Self-government; forms of power which, rightly interpreted, are so far from being mutually repugnant and incompatible, that they are on the contrary necessary concomitants, developed *pari passu*, each as the corrective and counterpoise of the other.

We may elucidate this view by a simple illustration, drawn from the animal kingdom, and founded on the contrast presented by infusorial life, with the life and organization of Man:—(of Man, however—and we qualify the term to obviate possible misapprehension, by cursory readers, of this and some subsequent similar illustrations—of Man, considered in a purely physiological point of view, without reference to his higher spiritual endowments, which are beside the purpose of our present argument). The lowest forms of life are simple cells, or congeries of cells, equally deficient of individual organs and of collective unity. Cut these vesicular zoophytes into halves or quarters, and each portion lives. This diffuseness of the lowest infusorial life gives place, as we ascend the scale of being, to a twofold concentration: the one *local* and subordinate, determining the development of various organs, each well defined, self-centred, and working with spontaneous powers to a special end; the other *central* and dominant, enforcing the harmonious co-operation of these manifold parts and their subservience to a collective unity. It is in Man, the highest type of life, that we find, at once, the most strongly pronounced unity of the whole organism, and also the greatest multiplicity, diversity, and individuality, of the constituent organs. And this concurrent expansion of the central and local vitality is not casual but necessary; each being, obviously, the indispensable condition, as well as the inevitable consequence, of the other; while in the well-balanced intensity of both we recognise alike the sign and the source of Man's organic supremacy. This counterpoised duality of individual life is repeated, on a vaster scale, in the social organism; which is impelled to a similar double development, as well by blindly striving popular instinct, as by conscious philosophic statesmanship. And as, within the womb, the embryo Man springs at first from a mere nerveless cell, or simple Monad, which unfolds itself gradually, by simultaneous expansion of its local and central forces, into many-ganglioned, full-brained humanity; so likewise does Society, during long ages of painful gestation, unfold progressively its double life, ganglionic and cerebral (or local and central), from primal anarchy to well-knit constitutional government. Civilization, indeed, is but the name we give to an intense manifestation of this double life, elevating while it complicates the organization of society, and exalting, by its reaction, the character

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racter and conduct of individual man. And the idea of PROGRESS, when contemplated in the light of these physiological analogies, appears the very opposite of that Subversive Innovation with which it is often falsely identified, and stands revealed as neither more nor less than the CONSERVATIVE DEVELOPMENT OF ORDER.

These very expressions, indeed, *Order* and *Government*, if examined in a comprehensive spirit, yield a satisfactory disproval of the alleged repugnancy between centralized and local institutions. For all government, however narrow its sphere, implies a convergence and concentration of force, determining the subordination of minor to major interests, and of partial to collective rights. In that first degree of government, for instance, which a man is bound to exercise over himself, the passing impulse of each particular appetite and organ is subordinated to the permanent and collective interest of the whole organism; which would be compromised by the unrestricted freedom of its several constituent members. So, again, in that second sphere of government which has its centre in the father of a family, each member's individual freewill finds its proper limit exactly at the point where further indulgence would compromise the interests of the entire household. And as individual self-government is but the first degree of centralized power, and paternal or family-government the second; so likewise the district government of many households constituting a parish, or precinct,—the municipal government of many parishes and precincts, grouped within a town or borough—and the imperial government of many towns and provinces, forming a realm or kingdom,—are but ascending grades of the same progressive Centralization; whereof even the last-named eminent degree still ranks below that loftiest supremacy, which, based on the general Law of Nations, and administered by their Diplomatic Representatives, subordinates the interests of particular States to the collective interests of Humanity. At each ascending step, we still find the power of a superior or more central organ maintaining order in a subordinate group, by regulating the mutual relations of all, and by correcting, when necessary, the internal irregularities of each. In the individual man, the *permanent* function of the great nervous centre is to keep the inferior organs in harmonious equipoise; while, by its *exceptional* curative interference, it also brings about the internal re-adjustment of any particular organ which may become deranged. So also it is the father's *permanent* function to maintain harmony among all his children; and his *exceptional* duty to correct the aberrations of any particular child whose unaided freewill proves inadequate for its self-government. In like manner, it is the *permanent* office of parochial Boards, to maintain justice and

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and fair play between household and household; while they are *occasionally* obliged, in consequence of private misrule, to restrain or modify the internal government of particular domiciles. And to our judgment it seems clear, that the central state authority is bound, by the same rule, not only to hold the balance even between rival localities, but also, in each particular locality, to interfere *occasionally* for the remedy of disorders caused by the misconduct of the local power. Nor should we find it difficult, if it fell within the scope of our present argument, to extend this analogy to the highest international Centralization; and to justify the Supreme Diplomatic power, not merely in the exercise of its *permanent* control over international relations, but also in its *occasional* curative intervention in the internal convulsions of particular states. In all these cases, so widely different in aspect, so profoundly identical in kind, the true object of government is to increase the common enjoyment of *liberty*, by repressing the reciprocal tyranny of *licence*; or, in other words, to afford to each individual governed a wider and steadier sphere of Freedom, by restraining, in his neighbours as well as himself, the discordant encroachments of fluctuating Caprice. The stringent application of this principle, in each successive sphere of government, is naturally distasteful to the erring subordinates corrected or restrained; and, so considered, the protest of a Cabinet overthrown by Diplomatic intervention, may differ from the clamour of a Board superseded by Sanitary Consolidation, or even of a schoolboy under the paternal interdict, only in its wider echo, and its graver form.

If, now, the question be raised, What degree of local mismanagement justifies the interference of the central power? or how, in any given case, is the need of such interference to be determined? the answer is obvious. The need of Central interference is evinced by the exact converse of that evidence which suffices to prove the adequacy of Local Self-government: the condition of the ruled furnishing, in both cases, the proper test; and manifest disorder calling for curative intervention, as plainly as evident healthiness claims to be let alone. Just as a *complaint* of the liver, transmitted in a message of pain along the nerves, justifies the ganglionic nervous centre in determining towards it a swifter supply of blood, or of nervous power, for its cure; just so the *complaint* of a parish or town, testified in a report of excessive mortality, or in a petition from the suffering inhabitants, justifies the metropolitan sanitary centre in directing thither, by the medium of a commissioner, the power necessary to abate its disorder. Again, and further, just as this curative invasion of the liver may be justified not only by its own complaint, but by the

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the complaint of neighbouring organs impeded in their action by the liver's disorder; just so may the remedial interference of a central authority with any house in a town, or any town in a realm, be justified not only by complaints from inhabitants of the disordered place, but also by detriment accruing to the residents in its vicinity.

So close, indeed, is the analogy between the two organisms, individual and social, that in both cases the remedy becomes worse than the disease when central interference is premature or excessive; so as to supersede, instead of regulating and restoring, the normal action of the disordered part. A country whose provincial towns should be permanently subject to the direct control of a central sanitary board, ruling by local nominees irresponsible to the ratepayers, would be in the exact condition of an individual, whose local organs of digestion, &c., instead of working spontaneously, should be habitually urged to præternatural activity by the administration of stimulating drugs. In both these cases (as indeed in all others) excess is followed by equivalent privation; and the unnatural tension, kept up for a time by undue excitement, induces, in the social as in the individual organs, a state of ultimate torpor and debility. From Centralization in this obnoxious sense our Sanitary Consolidation differs as much as the occasional use of tonics or aperients differs from habitual gin-drinking, or from Mr. Morrison's daily purge.

These distinctions have been clearly kept in view by the framers of that admirable sanitary code, the Public Health Act of 1848; an act which embodies the main principles laid down by Sir Robert Peel's Commission of Inquiry into the means of improving the Health of Towns;—and which will remain, we believe, an imperishable monument of that great statesman's far-reaching sagacity. This masterly enactment, while it places the *general* sanitary interests of the country under the care of a Metropolitan Board (the pretext of the anti-centralization cry), also recognises the principle of Local Self-government, by the simultaneous institution of District boards, elected by the ratepayers, to whom they are consequently responsible, and liable to central interference only in one of two cases: first, on an appeal or petition, emanating from the district itself, and signed by not less than one-tenth of the ratepayers; secondly, on a duly certified district mortality exceeding the high annual rate of 23 in 1000. Even, indeed, when the regulating power of the Central authority is thus called forth, either by the express prayer of a suffering district, or by a mortality prejudicial to society at large, its operation is surrounded by official delays and restrictions, designed to afford time for local deliberation, and popular concurrence

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currence in the remedies proposed. Thus, before the solicited inspection can be accorded under this Act, fourteen days' notice must be given by newspaper and mural advertisement within the district. The inspector, thus announced, is bound on his arrival to hold an open court for the reception of evidence, against, as well as for, the proposed sanitary improvements. His report, based on this evidence, and on a personal survey of the place, must next be published and circulated amongst the inhabitants; and to this official statement of his intended measures he is bound to add a detailed account of their cost, and a notice inviting the criticisms and suggestions of all parties concerned. After this ample preliminary investigation on the spot, the central board is empowered to issue a 'provisional order,' sanctioning the Inspector's plans, as modified by local amendment. But (so jealously is 'centralization' counterchecked) this order itself must be sent down and circulated in the district, for the reconsideration of the ratepayers; on whom it does not become finally binding, till sanctioned by the Privy Council, or by Parliament.

With this open and eminently *popular* procedure, so falsely stigmatized as Centralization, compare the old system of obtaining local acts, under which Paving boards, Sewer commissions, and other such district authorities have been hitherto created, and empowered to levy rates. Drawn up usually by some district attorney, desirous of sharing the expected patronage and pelf, the local bill was advertised only in legal form, suited for none but professional apprehension, and escaping the attention of the public at large. This imperfect announcement was not followed by impartial and open inquiry on the spot. There was no scheme of improvement, emanating from the metropolitan focus of sanitary experience, and overhauled by provincial mother-wit;—no cross-examination of the projector by adverse ratepayers;—rarely any opposition but that of interested proprietors, calculating on compromise and compensation; nor any evidence except that of witnesses brought up at great cost to the metropolis, for examination before parliamentary committees, unskilled in questions of sanitary engineering, and giving but a languid attention to debates, in their eyes petty and parochial. Evidently this procedure, expensive as it was to the district ratepayers (so expensive that a single local act has been known to cost 20,000*l.*), conferred on the imperial legislature a virtual Centralization, in the highest degree inconvenient and oppressive.

It thus turns out that the charge of Centralization, so far from holding good against the sanitary reformers, applies in point of fact to their assailants—the partizans of those antiquated forms

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forms of procedure which Sanitary Consolidation is designed to supersede.

And along with the main charge of Centralization fall also to the ground its several offshoots and corollaries;—as, for example, that the new sanitary organization trammels and damps *Individual Energy;* restricts the play of *Free Competition;* and supersedes that economical *Division of Labour* which is the very basis of our industrial system. These allegations are not only untrue—they are the very reverse of the truth: the effect of the Health Act being, in fact, to reinforce and develope the very principles which it is here declared to violate. It discourages, no doubt, that disastrous kind of Competition in which rival Water and Gas Companies are wont to engage; and which implies the wasteful employment of double capital, and double works, with double costs of management and maintenance, in the same limited field of supply; besides involving ruinous parliamentary conflicts, which end invariably in coalitions against the public, so as to throw ultimately on the consumer the whole burden of these reckless expenses. But, while firmly maintaining the principle that one set, and one only, of sanitary works should be allowed in each area of sanitary jurisdiction, the Health Act encourages legitimate competition by enjoining on local boards the execution by contract, on public tender, of their proposed improvements. So anxious, indeed, were the framers of this Act to call into the field all available enterprise and energy, that they have expressly prohibited local boards from accepting any contract for works above the value of 100*l.*, until ten days after the advertised invitation of tenders. Thus the competition of individuals and of companies, instead of being wasted as of old in internecine wars, is brought to bear once for all at the outset; so as to secure to the public minimum charges, while guaranteeing individual or associated contractors in the enjoyment of the stipulated profits.

And while thus affording a new and most productive field for individual energy, Sanitary Consolidation also promotes, instead of obstructing as its adversaries pretend, the economical *Division of Labour*. It is true, no doubt, that Sanitary Consolidation tends to supersede the incoherent operations of the bricklayers, plumbers, and carpenters, who now 'divide' amongst them our Sanitary works; and who have saddled us with a labyrinth of waterpipes and drains, utterly unsuited, in shape, size, and material, to each other and to their conjoint functions. But there is nothing in the principle of Consolidation to prevent the sanitary works of a district, though *planned* as a comprehensive whole, from being parcelled out for *execution* amongst the local traders and craftsmen; to

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to each of whom may be assigned that portion of the work which falls within his special competence. In point of fact this is the invariable result of Sanitary Consolidation; which, by the vast scope and unity of the schemes it begets, facilitates their executive subdivision: just as, in a well-ordered factory, the multitude and high discipline of the operatives permits the economical 'division of labour' to be carried to else unattainable limits. The more, indeed, in any branch of industry, the functions of the workers are specialised, the more essential does it become that their efforts be also 'convergent;' every fresh subdivision of the total work involving evidently, as the condition of its success, a stricter unity of collective management. The common 'division' of Sanitary labour among individuals and companies, working without concert each to a special and separate end, issues in such incongruous productions as would result from the random manufacture of pins' heads and shanks, or of watch springs, wheels, and escapements, without any reference to each other.

But when driven from these, their main positions, the champions of the anti-centralization cry fall back on two or three subsidiary pleas, sufficiently plausible to deserve, in this place, cursory examination. For example, though constrained to acknowledge that the principle of self-government is fully recognised in that clause of the Health Act which prescribes, as the condition of its enforcement in any district, a petition emanating from the district itself, they object to the petition of a *minority* being admitted to sanction the central interference, in spite of the indifference or hostility of the *majority*. And they protest, if possible loudlier still, against those clauses of the Act which authorize central intervention in local affairs, for the purpose of protecting against possible infringement the interests of reversioners and absentees. Reduced to their simplest terms, and coupled together in a single expression, the two charges amount to this—that the Health Act imposes on the Central authority the duty of protecting the Weak against the Strong. The wisdom and justice of such a provision stand approved, we think, by the same broad analogies which have elucidated our foregoing argument. In the individual frame, local *complaint* justifies central interference for its relief, though what we have called 'the message of pain' proceed from only one circumscribed spot; and though the major part of the disordered organ protest (so to speak), by nausea, against the remedies imposed. So again, in the household, the weakest child's complaint claims redress at the upright father's hands, in spite of the indifference, or opposition, of the majority in his little realm. Nay, our parochial adversaries themselves use the powers conferred on them by the 66th clause of the Act to abate the congestion of overcrowded

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overcrowded lodging-houses, without waiting the concurrence of a *majority* of the inmates to sanction their remedial intervention. In presence of a rule thus universal, it is, we think, for our antagonists to show why the grievance of a Minority should be ignored, or its redress denounced as obnoxious 'centralization,' at that point only of the ascending scale, when the oppression complained of is that of a parish board, and the aid invoked that of the authority next above it. For our part, we are content to rest the right of Minorities, in this last case, on its analogy with the undisputed claim of the weak to protection, in every other sphere of government.

And, in thus extending to our public polity that generous rule of private morals, which measures the duty of the strong by the helplessness of the weak, we virtually sanction Central intervention in behalf of those silent suppliants for care—the absent and the yet unborn. While, therefore, the Health Act, by authorising the distribution of sanitary improvement-costs over terms of years, very properly relieves present occupants, and owners of terminable interests, from payments which, if levied at once, would be tantamount to confiscation; it also, with equal propriety, subjects this local distributive power to a central check, lest the present generation of ratepayers should make it a means of shifting from their own to their successors' shoulders an undue proportion of the fiscal burden which should be jointly borne. It is for this reason that local boards, elected by the ratepayers of the day, and naturally disposed to favour the immediate interests which they represent, are bound, by the 119th clause of the Act, to obtain the sanction of the General Board of Health, before raising loans for Sanitary purposes on mortgage of improvement-rates, spread, as above described, over terms of years. This restriction shuts the door against a mass of 'jobs' in which local boards would else probably be tempted to engage, to the present profit of themselves, or their friends, but to the grievous detriment of the next generation. Society owes, we think, to its unborn members, this protection against the cupidity of the living; and the supreme intervention by which the rights of posterity are thus guaranteed, cannot, in our judgment, be justly stigmatized as 'Centralization' in its obnoxious sense.

One other plea, however, affords a refuge to the impugners of Sanitary Consolidation, when driven to their last entrenchments. They take up their position as champions of Private Property; whose 'sacred rights' they declare to be infringed by the application of the new Sanitary dogma. They denounce, for example, as inquisitorial and un-English, the sanitary inspection of private domiciles; and they protest against the legislative enforcement of

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house-drainage as an unconstitutional interference with proprietary privileges. Whether a cesspool under a house be a nuisance or not, is a question, they contend, for the householder himself to decide. From the recognised axiom that Every Englishman's house is his Castle, they infer that its invasion, on any pretence whatever, is Centralization in its most despotic form: nor do they admit any difference in this respect between the basement of the castle and the floors above—between the Englishman's drain and his dining-room.

The reader will at once perceive the applicability of our previous rejoinder to this auxiliary plea; and we refrain from wearying him with a formal demonstration that each man's right of private property, like his freedom of individual will, ends exactly at the point where its further extension would infringe on the similar rights of others. Naturalists tell us that in a beehive the movements of each little builder's feet tend to model the plastic wax in a circular form around him; and that it is the similar exertions of the surrounding artificers, acting in a contrary direction, that reduce each cell to the hexagonal form. Just so, in human societies, each individual's share of the collective power resulting from co-operation, is purchased (and cheaply purchased too) by a partial sacrifice of personal independence, compressed on all sides by the contrary development of like rights—equally expansive, and similarly restrained. So that any bee in the social hive who seeks to widen his hexagon into a sphere, finds himself immediately opposed by the six neighbours whose respective lodgings would be narrowed by such an encroachment. This principle, embodied in the well-known maxim of our common law, *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas*, establishes a broad distinction between the dining-room and the cesspool or drain, as subject-matters of private property. For, in using the first, a man can hardly annoy his neighbour; whereas in using the second, or in neglecting the third, he pollutes his neighbour's air as well as his own. This distinction was clearly understood—and acted on—so early as the fourteenth century. For, in 1320, we find a complaint laid before Parliament by the inhabitants of Smithfield against the butchers in that neighbourhood, for digging wells or pits 'without the King's licence' to receive the offal of their slaughtered beasts; which malpractice the mayor and corporation of London were thereupon directed to restrain. Here again, therefore, as before, the *soi-disant* champions of private right prove to be really its rudest assailants; trespassing on the liberties of others while denouncing the infringement of their own; and practising the very despotism of which they complain.

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A striking example of individual tyranny practised in the name of 'property's sacred rights,' will bear out these assertions; and justify, we think, to average common sense, the value of the central counterpoise afforded by sanitary consolidation.

About a mile and a half from a certain Scotch town stands an old corn-mill, the original owner of which dammed up a small stream to turn his wheel. The surrounding country, to the extent of nearly twenty square miles, has its drainage obstructed by this mill-dam; which causes periodical inundations, whereby extensive hay-crops are destroyed. The injury thus occasioned has amounted in the course of years to many thousands sterling; while the mill whence all the evil springs only produces 25*l.* per annum. A proposal, made by the neighbouring proprietors, to purchase the removal of the dam, by payment in full of the annual rental derived from the mill, was stubbornly resisted by the owner—an ignorant man, standing on his 'private rights,' and caring apparently more for his mill than for the prosperity of the surrounding population. His decision, whether founded on whim or speculation, could not, it was found, be overruled without a special Act of Parliament, which funds were not forthcoming to obtain: and he has continued, year after year, inflicting loss of rent on the owners of the water-logged land, loss of produce and profit on the farmers, loss of wages on the labourer, and on all (himself included) hazard of marsh-fever from the poisonous miasmata left behind by the swollen waters in their subsidence. The restriction by imperial power of such 'private rights' as these, whether exercised in town or country, cannot we maintain be justly stigmatised as excessive or unconstitutional Centralization. Nay, the justice of our new Sanitary code stands herein most conspicuously approved,—that whilst, as we have before seen, it protects oppressed Minorities against the dominion of the mass, it defends also, with equally scrupulous concern, the interests of Majorities, when in their turn oppressed by the tyranny of individual caprice.

For, indeed, just as our modern Political System accounts the Weak and the Strong to be equal in the eye of Civil law; just so does our new Sanitary Code regard the Few and the Many as equal in the presence of Natural Law; overruling, in virtue of that supreme authority, all irregular manifestations of human *arbitrium*, however strongly fortified by the concurrence of numbers, or by the sanction of immemorial usage. It is, indeed, this principle (hitherto vaguely felt, perhaps, rather than rigorously defined) which mainly distinguishes the Sanitary Movement from other less determinate forms of progress. Based on determinate physical

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laws, which have compelled, by the terrible consequences of their infringement, the universal recognition of scientific men, the Sanitary evolution pursues its course independently of unenlightened Will, whether opposed to it by units, or by majorities of the population. Political movements, on the contrary, originating as they do not in ascertained *law*, but in fluctuating and controvertible *opinion*, depend essentially on the public *will*, manifested either by present numerical preponderance, or by old usage implying the concurrence of successive majorities in time past. Hence premature Political Centralization is abhorrent to a free people, who see in it the mere substitution of the will of the few for the will of the many; while Sanitary consolidation becomes more popular the better it is understood, because it replaces all arbitrary will whatsoever (whether that of the many themselves, or of the few), by Natural Law: which substitution, *Lex pro arbitrio*, is instinctively felt by the mass of the people to lie at the very root of their progressive enfranchisement.

If now, quitting the theoretic for the practical point of view, and passing from the study of principles to that of results, we proceed to compare the actual working of the old and new forms of procedure, we shall establish, by evidence of the most positive kind, the superiority of Sanitary Consolidation.

It was in the year 1846 that public attention was first strongly directed, by the evidence taken before the Commons' Committee on private bills, to the extreme incoherency of the old local administrative system, and to its *previously unsuspected centralizing tendency*. It then, for the first time, became generally known that the Imperial Parliament passes, every year, a larger number of private and local than of public bills; the measures of the former class enacted from the date of the Union to 1845 inclusive numbering 9200, while the general statutes carried during the same period amounted only to 5300. The Committee reported strongly against the virtual centralization which thus cast upon the imperial legislature so vast a burden of strictly local investigations; and they recommended a consolidation of the laws affecting local interests as the proper remedy for this state of things.* Some years previously, indeed, it had come out before the Committee on Municipal Reform, that the local government of the corporate towns in England and Wales was carried on under no less than 700 acts, not only at variance with each other, but in many cases utterly inconsistent with the general laws of the country. Nay more, each individual town was found to be governed under a series of voluminous and conflicting Acts,

* See Report of the Select Committee on Private Bills, p. iv.

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numbering frequently several scores, utterly defying popular apprehension, perplexing the magistrates, and baffling the acumen (while filling the pockets) of the very lawyers themselves.

Liverpool, for example, was found to be governed under no less than sixty local Acts—some antiquated and dormant—some amended and partially repealed—others, on the contrary, confirmed and extended, by their successors; so that each new question, as it arose, involved laborious research, and led to costly litigations, ending often in the discovery of some preposterous ambiguity or contradiction, equally vexatious to both the parties. Under these incoherent statutes, grafted on the ancient common law, five or six independent local authorities had grown up in Liverpool, ruling fragmentary districts with divided powers, and mutually obstructing each other's functions. Thus, the Corporation of Liverpool controlled by three Committees the departments of Public Health, of Scavenging, and of Fire Police; but had no authority over water-supply, sewerage, and paving, which were administered by the Commissioners of Sewers. Of the water-service itself, so much as related to domestic supply was separated from the supply for extinguishing fires and watering streets, and was abandoned to the interested management of two antagonist trading companies. To complete this strange confusion, an outlying district called Toxteth Park was governed by independent commissioners of its own; who, within their little realm, exercised collectively all the powers, dispersed, in Liverpool itself, amongst half a dozen conflicting boards. The further this sort of investigation was pushed, the more anomalies came to light. It appeared, amongst other things, that though the sewerage and paving of *courts* fell under the control of the Health Committee, the sewerage and paving of *streets* appertained to the Commissioners of Sewers; while *neither* board had any authority to compel the drainage of private houses, whether in courts or streets. Nay, by an almost incredible blunder of the legislature, power had been conferred on one set of commissioners to interdict the drainage of private dwellings into the sewers under their control; so that they could enforce on the inhabitants the retention, in stagnant cesspools, of the very refuse which sewers are provided to remove:—and this, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Cleansing Committee, and the still stronger protests of the Committee of Health. The Fire-committee were crippled by an equally perverse severance of functions naturally allied; the water brought into the town expressly for the extinction of conflagrations being, strange to say, withdrawn from their control, and confided to the Sewer-department. Hence, doubtless, the frequency of such calamities as that recorded by Mr. Rushton, the stipendiary magistrate;

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magistrate; who told the Committee that Mr. Gladstone (the mayor of Liverpool) as well as himself, had seen a hundred thousand pounds' worth of property consumed by fire, for want of timely water-supplies. Of the administrative chaos resulting from this medley of incongruous jurisdictions some idea may be formed from the fact, that, while the *surface* of the streets belonged to the Surveyors of Highways, the *soil* beneath was vested in the Corporation; so that before an area could be widened, or a branch water-pipe laid on, two separate bodies had to be petitioned—one for leave to take up the kerbstone, the other for permission to dig below it. 'Hence,' said Mr. Rushton, 'double expenses of all sorts; double establishments and sets of officials; surveyors, engineers, clerks, lawyers, and all sorts of people in duplicate.' Such a pass, indeed, had this random legislation reached, that the same proceeding which, under one Act, was a fineable offence, was expressly authorised under another, 'passed in the very same session of parliament, and sanctioned by the Royal assent within a few weeks of its companion.' * So again, two exactly similar thefts, committed at two points of Liverpool within a stone's throw of each other, subjected the offenders to two widely different measures of punishment: one culprit rendering himself liable to two months' imprisonment at the utmost; while the other, falling within the range of a different district law, incurred *three* months' incarceration, with the severe addition of *hard labour*. In some parts of Liverpool, again, it was found that a citizen, owing arrears of rates, becomes liable under three different Acts to three summonses, three warrants, and three levies—with all their accumulated costs. Of these vexatious anomalies the mass of the population could only, as Mr. Rushton stated, 'acquire a painful and expensive knowledge, by penal informa-

* This statement seems so incredible that we think it well to obviate any possible scepticism on the reader's part by citing Mr. Rushton's evidence on the subject *ipsissimis verbis*. 'There are,' says he, 'Acts now in force in the town of Liverpool which give one set of powers to the Commissioners of Highways, and another set of powers [for the same purposes] to the Corporate body. The Commissioners of Highways are empowered, under one Act, to prohibit the projection of a certain portion of a public building more than six inches on the foot-walk, under a penalty for each offence. The Corporation are empowered, under the other Act, to permit the obstruction on certain conditions of assent being previously obtained. The Justices are empowered to enforce both those laws. On a recent occasion the Commissioners of Highways laid an information against an inhabitant for an infraction of *their* law. They clearly sustained their case, and I called on the inhabitant to justify his conduct, or to state what he had to say why a penalty of 5*l.* should not be enforced against him. He answered by producing an Act of Parliament, and showing that he had obtained the assent therein mentioned, and was therefore justified in making the projection, for the making of which the Commissioners of Highways sought to punish him. These Acts were both passed in the same session of Parliament; they both received the Royal assent within a few weeks, and contained both those powers, applying to the same town.'—*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee on Private Bills*, p. 2.

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tions;—of which no less than 11,000 had been laid against them during the previous year' (1845).

Nor was Liverpool put forward as an exceptional case. Its local arrangements were selected for description, as a fair type of the municipal organization prevalent in all the cities of this realm. Birmingham, for example, was found to be governed by no less than eight local Powers, employing eight separate sets of officers; and acting with such utter want of concert that while one Board (the Birmingham Commissioners) had expended large sums of money to keep the town-sewage out of the river Rea, another Board (the Edgbaston Surveyors) had built a sewer for the express purpose of turning their refuse into that stream. From similar incoherencies arose doubts and disputations as to the apportionment of cleansing-costs, pending which filth was suffered to accumulate, soaking the ground with hideous overflows, which neither party would interfere to prevent. So keenly alive are the people of Birmingham to these crying evils, that they have for ten years past (as Mr. Bray, the town-clerk, states) been struggling to obtain a consolidated government; with which view they last year petitioned in due form for the application of the Health Act to their town.

Equally pitiable, and still more curious, is the sanitary *morcellement* of Nottingham, as exhibited in the official reports. The sewage jurisdiction, in this town, falls short of the natural drainage area; so that the inhabitants have no power over the outfalls of their own sewers. An obstruction in one of these outfalls, happening recently to concur with heavy rains, occasioned so severe an inundation that, in the lower levels of the town, the water rose two feet high in the houses; depositing in its recession two inches of fœtid mud upon the floors. The terrified inhabitants of course besieged the parish officers who ruled over the obstructed sewer, with earnest entreaties for its clearance. But those worthies turned a deaf ear to their solicitations. They not only declined to abate the nuisance, but denied its existence; and refused even to have the sewer examined. Upon this the town authorities, very properly sacrificing municipal etiquette, and arbitrary rules, to laws and requirements of a higher order, made an incursion into the outlying parish at the head of a troop of labourers—took possession of the obstructed sewer by a sort of *coup de main*—broke it open *vi et armis*—and cleared a passage for the pent-up waters.

This general want of concert, degenerating occasionally into open warfare, is bad and barbarous enough; but it is not the worst defect of our Local Administrative system. Its powers are reduced, by extreme subdivision, to so petty a scope as rather to deter

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deter than to attract the ambition of educated men. Theoretically, the conduct of local affairs should devolve on the wealthiest and ablest ratepayers: in other words, on those who, contributing most largely to the local funds, are most interested in securing their judicious expenditure—and who, by their superior knowledge and influence, are marked out as natural leaders of the community. Practically, however, such men shrink from engaging in parochial squabbles; and gladly suffer the paltry powers of half a dozen clashing boards to fall into the hands of an inferior class. This is especially remarkable in the largest towns, whose 'merchant princes' abdicate their legitimate sway over affairs of vast *collective* importance, because of their *subdivided* insignificance. Hence the low tone and narrow views of our existing local boards; hence the public indifference to their petty proceedings; hence also obscurity, parent of 'jobs;' and hence the coalition of active cupidity with inertial ignorance, in obstinate resistance to Sanitary Reform.

All these facts are matters of notoriety. Every one knows that owners of ill-conditioned tenements take local office, expressly to defeat measures within whose scope their own neglected property would fall. It is a matter of course for tradesmen to get themselves elected, or to procure the nomination of their friends, with a view to lucrative parish contracts, or to secure clerkships, &c., for their children. And each, so soon as his private ends are gained, shakes off by resignation his share of public responsibility for extravagant or defective works. Fluctuating thus, and unpaid, so as to be practically as irresponsible as they are interested and ignorant, these little knots of men nevertheless despatch offhand, at occasional meetings, held in snatched intervals of private business, sanitary problems involving the health of vast populations; and almost baffling by their extreme complexity the *unintermittent* study of the ablest engineers.

Nor have these blind leaders of the blind pieced out the defects of their own knowledge by the science of competent assistants. On the contrary, they have usually chosen their surveyors from a class of persons as uninstructed as themselves. In the country, 'ditch-caster's foremen,'—in the towns, 'decayed builders,' or 'artificers whose knowledge extends only to common bricklaying and carpentry,' are commonly appointed surveyors to the Sewer-Commissioners. In one important district an illiterate tinman is surveyor, with a salary of 150*l.* a year—just thrice the pay of a serjeant of sappers and miners, instructed in geometry, drawing, and mensuration, and engaged in taking levels for the Ordnance Survey. In another large urban district, the commissioners advertised for a surveyor 'understanding the use of the spirit level;' a novel

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a novel demand, which is reported to have 'astonished' the candidates (mostly common house-builders); though several 'began to learn' the use of the instrument, by way of qualifying themselves for the appointment! No wonder that the office-charges, dinner expenses, &c., of such administrative bodies as these have often equalled, and sometimes exceeded (in one instance by 200 per cent.!) the beneficial outlay upon works. No wonder that, in one sewage division, the tavern bills alone, in twenty years, had run up to 7935*l.*!

Such, five years since, was the state of our boasted Local Self-government in the provinces; and such, with some partial and scattered improvements, it remains to the present day. It was in the midst of this administrative anarchy that the Asiatic Plague of 1848 suddenly descended on our shores; and proved, with the stern logic of 70,000 deaths, the weakness of a 'divided house.' While rival Boards bickered, the Pestilence ravaged the population. 'In Dumfries,' says Dr. Sutherland, '147 persons were stricken down [out of a population of 10,000] without an effort to save them. Precious time was wasted in petty squabbles; and the town has been clothed in mourning in consequence.' Immediately, however, on the adoption of Dr. Sutherland's well organized preventive measures, the mortality fell from 38 to 11 per diem; which striking decrease continued uninterruptedly, till, on the fourteenth day, the plague was entirely stayed. Like want of concert everywhere prevailed; and everywhere with like disastrous results. In town after town the Inspectors found five or six independent authorities, shifting responsibility on one another's shoulders, and each refusing to recognise any rival power as supreme. 'Even where these separate authorities manifested a fair and liberal desire to coöperate, they necessarily lost much time in serving notices on each other, and in framing expositions of the motives of their mutual requests:' so that when a preventive machinery was at last brought to bear, the officers often discovered, in their first round, the corpses of many cholera-smitten wretches (50, in Glasgow alone, for example!)—who had died in their hovels without medical aid, or spiritual consolation; without so much as a cup of water to cool their raging thirst; or a hand to straighten their cramp-gnarled limbs; or decently to close, when dead, their staring eyes.

Nor was the administrative aggravation of this great public calamity confined to the provinces. London, the centre of our boasted civilization, presented if possible a spectacle of confusion still worse confounded. The Newspapers teemed with appalling disclosures of the miseries endured by the plague-smitten poor, and of the ignorance and apathy of the Parish Boards. The City Guardians,

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Guardians, in particular, made common cause with the graveyard and slaughterhouse owners; who, in the face of an increasing mortality, 'held fast to the abominations by which they had their wealth,'* and continued 'under the veil of congenial obscurity their loathsome and pestiferous practices.'† As for their loudly asserted energy, forecast, and sanitary skill, they were with weighty facts thus crushingly disproved:—

'In April, 1847, when an epidemic typhus broke out, and ravaged the country with rapidly increasing violence, till at last, in the autumn, it produced for several weeks fourfold the ordinary mortality, what measures of sanitary reform were adopted by the parish officers? What steps did they take to purge the air of those exhalations which are the recognised vehicle of typhoid poison?

'When, in the eleven weeks from November 20, 1847, to February 5, 1848, there died in London upwards of 6000 persons above the average number—an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by pestilential cholera during the whole 21 weeks of its prevalence in 1832—what were the operations of the parish officers? What lesson did they learn from this frightful mortality? What steps did they take to secure us against its return?

'When the febrile influenza—that forecast shadow of Pestilence, which preceded the Black death in the fourteenth century, the Great Plague of London in the seventeenth, and the first terrible invasion of Cholera in our own day—appeared with fearful significance two autumns ago, and slew in a single month (December) 1000 of the inhabitants of London, where were the vaunted energy and sanitary skill of the parochial officers?

'When, in the following spring, the Asiatic pestilence itself, following its sure precursor, came travelling rapidly towards us across the continent, pursuing its old track, haunting its old lairs—entering even, in many places, the *very same houses* which it attacked before—where were our parochial strategists? What scheme of operations did they plan, while there was yet time, to keep the Destroyer from our shores, or to defeat and expel him when he came?

'The parochial officers did nothing—absolutely nothing. They left the graveyards festering—the cesspools seething—the barrels of blood steaming in the underground shambles—the great mounds of scutch putrefying in the Bermondsey glue-yards. They left us all—the poor in his squalor, and the rich in his fancied security—to be smitten unawares. And when at last it came, and the people were perishing by thousands, and the Medical Officer urged, month after month, on the parochial authorities, that the plague could only be combated *in the homes of the poor*, by an organized army of preventive inspectors, what did the parochial authorities do? They rejected the medical officer's counsel—they scouted his warnings—they even mutilated his reports; and only in the fifteenth week of a mortality unparalleled for two centuries, did they consent to the nomination of the domiciliary inspectors

* Times, Sept. 15, 1849. † Ibid.

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—who,

*—who, in their very first round, discovered the corpses of six persons dead without medical aid!"**

We would not, however, be understood to lay on the parish authorities, *as individuals*, the whole blame of these fearful calamities; which on the contrary we mainly attribute to the want of that Administrative Consolidation for which we are contending. Many individual functionaries, to our knowledge, struggled manfully against the grim Invader, and found their most strenuous efforts baffled by the state of the local law. The incumbent of Christ's Church, Regent's Park, for example, found himself, for all practical purposes, actually unacquainted with the law *of his own parish*—and the Board of Health, when applied to for information as to the requisite procedure for bringing about its cleansing and drainage, proved to be *as much in the dark as himself!* We record, as a curiosity, the main paragraph of their official reply:—

'At present no public maps are known to exist by which the areas of the metropolitan local jurisdictions could in such cases be correctly ascertained. There appear to be upwards of 120 local Acts for the denser portions of the metropolis, and 80 distinct local jurisdictions, many of which coincide neither with parish, nor union, nor police district, nor any other recognised division. Even single streets are divided, often longitudinally, and paved and cleansed at different times under different jurisdictions. In the parish of St. Pancras, where you reside, there are no less than 16 separate paving boards, acting under 29 Acts of Parliament, all of which would require to be consulted before an opinion could be pronounced as to what it might be practicable to do for the effectual cleansing of your parish as a whole.'

Take, as an instance of the cruel sufferings endured in times thus 'out of joint,' the case of a poor working man, in another parish, who lost both his children by cholera, owing to a nuisance of which (as he told Mr. Payne the coroner) he had only complained to his landlord, 'because he did not know the state of the law in his district, nor the proper authority to petition.' He had indeed, on the seizure of his second child, described the nuisance to a Policeman, who reported it to his Serjeant, who reported it to the Inspector, who reported it to the Commissioner of Police, who reported it to the Commissioners of Sewers; who finally ordered its removal. But the poor child, meanwhile, had died; a third had also perished; and two more had sickened, and lay in the blue collapse.

We need not, however, refer to exceptional periods for examples of the social ills resulting from our defective local institutions. Pestilence is but the acute paroxysm of a disorder, of

* Times, Sept. 28, 1849.

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which Pauperism is the chronic form. Both social maladies come of a common stock; and, though diversely blossomed, have their roots in the same corrupted soil. A row of squalid houses left drainless by contending parish boards, is as prolific a nursery of paupers, as of fever-patients. 'From one of these filthy abodes,' says Mr. Hollins, 'I have often traced a respectable operative's gradual descent to the workhouse.' A six weeks' fever caught from some fœtid ditch or cesspool, first involves the poor man in difficulty; his rent falls into arrear; his goods are distrained; he rises from his sick bed, disheartened as well as enfeebled; and after struggling vainly against a load of debt, he ultimately sinks with his family into hopeless Pauperism.

All this misery and degradation are in the strictest sense PREVENTIBLE. A Consolidated local government, having the power and the will to grapple in good earnest with the Drain-god TYPHUS, might cast him out, and stay his obscene breath within five years; so staunching too the noisome fountain-heads of Pestilence and Pauperism.

And these sources of Pauperism and Pestilence, be it remembered, are also the Swallow-holes of rates. Every relieving officer can point, with his finger, to the exact courts and lanes whither the streams of out-relief flow and disappear. 'The low lanes around the pier,' says Mr. Davis, the relieving officer at Dover—'the mass of wretched cottages called Manger's rents—the old workhouse ground,' and several other such filthy places, 'continually haunted by fever and smallpox, are the main absorbents of the 3400*l.* annually spent in relief at Dover.' We shall presently see that for less than half the capital corresponding to this annual rate, the sanitary regeneration of these fever-nests might be accomplished; and their sickly, degraded inmates transformed into a healthy, self-supporting population.

But here another objection is interposed by the adversaries of Sanitary Reform. Granting, they say, for argument's sake, the alleged remissness of individual householders, and parish boards, what proof have you that your consolidated administration will work any better? Government 'jobs' are proverbial, and official management is invariably beaten by individual enterprise, whenever the two are fairly pitted against each other. Look for example at the government ships and steamers—notoriously inferior at all points to the produce of private yards, and as notoriously more expensive. The sure way to have sewers as badly built as frigates, and waterworks as expensively managed as docks, would be to establish a central sanitary *bureau*, like the Department of *Ponts et Chaussées* in France.

This objection is so curiously mixed of truth and error, and

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the deceptive compound passes current, on so many occasions, with so many cursory inquirers, that its succinct refutation may serve to elucidate, not this debate only, but many others of the same sort, hitherto obscured by the same sophism.

The sophism consists in the choice of a particular service, unsuited by its nature for official performance, as the criterion whereby to estimate the relative merits of private and public administration — of dispersed and consolidated works; and in drawing a general conclusion from this partial and one-sided comparison.

The public dockyards are, doubtless, expensively managed establishments: but their cost and comparative inefficiency depend on this obviously *special* cause — that the cumbrous machinery of a Board is here employed on a manufacturing business, *within individual competence.* The private shipbuilder, who is director, secretary, engineer, &c., all in one, can always compete with success against an admiralty board, or even a joint-stock company. But this is evidently no proof that a public department, or a joint-stock directorate, may not be indispensable forms of administration for affairs *beyond individual competence.* The alleged dockyard extravagance (taking it for argument's sake as proved) would but convict the Government, at worst, of an error in judgment, in building, rather than buying, the ships required for the public service. In point of fact, the Government knows very well that our public docks are carried on at a loss; and it thinks proper to maintain them nevertheless. It maintains them, not as commercially profitable, but as politically advantageous, for the assurance of speedy armament in case of sudden war. For the same reason the Lords of the Admiralty retain a permanent staff of shipwrights, for many of whom, in time of peace, they with difficulty find employment; counting their annual cost insignificant in comparison with the possible loss which might result to the country, from a dearth of well-trained labour, in the event of unexpected hostilities. With the policy of these views and arrangements (a much vexed and fairly debateable question) we are not now concerned. Our present object is merely to show, once for all, that no conclusion can be drawn from the case of the docks, against the propriety of Government intervention in affairs *beyond* private or parochial competence.

If, now, we are called on for an example of such affairs, to set against the case of the ships, we may cite the maintenance of the public roads;—notoriously mismanaged under the piecemeal system of the Turnpike trusts; and as notoriously improved and cheapened, wherever those trusts have given place to consolidated official administration. The old Turnpike Trusts,

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1116 in number, with usually 100 members at least to each trust, have covered the country with 22,000 miles of highways, 'of which,' says Sir H. Parnell, 'there is scarcely one not extremely defective in all the qualities of a perfect road.' These scattered Trusts, according to the Road Commissioners' report, have employed 1300 surveyors, being ten times the requisite number, with a proportionate excess of treasurers and clerks—in all 3555 officers! Their *management* expenses alone have averaged 10*l.* per mile per annum!—being, on the lowest estimate, from five to seven times the cost of consolidated management. On very imperfect repairs they have spent no less than 51*l.* per mile per annum; and by these, and other such monstrous extravagances, they have burdened the country with a road debt of 9,000,000*l.*—which is said to be still on the increase. This waste, however, has been promptly checked in the local Trusts round London, by their recent consolidation under the Metropolitan Roads Commission; which has already paid off the accumulated debts, at the same time largely reducing the tolls, and very much improving the condition of the roads.

So again, the recent consolidation of the old District Sewer Commissions, which formerly divided London amongst them, jobbing and peculating at their ease, has resulted in a reduction of no less than 43 per cent. in *management-costs alone*. The Westminster district, under the old régime, paid its surveying staff, for services of a fragmentary and imperfect kind, salaries amounting to 6000*l.* a year; a charge reduced by consolidation to 4700*l.*, concurrently with a great improvement in the character and efficiency of the staff. The superior *tone* of the consolidated Commission was significantly indicated at their very first meeting; when the old system of dining together at the public cost was discontinued by a formal resolution; and when, as the noble chairman declared in his opening address, 'they felt it their ungracious duty to disallow, as illegal, dinner-bills to the amount of 186*l.*, run up by their predecessors during the last two months of their continuance in office.' *

Applying these simple facts and reasonings to the case of the London Water Companies, we may easily compute the saving that would accrue to the ratepayers, from the consolidation of their nine independent Directorates into one central Metropolitan Commission. We should have, instead of nine salaried boards, one board; instead of nine engineers, one engineer; instead of nine secretaries, one secretary; and so on through the whole list of superfluous officers. Several of the chief functionaries, whom

* Lord Morpeth's Charge to the Jury, April 6, 1848.

consolidation

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consolidation would supersede, are in the receipt of no less than 2000*l.* per annum each; and it appears from the computations of the Board of Health, that in the single item of salaries a saving of 15,000*l.* a-year would be secured to the ratepayers by the new arrangements. Again, by consolidating the collection of the water-rates with that of the assessed taxes, the present 'collector's poundage' of 9*d.* in the pound might be reduced to 3*d.* (the poundage of the assessed-tax gatherer); which would knock off another 10,000*l.* per annum. So that 25,000*l.* per annum might be saved to the metropolitan ratepayers in *management* and *collection* costs *alone*, by breaking up the Water Monopoly.

The Monopolists, however, are not easily convinced of the saving to be effected by their superannuation. They fight their ground backward inch by inch; and, though driven to admit the advantages of consolidation in the management of roads and sewers, they challenge us to prove its applicability to the administration of Waterworks.

This challenge we cheerfully accept.

Up to the year 1842 the South-Metropolitan districts were supplied with water by two rival Companies, called respectively the Southwark and the Vauxhall; whose gross receipts (added together) were then 28,000*l.* per annum; and their working expenses 18,500*l.* per annum. In 1842 the competition ceased; and the two Companies were shortly afterwards consolidated under the able management of Sir W. Clay; who, while he has raised their gross rental to 38,000*l.* per annum, has at the same time reduced their working expenses to 12,500*l.* per annum. We refrain from weakening, by any comment, the force of this simple collocation of figures.

Sir W. Clay, indeed, who represents a considerable section of the Metropolitan Water-trade, has been unable, in the face of these facts, to deny the saving which would accrue to the London public from a general consolidation of the waterworks. Nay, Mr. Quick, engineer to the companies which Sir W. Clay directs, estimates this saving at no less than 65,000*l.* per annum, or upwards of 15 per cent. on the gross annual metropolitan water-rental (431,898*l.*). It is even rumoured that several of the companies—at their wit's end apparently for a line of tactics—have, within the last few days, adopted this very saving as the basis of a scheme, which they are urging the Government to sanction, for combining their nine establishments into one Colossal Monopoly. They are making, it is said, all the fair professions usual on such occasions; promising pure water, constant supply, high service free of charge, and considerably diminished rates. But these identical promises were made forty years ago by Sir W. Clay's own company (the Grand Junction)

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tion) at its first starting, *before* it had made good its position. *After* its footing was gained, this company abandoned every one of its pledges; distributing 'puddle,' pumped opposite the mouth of the Ranelagh sewer; withdrawing the constant supply, so as to saddle its tenants with a collective outlay of about 50,000*l.* on cisterns; and making high pressure the subject of a rate, exceeding at least twenty-fold the actual cost of the service. With these scandalous breaches of faith still fresh in their memory, the inhabitants of London will hardly, we think, be again cajoled by the blandishments of these gift-bringing Greeks; nor open their gates to a new monopolist 'Junction,' still grander than its 'Grand' predecessor. Monstrous, indeed, as such a Coalition would be, considered as a privileged Trading Corporation, it would fall very far short of that comprehensive Consolidation which constitutes our most pressing sanitary need. Its tendency, in point of fact, would be to perpetuate the existing fragmentary régime, by maintaining the present administrative severance of the Water-supply from the Sewers-department and other connected sanitary services; a separation of which we have already pointed out the dangerous and burdensome consequences. But these immediate evils, grave as they would undoubtedly be, shrink into insignificance when compared with those which would result from the creation of a new Vested Interest on a gigantic scale, to thwart and trammel, probably for generations to come, the course of sanitary improvement. Such a partial consolidation (like all half-measures) would aggravate many preventible evils, while letting slip much attainable good; and we can but regard so preposterous a scheme in one of two lights—either as the wild inspiration of a Monopoly *in extremis;* or as a speculation, at once audacious and adroit, on the eventualities of a period of political embarrassment. We venture, however, to predict, that whatever other principles may have been compromised, and whatever other measures emasculated, in consequence of the present deplorable crisis, the Sanitary Movement will pursue its career, unparalyzed by any such Mezentian alliance with a Monopoly virtually defunct.

Our antagonists, however, have another arrow in their quiver; it is their last and their sharpest—and they launch it against us with a sounding string.

Granting, they say, for argument's sake, all your preceding allegations; and accepting, for the provinces, your sanitary consolidation in all its comprehensive integrity; your *Metropolitan* case breaks down, nevertheless, on a constitutional point of paramount importance. For you seek to deprive the citizens of London of an electoral franchise secured by your

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your own Health Act to provincial ratepayers. Everywhere but in the metropolis, the local boards, whether consolidated or not, are elected by the ratepayers, who are thus enabled to control by their votes the expenditure of their funds. In London alone you have intrusted the administration of the roads and the sewers, and you would now hand over the consolidated waterworks, *to Commissioners nominated by the Crown.* These Royal Commissions are a direct infringement of the great constitutional principle which entitles the British taxpayer to have a voice, through his representative, in the disposal of the revenue to which he contributes. If, then, we *must* have sanitary consolidation in London, let the new government at least be put on a constitutional footing, such as that laid down in the Health Act itself. Let us have no royal nominees to reign over us, and to level rates on us without our consent; but give us a central municipal board, composed of delegates from all the metropolitan parishes; a board as supreme in the local affairs of London, and as independent of royal control, as the local boards of Liverpool and Birmingham are, in their respective jurisdictions, independent and supreme.

This, we believe, is a full and fair statement of the main objection urged by the Parish-party against the proposed administration of our public works by Commissioners acting under the authority of the Crown, and responsible to the ratepayers only through parliament. It is a very plausible objection, we admit, and, if sound, would be a very grave one. We shall therefore rapidly but carefully examine each of the two great questions which it raises; first, namely, the question of constitutional theory; and, secondly, that of practical advantage.

To the constitutional argument we reply, that this metropolis, the seat of our Government, and the centre of our mighty empire, cannot be considered a mere *locality*, in the sense in which that term is applicable to a provincial town. The interests of London are eminently *national;* and every British citizen is more or less directly concerned in the prosperity of the British metropolis. Its noble monuments and institutions reflect a lustre on the empire at large; and its sanitary *opprobria*—such as the Smithfield offal—the tidal ditches of Bermondsey—and the crimson kennels of Whitechapel—not only injure and disgrace the particular parishes in which they occur, but discredit London in the eyes of England, and England herself in the eyes of Europe and of the world.

The parishes of London stand, therefore, in an exceptional position; and their sanitary well-being claims the solicitude, not merely of their respective guardians, but of Parliament, and of the Crown. On these grounds we hold it in the strictest sense

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legitimate and constitutional that the future sanitary rulers of the metropolis should be responsible to the ratepayers *through parliament*. Indeed, this partial sacrifice of parochial independence to public requirements of a wider scope, is amply compensated for the citizens of London by the exceptional advantages of their position. The collective forces of the empire, converging in London, as in a central focus, invest it with a grandeur and importance by which its inhabitants are dignified and enriched. These benefits, conferred by the nation on London, involve, as their constitutional equivalent, a responsibility on the part of London towards the nation, in all that concerns the honour of the metropolis. This double responsibility, local and national, is admirably adjusted by the administrative expedient of a metropolitan commission, not *exclusively* controlled, either by the London parishes, or by the nation at large, but answerable to the representatives of *both* in parliament.

Consider, on the other hand, the grave constitutional inconveniences that would result from the adoption of the Parish-party's plan; the creation, to wit, of a sort of Municipal Parliament, composed of delegates from the 176 metropolitan parishes, governing the local affairs of London, and invested with power to deliberate and act independently of the Queen's ministers. Weigh well the political influence which such a body would acquire; ruling, as it would, over a population, and disposing of patronage, equal to those of a middle-class state. Bear in mind that London, within its area of 115 square miles, contains 2½ million souls—a population exceeding that of Denmark, which covers 16,000 square miles; while the assessed property of the metropolis amounts to 12,186,000*l.*—exceeding by nearly a third the assessed property of all Scotland. A new corporate power, founded on a basis at once so colossal and so compact, would become in the strictest sense an *imperium in imperio*. Even the existing City Corporation, which governs only a seventeenth of the population of London, only a fifteenth of its houses, and only a twelfth of its property, carries with it a political *prestige* and influence which the Queen's ministers are chary of affronting. Multiply now this power, in imagination, 12, 15, or 17 times, and judge of the quasi-imperial dignity which would appertain to a consolidated common council, representing the entire population and property of the metropolis. Is it not evident that such a municipal parliament, placed side by side with the imperial legislature, would tend to uncentre the balance of national and local powers, and might, in periods of political excitement, exert a most inconvenient and unconstitutional pressure on the counsels of the Queen's Government?

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This political antagonism, the inevitable consequence of creating in London a municipal power, *at once consolidated and representative*, would involve evils largely outweighing any that could result from the issue of a Metropolitan Commission of Works, framed on existing models, and subject to constitutional checks proportioned to its wider range of power. Here again, therefore, as before, we feel justified in turning the tables on our antagonists; and in charging their proposal with the unconstitutional tendency so vehemently imputed to our own.

Experience, and the recorded manifestations of public opinion, concur with the foregoing theoretical considerations to justify these views; and to exhibit the projected municipal parliament not merely as an unconstitutional innovation, but as an innovation likely to prove unpopular.

In 1828, when all London rose *en masse* against the intolerable tyranny of the Water Companies, the demand of the population, led on that occasion by Sir F. Burdett, was—not for a board of parish delegates—but for a Government Commission to supersede the Monopolists in the administration of the Waterworks.

More recently, the Metropolitan Roads Commission, already referred to, was issued; and, though responsible to the ratepayers only through parliament, its operation has been both successful and popular.

The Metropolitan Improvement Commission, appointed by Government, and responsible to the ratepayers only through parliament, was granted in compliance with popular demand; and has worked to public satisfaction.

The issue of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission, similarly nominated and responsible, was received as a highly popular measure; and its reports elicited universal approbation.

Equally popular was the great measure of consolidation, which united under the control of a general Commission, appointed by Government, and responsible to parliament, the Metropolitan District Courts of Sewers. The subsequent unpopularity, and final dissolution of this Commission, will be recognised as a strong corroboration of our views, when it is considered that the Board was rendered unworkable, and ultimately broken up, by a well-meant but most unsuccessful attempt to give it a popular character, *by an infusion of parochial representatives*. The defective information, the jealousies, and the vestry-toned speeches of these delegates, so obstructed the labours of the competent and working members of the Board, that the business came at last to a stand-still; and it was found necessary to dissolve and recast the Commission, *excluding the parochial members*. The remodelled Commission, though reduced to less than half its former number, still

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proved

proved inconveniently large, and would have gained in promptitude of action, and in popularity, by a yet further reduction.

The reversal of the inquiry corroborates these conclusions. For we do not find the existing representative boards in the metropolis either successful or popular in their administration of public works.

The Common Council, for instance, is an elective body intrusted (*inter alia*) with the management of the city sewers; in respect of which they are quite as unpopular as the old district Courts of Sewers used to be in their several localities.

As for the parochial Boards of Guardians, their apathy and niggardliness during the Asiatic pestilence met with universal reprobation. The course they took on the Extramural-burial Question was equally unpopular. Nor can any instance be cited from the records of parochial representative administration, of a success and popularity equal to that achieved by the Government Commission of Metropolitan roads.

The proposed new parliament of parochial delegates would be but a colossal Board of Guardians, or a dilated Common Council; more mischievously powerful as an organ of political passions, but equally incompetent to superintend the complex sanitary organization of a great city. Like the provincial boards described in a foregoing page, this parish parliament would be composed chiefly of tradesmen, unskilled in the problems of sanitary engineering. Numbering at least 176 members, who would meet only from time to time in the intervals of their business, and could give to the difficult questions before them only an intermittent and cursory attention, this unpaid, fluctuating, heterogeneous assemblage could not, in the nature of things, succeed; but, like the parochial portion of the late Sewers Commission, it would make speeches, instead of doing work. Its vaunted responsibility to the ratepayers would be so weakened by subdivision and discontinuity, as to be rather nominal than real. On the parish hustings, indeed, political motives would have more weight than sanitary considerations; and even with respect to these latter, a pledge to resist present rates would find more favour with the crowd than the most comprehensive plan for reducing future *filth-costs* by well judged immediate applications of capital. Nor would hustings pledges, in the new any more than in the old corporation, guarantee the ratepayers against jobbing and peculation. Owners of ill-conditioned tenements, and others having private interests to serve, would still be, as candidates the nimblest canvassers, and as members the most assiduous attendants. Under such influences, extravagant expenditure would alternate with equally extravagant parsimony; and the costly errors of the old regime (monumentally embodied

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embodied in the city sewers) would be extended over the whole metropolis. The ratepayers would discover too late, that, in accepting this new representative administration instead of an ordinary crown-appointed Commission, they had lost the substance of responsibility in grasping at its shadowy semblance.

For, a substantive responsibility does really attach, in spite of all contrary asseverations, to crown-appointed Commissioners; and a Board of Metropolitan Sanitary Works would be subject to a controlling 'pressure from without,' of which experience enables us to appreciate the efficacy. First, Government would be responsible to public opinion, national as well as metropolitan, for the choice of the Commissioners named. Secondly, the Commissioners themselves, being few in number (half-a-dozen at most) and suitably paid for their service, would feel themselves *severally* as well as jointly liable to be called on for an account of their stewardship. Thirdly, as Government functionaries, holding office only during good behaviour, they would be amenable to the surveillance of Parliament; whose watchful jealousy of such boards was exemplified last session in the searching questions addressed, night after night, to the noble chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers. And this salutary surveillance of parliament would be reinforced out of doors by the still sterner vigilance of the Press; which recently proved its power over inefficient Government boards, by enforcing the dissolution and reconstruction of the Metropolitan Sewers Commission. Its inferior influence, on the other hand, against the abuses of an independent representative body, such as the Common Council, stands apparent in the case of Smithfield, so long attacked in vain by the united forces of the London press. Like another Troy, this citadel of filth has stood a ten years' siege; and its sturdy garrison, led by their chieftains in the Common Council—the Hectors and Memnons of intramural muck—so far from thinking of surrender, are engaged, at this moment, in fortifying their defences. The bolts of the Thunderer, terrible to Cabinets, have fallen quenched amidst the mud of the Corporation sheep-pens. Vainly, as yet, have the serpents of Apollo wreathed themselves around the body of Mr. Lowman Taylor; and vainly have they hissed into the ears of Hicks their threatful denunciations. The modern Cassandra, robed in the Broad Sheet, has clamoured without avail at the gates of St. Bartholomew; and her iron lips, still glowing with the kisses of the God, have filled the seething market-place with unheeded prophecies of pestilence and death. In those dismal Vaticinations ourselves have timely joined; foreshadowing in many a darkened page the coming gloom of pestilence; and, with almost tedious importunity, conjuring the Corporation to put away the unclean thing.

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thing. Of the apathy which ignored our warnings the disastrous consequences are but too well remembered in many a decimated household. It is against the perpetuation on a vaster scale of such a Power as this, which sacrificed London to save Smithfield, and succumbed to the Plague while defying the Press, that we now raise our voice. The Defenders of the Filth, corporate and parochial, have ruled London long enough; the late pestilence revealed their incapacity, and proved our need of abler sanitary guidance. Metaphor apart, we want henceforth a compact board of sanitary rulers, appointed for their special skill, giving their undivided attention *de die in diem* to the business of their office, and amenable, in case of error, to the threefold censure of the Parliament, the Press, and the Public. Can it, we ask, be for one moment doubted that we should thus secure, along with superior prudence in counsel, and greater promptitude in action, a more *real* responsibility to the ratepayers, practically manifested in cheaper and more efficient works, than has ever resulted, or can reasonably be hoped, from the system of parish-delegation for which Mr. Toulmin Smith and his followers contend?

The principal arguments on either side of this momentous question hang now, we think, poised fairly (and in no doubtful scales) before the reader's eyes. One plea, however, still remains to add; and one so weighty as alone might turn the beam. It is on the side of the Crown-appointed, as against the parochial administration; and consists in the power of the London ratepayers, acting through their representatives in parliament, to impose on a Government Commission, at the period of its appointment, any guarantees and restrictions which they (the ratepayers) see fit. No hustings-pledge binds your parish-delegate to economy, so stringently as the Government Commissioner is bound by a restrictive clause in the Act which constitutes his title. By such a clause, for example, we would bind our new Consolidated Commission of Metropolitan Sanitary Works *in no case to increase* any rates now payable for water-supply, drainage, and the like; while, on the other hand, we would leave them unrestricted freedom to bring about all possible *reductions* in existing charges. By another definite proviso, we would settle a maximum average rate, *not exceeding the present average rate*, at which districts hitherto without water-supply, drainage, and the like, should be entitled to those sanitary services. By a third clause, stringently worded, we would extend to the metropolis that provision of the Health Act which fixes 2*d.* per house per week as the fair average price for a domestic supply of water in provincial towns; and on those terms we would legally entitle every London householder to claim an average supply, delivered at high pressure on the constant

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stant system. So again, to secure for the ratepayers the full advantages of competition, and to hinder interference with private enterprise, as well as to guard against the possibility of 'jobs,' we would prohibit the Commissioners, by a stringent clause, from undertaking themselves the construction of works; whereof, contrariwise, we would bind them to submit the execution to public competition, on open tender, with proper securities for repair and maintenance, according to the principle laid down in the Health Act, and set forth in the foregoing pages. In short, by a series of provisos such as these, we would enforce on the Commissioners, and ensure to the ratepayers, every economy in expenditure, and every improvement in works, which the latest experience, up to the date of the Act, had proved to be attainable.

Such, compendiously stated, are the main features of Sanitary Consolidation, considered from the administrative point of view. We have endeavoured to trace its philosophical as well as its practical bearings; its relations to Self-government, provincial and metropolitan; its well marked opposition to continental 'Centralization' (in the obnoxious sense of that term); and its impartial adaptation to the rival rights of majorities and minorities, of populations and individuals, of actual and reversionary proprietors—of the living generation and of the yet unborn. We have severally examined, and endeavoured to refute, the principal objections raised against it by the opponents of sanitary reform; especially disproving its alleged incompatibility with free competition, individual enterprise, private property, and the division of labour. We have compared it with other systems of administration and forms of procedure, ancient and modern, parliamentary and parochial, commercial and corporate. And we have endeavoured to justify, by a wide range of testimony, and an extensive induction of facts, our conviction of its economical superiority.

If, now, we pass from the Administrative to the Structural point of view, we shall find the evils of the existing *morcellement*, and the advantages of the proposed Consolidation, still more strikingly evinced.

Whoever has stood by the great Steam-pump of a London Waterwork, and listened to the throbbing of its heavy valves, and felt, at each dull beat, the rhythmic water-pulse of the iron aorta under his feet, must have been struck with the resemblance of the potent engine to a colossal Heart. It may not, however, have occurred to him that London is in this respect what Naturalists would call a monstrosity; having no less than nine such hearts scattered at random through its giant frame. These it would be the first effect of Structural Consolidation to replace with one great central

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central heart of ninefold power. It appears from the engineering evidence taken by the Board of Health that by such a central engine, constructed on the plan of the Cornish mining steam-pumps, 388 tons of water (87,000 gallons) might be raised 100 feet high at a working-cost of *one shilling*: and that the whole daily supply of the metropolis (forty-four million gallons) might be raised to the same height for 25*l.* The saving in pumping and establishment costs, which would result from this first and simplest structural centralization, are estimated at no less than 28,000*l.* per annum; every farthing of which would be so much clear gain to the London water-consumers. A single example will suffice to illustrate the economy which would accrue to individual consumers from this concentration of works, coupled with the abolition of the monopolist water-trade; which measures charges, not by the cost of service, but by the consumer's need, and '*squeezability*.' Many of our readers are reminded quarterly of the extra charge, 1*l.* per annum, made by several London water companies for the supply of a closet on an upper floor. Now this service, performed by a centralized establishment, would only involve an extra pumping-cost of *one farthing and a fraction per annum*, or a total extra cost, including all charges, of 6½*d.* per annum; showing a difference of 3692 per cent. in favour of Structural Consolidation.

Follow, now, this pulsating current—the life's blood of the social organism—in its subterranean course through the diminishing branches of the distributary ducts, till at last it flows through a half-inch capillary into the consumer's house. What becomes of it here? How is it stored for use? What channels are provided for its efflux, when done with, out of the house, and out of the town?

These are questions which the water-merchants never ask themselves; and which, under the existing fragmentary regime, they could not, if they would, resolve. So vast a quantity of water is daily pumped into London, as would convert St. James's Park into a lake 2½ feet deep: but the household storage of this prodigious mass is reckoned a private affair for each inhabitant to settle with his plumber; its discharge from our houses is left to the jobbing bricklayer's or builder's contrivance; and its conveyance out of the town is the special concern of a separate Commission *ad hoc*. The case of a sick man, who had intrusted his arterial system to the care of one set of doctors, his veins to a rival clique, and the intervening capillaries to a third, would aptly represent, in this respect, the condition of our poor patient, the Metropolis.

If, indeed, engaging in a new sort of Comparative Anatomy, and practising

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practising dissection on a colossal scale, we could with some great scalpel cut across a London street, and bring the severed extremity into direct comparison with the corresponding surface of an amputated arm or leg, two things would chiefly strike us; first, namely, the general structural analogy of the two limbs, individual and social; and secondly, the extreme deformity of the latter.

Look first at the surface of the stump left by amputation of a human limb. You observe the cut ends of two channels, and of a white chord, lying close to each other, and to the bone. One of the channels is that through which the blood flows, bright and pure, to the limb; the other is that which carries it away turbid and darkened with the refuse of the vital action: and as it is thus their function to convey the same stream in opposite directions, the two channels are of nearly equal size. The accompanying white chord is the nerve.

Turn next to the cut surface of amputated Holborn or Cheapside. Here also you observe the severed extremities of artery, vein, and nerve; but scattered far apart from each other, and monstrously disproportionate in size. The water-main, a foot or so in diameter, and about a yard below the surface, is completely filled with its arterial stream. But the venous conduit, buried far below, is at least twenty times as big; and of its wastefully redundant area, the turbid return-stream, even when swollen by the heaviest rains on record, never occupies more than five or six per cent. As for the nerve (of which more hereafter), it is represented by a fibrous mass of Electric wires, each insulated by a gutta percha integument, and the whole enclosed within an iron tube (or neurilema) lying separately entrenched beside the footpath.

Consider, now, the saving which would result to us, if, taking a lesson from Nature, we were to approximate and harmonise these scattered and incongruous works. First, we should have one trench only to dig, instead of three. And the cost of digging and removing the earth at about 1*s.* per cubic yard, and of taking up and reinstating the pavement at about 1*s.* 6*d.* per superficial yard, constitutes ordinarily from one-fourth to one-half the total cost of subterranean pipeage.

'I have before me,' says Mr. Chadwick, in his evidence before the Committee on Private Bills, 'an estimate of draining some 1200 or 1300 houses, and the amount of the estimated expense is 5000*l.*; of this sum 2000*l.* is for earthwork—for digging to make the sewers, and digging for the house-drains: all which money, or at least a large proportion of it, would have to be expended over again, in digging to lay down water-pipes separately. So that, by consolidating the two works, and laying both down at once, you save a great proportion of the expense of earthworks, besides avoiding the double disturbance of the residents and repeated obstructions of the streets.'

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Keeping

Keeping this statement before us, and leaving out of the question (for the present) what we have called the *nerve*-tubes, we may easily conceive how vast the sums must be which have been squandered in London on double earthworks for drainage and water-service; and how great a saving, under this single head, may still be effected by Structural Consolidation in the districts remaining to be drained and piped. Some detailed estimates, elucidating this point, will find their appropriate place in a future page; our present object being but to sketch in outline the salient features of the subject.

Amongst these stands prominently forward the great economy attainable by the reduction of the venous conduits or sewers, now so monstrously dilated, to juster proportion with the arterial mains which they accompany. In some of the old sewage districts, small courts, containing only six houses, are drained by vaulted conduits no less than 4 feet high by 2½ feet wide; whilst recent experiments have shown that a little pipe, 4 inches in diameter, amply suffices to carry off the sewage of such a place. Nay, in a trial work, superintended by Mr. Morris under the direction of the late Metropolitan Sewer Commission, 150 houses were found to be perfectly well drained by a single earthenware pipe 6 inches in diameter. Some comparative trial works, devised for the elucidation of the same point, and conducted by Messrs. Hall and Lovick under the direction of the same Commission, were still more strikingly conclusive.

Mr. Hall experimented on a sewer in Upper George Street, Edgeware Road, measuring 5½ feet high by 3½ feet wide, and receiving, by several tributary conduits, the whole drainage of about 44 acres. This great vein Mr. Hall proceeded to tie, as Magendie might tie a rabbit's. For this purpose he chose a point, only 560 feet above the mouth of the conduit; and where, consequently, its current was swollen by the collateral streams from the whole area drained. Here he built a brick wall across the sewer; leaving only a hole 1 foot in diameter for the passage of the stream. From this hole a pipe, 1 foot in diameter, was carried to the outlet; a distance, as we have said, of 560 feet. This portion, therefore, of the old vein, was virtually replaced by a new one, of less than a twentieth the former size, and about as big as an ordinary arterial water-main. The results of this experiment were capital, and very curious. The original sewer had—like all its monstrous tribe—been wont to accumulate deposits, which were only partially kept under by incessant flushing. But in this twelve-inch pipe no deposit whatever took place; a result attributable, of course, to the increased velocity of its closelier pent stream. This, indeed, ran 4½ times faster in the little conduit than

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than in the large one; so that broken stones of several ounces weight each, when put in at the top of the pipe, were heard rattling along it, and speedily issued at the other end. Nay, when the pipe was flowing about half full, two brickbats, weighing 1¼ lbs. each, were carried through its whole length, and emitted with such force from its mouth, as to strike the man who was watching for them a blow on the legs, which he declared to be painful. And a live rat, put in on the same occasion, came out at the lower end in so headlong a fashion, as proved him to have lost all control over his own motions.

Nor were Mr. Lovick's experiments less instructive. They took place in a flat-bottomed sewer, 3 feet wide by 5 feet high, draining 1200 houses, and accumulating no less than 6000 cubic feet of foul deposit per month. Here was laid down a pipe of 15 inches diameter; through which, by an intercepting wall, the whole of the sewage was made to flow. This pipe, like Mr. Hall's, transmitted the stream far more swiftly and freely than the great sewer which it replaced had done; and its own scour sufficed to keep it free from deposit. Such tubes, we learn from the engineering estimates before us, may be laid down for less than a fifth the cost of ordinary brick-sewers built on the old 'Roman grandeur' principle. Nay, the mere cost of flushing these latter amounts in many districts to 29*l.* per mile per annum; whilst the total construction-cost of the self-flushing tubular sewers, if distributed over 20 years, would barely amount to 20*l.* per mile per annum. Even in the comparatively well-managed Holborn and Finsbury district the flushing-costs amount to 17*l.* 5*s.* per mile per annum: so that, striking a fair average between the higher and the lower figure, we may venture broadly to assert that *London might be drained* (de novo) *on the tubular, or physiological system, not only without levying fresh rates on the inhabitants, but with a direct and immediate diminution of existing charges.*

These are but cursory indications; yet they will give the reader some idea of the advantage which would result from a Structural Consolidation, tending to approximate and adapt to each other the main veins and arteries of London, at present so absurdly incongruous.

Push now the dissection a little farther. Carry the scalpel through the house itself, and lay open with a widened gash the ultimate capillaries of the urban circulating system. A whole series of new disorders and deformities are thus at once revealed.

First appear two great tumours—one (so to speak) *aneurismal*, on the influx pipe, or artery; the other *varicose*, on the efflux channel,

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channel, or vein. These two abnormal dilatations, named respectively Cistern and Cesspool, are companion evils; or rather companion forms of one great evil....STAGNANCY—parent of sanitary ills. In these receptacles of sediment and filth are bred the deadliest of the poisons which taint the earth we tread on, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. They are a sort of abscesses in our social system; and their evacuation and removal is the most pressing duty of the sanitary surgeon.

Another disorder, analogous in kind and consequence, consists in the abnormal dilatation of the venous capillary, or house-drain, not only as compared to its arterial companion (the water-pipe), but also relatively to the main vein, or public sewer,—monstrous as we have just shown this to be. For your ordinary private-house drain is very commonly a foot in diameter; and large enough, therefore, to carry off the sewage of 44 acres, according to Mr. Hall's experiments; or of 1200 houses, according to Mr. Lovick's results. The minimum size of house-drains permitted by the Building Act is 9 inches diameter; and the collective sectional area of these private drains in London equals, on a low estimate, fivefold the sectional area of the Thames at Waterloo Bridge during high water. To keep these capillaries full and flowing would take a river above 1000 feet wide by 100 feet deep, running at the rate of two miles per hour: whereas the actual water-supply of the metropolis—all that really passes through them—would scarcely keep a brook 9 feet wide by 3 deep, flowing at the same rate. The consequence is that our house-drains, lacking water to scour them, get choked with a pitchy coagulum—like the stagnant blood in a cholera-patient's veins.

But the material of these conduits is not less strikingly incongruous and absurd than their bulk. The water-pipe and cistern are of lead—which is converted by oxydation into a poison, possessing the frightful power to paralyse different parts of the body successively: so as first to destroy the peristaltic action of the bowels—then to palsy the wrists—and finally to disorganise the brain itself. The corrosion by which this poison is produced, takes place so rapidly,—especially with such hard water, and such impure lead, as are in use in the metropolis,—that cistern-bottoms weighing 8 lbs. to the foot are sometimes eaten through in two years, and very commonly in four or five. Under some circumstances the corroded matter is taken up by the water in clear solution; in other cases it lies, as an insoluble precipitate, at the bottom of the cistern—or sticks in carbuncular masses to its sides: and we have known it to rise, with other impurities, and

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and float as an iridescent scum on the surface of the water.* There is probably, at this moment, not a leaden cistern in London which is free from poison in one or other of these conditions; poison above, poison below, or poison round about; poison invisibly dissolved in the water, poison visibly suspended in it as a milky cloud, or poison glittering in the scum upon its surface. We have seen leaden water-pipes completely honeycombed, and eaten into holes by hard water transmitted through them; nay, we can cite individual cases of lead-poisoning from this cause, within the district of the New River Company. Under consolidated arrangements, tubes of glass, earthenware, glazed iron, or other incorrodible material, would at once be adopted instead of these leaden conduits; which, independently of their poisonous quality, are actually *costlier* and less durable than either of the above-named substitutes. Let us add, in anticipation of the cry of 'impracticability' ever at the tongue's tip of the sticklers for routine, that glass service-pipes, experimentally fitted in a London house, have worked well under high pressure for twelve months past; and that the town of Maestricht, on the Meuse, in Holland, is supplied with gas through 6-inch tubes of glass, which, though laid down three years since beneath the streets, have not only stood the ordinary traffic, but have borne without fracture the passage of heavy artillery, dragged over them repeatedly at their manufacturer's instance, to place the question of their strength beyond a doubt. We are happy to learn that this application of glass, which Sir Robert Peel predicted some years since in taking off the excise on this material, is at present engaging the attention of our principal glass-manufacturers in the north; so that in this particular also the late minister's forecast bids fair to be justified by the event.

But for ludicrous incongruity between its structure and its function, the house-drain, if possible, outdoes even the water-pipe. Though it is essential that these channels should be water-and-air-tight, they are yet built of bricks, so porous that each will absorb about a pint of water; and so small that a thousand of them, with a thousand chinks between, go to the making of an ordinary house-drain. The chinks, no doubt, are stopped; but in a rude fashion; and with so soft a mortar, as readily gives way (like the bricks themselves) before the teeth of the rats. Hence fluid-leakage into the soil beneath, and gaseous exhalation into the air above;—pernicious damp dilapidating the foundations of the house, and poisonous miasmata undermining

* We owe our knowledge of this most important fact to Mr. Noad, the chemist, who obtained an abundant precipitate of lead from the scum of water contained in a leaden cistern at Clapham.

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the health of its inmates. Beside evils of such magnitude as these, it may seem almost puerile to notice the annoyance of the pilfering rodentia admitted through these sieve-like drains into our larders. Yet this is no light evil in the aggregate. It is computed that the wholesome food, which the rats of London consume or spoil, would suffice for the nourishment of several thousand men. Their multitude is at once the measure, and the reproof, of the foulness of our social organism; which is infested by these vermin, as the unclean individual is by other parasitic swarms—equally nimble and equally loathsome.

But we are not at the end of the anomalies, disclosed by this new sort of dissection, and manifesting our urgent need of Structural Consolidation. Every one knows that water is chiefly consumed, and sewage produced, in the offices at the *back* of our houses; whereas the water-mains and sewers are, with a strange perversity, laid down *before* them, in the middle of the street, some 60 or 80 feet from our back-offices. Hence four important evils. First, the capillaries, arterial and venous, of each house, must be 60 or 80 feet long (more or less)—instead of 10 or 15 feet, which would suffice were our sewers and water-mains laid in the rear. Under this single item, therefore, *five-sixths of our expense would be knocked off at one blow by Structural Consolidation.* Secondly, the branch-drain, in order to reach the sewer in the street, must pass beneath the house which it relieves; whereas to reach a postern sewer it would pass beneath the back-yard only, and its exhalations would ascend, not into the house, but into the open air. Thirdly, a front-drain, 60 or 80 feet long, can rarely have a good fall, so as to ensure a rapid and free discharge; whereas, with the shorter back-drain, we should command a five-fold slope, affording proportionally swifter and more certain evacuation. Lastly, with drains under our houses and sewers under our streets, we are subject to frequent invasions of workmen; who tear up our kitchen-floors to repair the private ducts; and obstruct our streets with great trenches, and barricades of paving-stones, to operate on the public conduits: from which grievous annoyances the postern system would deliver us for ever, only imposing on us, in their stead, the comparatively trifling evil of an occasional incursion into our back-yards.

Of these four evils (all, be it observed, preventible by Structural Consolidation), the second is by far the worst; as many of our readers know, probably, by experience, and as others may gather from the following anecdote, for the accuracy of which we can vouch:—

A gentleman of distinction, occupying an elegant mansion in one of the principal streets in London, found his abode so haunted by

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by unpleasant smells that he at length made up his mind to abandon it. So far his case was commonplace enough. But the circumstance which especially provoked and perplexed our friend was, that the stench invariably arose in greatest strength, *whenever he gave a party*. He had, of course, caused the drain of his house to be opened, and search to be made for any obstruction or lodgement of foul matter within it. But nothing of the sort was found; nor could any of the builders, consulted on the case, explain the mysterious aggravation of the nuisance precisely on those occasions when the gentleman's friends were assembled around him, and his house was swept and garnished for their reception. It seemed as if some malignant agency were at work underground for his especial vexation and discomfiture. At last, when he was on the very point of giving up the house, a builder, more sagacious than the rest, traced the strange evil to its physical cause. The house-drain, which ran beneath the kitchens, had become leaky, through the fall of mortar from between the bricks, and the gnawing of holes by the rats. Whenever a party was given, more fires than usual were lighted in the house; while the windows and doors were kept shut for the exclusion of cold and noise. The upward draught of air through the chimneys being thus increased, while the ordinary channels of indraught were diminished, a stronger suction-power naturally took effect on the column of foul gas within the drain; and this gas, as it streamed upward into the house, was replaced by fresh supplies from the common sewer—of which, therefore, in simple fact, this house (like many others in London) was virtually a mere recess.

And here we cannot refrain from interposing a remark on the error of those who regard Sanitary Reform as a purely philanthropic movement, deserving support as useful to the poor, but little if at all affecting the personal welfare of the rich and great. Many hundreds of the aristocratic residents in Belgravia, and of the merchant-princes in the City, are undergoing, more or less consciously, the baneful influence of such noxious exhalations as we have just described. The 17 million cubic feet of decaying residuum, now lying a subterranean chaos under London, debilitate us all, without exception; and injure rich and poor more equally than is commonly supposed. It appears, indeed, from that most appalling revelation, the Report of the late Subterranean Survey, that Belgrave and Eaton Squares, as well as the whole splendid neighbourhood of Hyde-Park Gardens, stand over sewers 'abounding with the foulest deposit, in many cases stopping up the house-drains, and emitting the most disgusting effluvium;' and that the more ancient sewers of Cavendish, Bryanstone, Manchester, and Portman Squares, are in such a state of rottenness and

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and decay that there is no security for their standing from day to day, and that even the attempt to evacuate them, by flushing, 'might bring some of them down altogether;'—while, curious to tell, 'the only little spot in the whole Westminster district, of which the sewers are at all in a satisfactory condition, is SEVEN DIALS!'

Nor is our gracious Queen herself, in her sumptuous palaces, exempt from the pressure of these universal evils, nor less directly interested than the meanest of her subjects in the question of Structural Consolidation. Windsor Castle, indeed, was lately ascertained to stand over a complete labyrinth of leaky drains and cesspools, which, through a thousand unsuspected chinks gnawn by those Secret Poisoners—the Rats, poured forth the 'vapours which have strength to kill' into the gilded banquet-halls above. The basement floors of Buckingham Palace, some years ago, were so riddled by these little Subterranean Traitors, that two eminent *savans*, who were called in to suggest a remedy for the resulting stench, found her Majesty's apartments, so to speak, ventilated through the common sewer.

We read in the Chronicles of old Asser the monk, King Alfred's friend and tutor, that our great monarch was led to strike out his remarkable invention, the horn lantern, by the flickering of his graduated clock-candles, whose unprotected flame swayed to and fro in the wind 'that blew in through the chinks of his palace.' And in contrasting this barn-like gustiness of King Alfred's dwelling with the snugness of our modern mansions, we are apt to indulge in a self-complacent smile at the rude architecture of that semi-barbarous age. Is it, however, quite certain, after all, that our own condition justifies this disdain? Is it quite certain that centuries hence, when Windsor Castle is an ivied ruin, and the bats flit by moonlight through Buckingham House, Posterity will not smile, in its turn, at the vaunted luxury of our royal palaces—exposed, by subterranean crannies, to far more noisome blasts than ever visited, through lateral chinks, King Alfred's primitive abode?

These questions, however, it is not ours to solve—nor even here to ponder. They will have served their end, if they remind our more exalted readers of their inevitable share, as well in the burdens of our epoch, as in the duty of struggling for their removal: which how to set about, and with what prospect of advantage, comes next in order to be shown. How may we best accomplish, at what cost in capital, and with what annual saving, the abolition of cisterns and cesspools; the substitution of back drainage and water-supply for the present mains and sewers beneath the street; the adoption of a constant and unlimited supply through pipes kept

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kept full at high pressure, instead of the intermittent or tank-filling system, to which the water-monopolists so stubbornly adhere; and, finally, the exchange of our tumid barrel-drains of brick, for short, small tubes, of well-burnt vitreous earthenware, carried *from*, not *through*, our houses?

These being all plain questions of feet and inches, and of pounds shillings and pence, the best way of settling them is evidently to select a fair average block of houses, in an average locality; and then, rule in hand, with plan and builder's price-book before us, to work out the precise saving which would result to each householder from the adoption of the combined and simplified works under consideration.

Such an average block, comprising 282 houses, and covering 9 acres of ground, exists at Hanway Yard, Oxford Street. It forms a compact square mass, or *insula* to borrow a term from the Romans, favourably situated for sanitary engineering, with a sewer on either side, at sufficient depth to afford the requisite outfall. Mr. Cresy, assistant surveyor to the late Sewers Commission, inspected this block, and ascertained the existence of house-drains and cesspools occupying collectively about 8500 superficial feet, or one-fifth of an acre—being just a forty-fifth part of the entire area. The whole of this subterranean network was loaded with decaying matter, which had also oozed into the soil around; and from this vast evaporating surface arose an effluvium by which the houses were all more or less offensively infected. The mass of earth requiring excavation, in the *separate* execution of drainage and water-works for these houses, was ascertained, by careful measurement, to be 10,256 cubic yards; and the extent of pavement requiring to be lifted and replaced was 1400 superficial yards:—costing together (at 1*s.* 1*d.* per yard for the digging, &c., and 1*s.* 6*d.* per yard for the paving) 726*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—half which, or 363*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, represents the saving in earthwork attainable, in this case, by the joint execution of the two works.* It further appeared that the cost of draining these houses on the old plan, and fitting them with cisterns, &c., on the intermittent system, averaged 22*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* per house; whereas the cost of the improved back-drainage through stoneware tubes, and of water-pipeage on the constant principle, without cisterns, averaged only 4*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* per house.

Take another example, selected from a superior class of houses,

* The saving would, in fact, be greater; for the prices cited in the text for digging, paving, &c., are such as jobbing contractors have obtained under the old régime, but which would be largely reduced under the new. We have, however, adopted Mr. Cresy's figures as they stand, to show *separately* the economy attainable by the diminution of earthwork, without reference to a financial advantage due to other than the *Structural* reforms at present under review.

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and equally conclusive in favour of the new plan of Postern drainage over the old Street-sewer system. Great George Street, Westminster, contains 44 large houses, drained by brick barrel-drains running under the premises from back to front into the common sewer, which passes down the middle of the street. These brick drains were measured by Mr. Grant, one of the surveyors to the Metropolitan Sewers Commission, who found their collective length to be 3686 feet, and their total cost, on a low estimate, 910*l.* 19*s.*—or 20*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* per house. The collective length, and the cost, of tubular back-drains for these same houses, were respectively 1544 feet, and 83*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*—or 1*l.* 18*s.* per house. The comparison, it will be observed, is in this case made between the drains alone, without reference to water-service and other connected apparatus.

Vast, however, as the saving is, and striking the improvement, thus attainable in average cases, still greater economies result from the application of the improved works in fouler and more neglected districts. Nay, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, the improved drains are not only cheaper than bad drains, but cheaper even than *no drains at all.*

For proof of this we must explore one of the plague-spots of the metropolis; such an one, for example, as exists in the parish of St. Giles, and is commonly known as the 'Rookery.'

In this dismal place, 95 small houses, crowded on an acre and a tenth of ground, lodge every night a huddled swarm of 2850 human beings! It does not fall within our present scope to dwell on the obscenity and crime engendered by this brutal herding of a promiscuous and fluctuating multitude, comprising males and females, children and adults, the innocent and the depraved, pressed together, by night, in a way which renders privacy impossible, and breaks down every barrier to lust. Our business lies, not with the palpable outgrowth of this misery, but with its deeply-planted roots; and for these roots we must grope underground. We must probe the horrible pits of festering putrescence, of which one (for example) is described by Mr. Gotto* as 'situated in the back yard of No. 10, Carrier Street, having its brim 12 inches above the level of the house-floor, and covering the yard with its black overflow, which, spreading to the wall, soaks into the adjacent premises.' We must contemplate, without shrinking, the loathsome spectacle of 'one resort, common to 5 houses containing about 150 persons'—and of 'a narrow passage, between high walls, 4 feet apart, covered with deposits which diffuse through the premises a sickening stench, till the dustman comes at morning to remove them.' We must note the scanty water-

* Report by Mr. Gotto, June 15, 1849.

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supply—in one place doled out 'through a pipe in a cellar occupied by 15 persons;' further on, begged, pailful by pailful, from the neighbouring chandler, who turns this strange almsgiving to account by laying an extra halfpenny on each loaf of bread supplied to his mendicant customers. And we must take into account the 'masses of ashes and filth' thrown from the windows into the streets, for lack of dustbins, and rotting there amidst stagnant pools of slop, which drains are wanting to remove.

Count, now, the cost of this frightful squalor, and compare it with the cost of cleanliness. Weigh against each other the expense of good drains, and the expense of no drains at all. Bear in mind that these foul accumulations *must*, after all, somehow or another, be kept down. The total mass of filth in the 'Rookery' does not *increase* from year to year, but, large as it is, remains fixed at an average quantity. The annual addition is, therefore, in point of fact, annually removed; and the task of its extrusion is not diminished one jot by what may be called the *floating balance* of refuse always remaining on hand. By what power then, and by what vehicle, is this carrying business performed? Where drains and water-pipes exist, the vehicle is *water*, and the power that of *steam*, by which the water is raised and delivered. But in the absence of pipes and water, the work must be done by *cartage*, and by the power of *horses* and *men*. Tube-drainage is therefore cheaper than cesspool-drainage, for the same reason, and in the same degree, that steam-woven calico is cheaper than hand-made lace. The filth and the finery are both costly, because they both absorb human toil; the cleanliness and the calico are alike economical, because they are alike products of steam-power. The principle is plain enough; and it is plainly borne out by the ascertained facts of this case. Most of the cesspools in the Rookery hold about two cart-loads, and require emptying every five or six weeks, at a cost of 7*s.* per load. One such cesspool was stated to accommodate ten houses, and to require emptying once a month, at an annual cost (including candles and beer for the unhappy men who are condemned to the needless degradation of this odious pursuit) amounting to 10*l.*—or 1*l.* per house per annum. In still more crowded houses the cost is 2*l.* 2*s.* per house per annum; and these is one house in which this charge amounts to no less than 4*l.* per annum. Striking an average of these costs, together with those of the slovenly scavenging, and the miserably deficient water-supply, it appears that what we may call the *squalor-costs* of the Rookery amount altogether to about 4*l.* per house per annum.

Now, an Improvement-rate of 1*l.* 15*s.* per house per annum, payable during twenty-two years, would reimburse, with interest,

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the capital requisite for the laying down of public sewers and water-mains in the Rookery, for levelling the pavement of the streets and yards, for emptying and filling up all the cesspools, and for fitting each house with a tubular drain, a suitable soil-pan apparatus, a dust-bin, and a set of pipes conveying an unlimited supply of water at constant pressure, to every floor.

Independently, therefore, of the pecuniary burdens indirectly resulting from filth, by reason of the disease, orphanage, &c., to which it leads, we have here a direct money-charge of 2*l.* 5*s.* per house, as the annual excess of the cost of filth over the cost of cleanliness. Or, to reduce the expression to its simplest and most technical form, this difference of charge per house per annum, represents, in the case before us, the superior economy of steam-and-water-power, over hand-labour-and-cartage, as means of urban defecation.

But will these 4-inch tubular drains really work? are they not liable to stoppages? are they not too small to carry off the water of occasional storms, in addition to the ordinary house-drainage? To these very fair and pertinent questions let facts afford their equally fair and pertinent reply.

In 1848, Mr. Grant, the surveyor, drained five houses through one 4-inch pipe, which has worked perfectly, without stoppages, ever since. Some months afterwards he laid down similar drains for a number of houses at Exeter; and notably for one block of 130 houses; which have all acted well, notwithstanding a comparatively scanty supply of water.

In 1849, Mr. Morris, the surveyor of Poplar, drained several courts with 4-inch tubes, each carrying away the refuse of six houses; and these drains, like Mr. Grant's, have since worked, and are still working, perfectly well.

In the same year, an outbreak of epidemic fever, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, induced the Dean and Chapter to consent to a similar subterranean revolution in that heretofore stinking quarter. On opening the ground a hideous sight was disclosed. A series of cesspools, barrel-drains, and brick sewers, were found, so large and so crammed with stagnant filth that no less than 500 loads were taken from a single portion of the network, serving only 15 houses! The sewer at one part measured 7 feet wide—at another part 17 feet high! Under the Westminster School the soil stood 9 feet deep: a pleasant reflection for parents who have had sons, paling over their books, day after day, amidst the fumes of that pestiferous gulf. The area of the 15 houses, the School, the Chapter-house, &c., with the connected grounds, was about two acres; the evaporating surface of subterranean filth was 4800 square feet—or about 5½ per cent. of

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the whole area. This mass of abomination was at once swept away by Messrs. Austin and Lovick; who replaced the old stagnant drains and cesspools with 3000 feet of tubular mains, submains, and capillaries, measuring respectively 9, 6, and 4 inches in diameter. These drains work perfectly; the immemorial stench has ceased; and the inhabitants have ever since enjoyed an unaccustomed exemption from sickness. The Dean of Westminster, in a letter to the Commissioners, says, 'I beg to report that the success of the entire new pipe-drainage laid down in St. Peter's College has, during the last twelve months, been complete. The Clerk of the Works has examined every closet once a week, and entered his written report on a book laid every Wednesday before the Dean and Chapter; and not one case of failure or imperfect working has occurred.'

As for the discharge of storm-water through these 3 and 4-inch house-drains, this much-vexed question was experimentally determined by Mr. Medworth, acting under the directions of the late Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers. Mr. Medworth ascertained that a 4-inch drain-pipe, 50 feet long, laid with a fall of 1 in 120 (or 5 inches higher at its upper than at its lower end) discharged 100 gallons of water (equal to 24 hours' supply of sewage from a house) in one minute and a half. One-sixteenth of sand, mixed with the water, was freely discharged by the sweep of the current. As the heaviest rainfall known in this country does not deliver more than one gallon on each square foot per hour, such a pipe would discharge the storm-water of 4000 square feet. And even this abundant discharge was more than doubled by increasing the declivity of the pipe to 1 in 60. As for the velocity of the current in these pipes, its rate was found to be four miles an hour, even with so slight a fall as 1 in 240: so that refuse, thus discharged at any given moment from the Post-Office, would, within 45 minutes, be already beyond the three miles' radius; and, within 2 hours, be far beyond the utmost limits of the metropolis.

It would be wasting words to insist on the impossibility of attaining these admirable results except by combined operations, including private as well as public works, planned as a systematic whole, and executed at contract prices, determined by open tender, in accordance with the principles of Sanitary Consolidation. It is found practically impossible to bring about the drainage even of a single block of houses by the agency of the several occupiers or owners; who, though served with compulsory orders to this effect, prefer the risk of disobedience, to the costs and difficulties involved in the single-handed execution of the task imposed. 'One man,' says Mr. Cresy, 'will perhaps begin; but

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but his next neighbour will demur; and another, as has actually occurred in my experience, will request to delay the works, until he shall have communicated with his landlord in the West Indies.' Evidently, we might as well call on each citizen to provide his own watchman, or to organise his share of the army and navy, as to plan and execute his private modicum of the general drainage and water system of the metropolis.

It is, indeed, curious to note the hidden relations between private and public cleanliness; relations, not merely connecting the defecation of our own dwellings with that of London at large; but even making our personal ablutions, and the general scavenging of the town, part and parcel of the same operation. We are prepared to establish, by facts which will be found irrefragable, that no citizen of London can keep his own skin decently clean, in the absence of Sanitary Consolidation.

The 300,000 houses of London are interspaced by a street-surface, averaging about 44 square yards per house, and therefore measuring collectively about 13¼ million square yards, of which a large proportion is paved with granite. Upwards of 200,000 pairs of wheels, aided by a considerably larger number of iron-shod horses' feet, are constantly grinding this granite to powder: which powder is mixed with from 2 to 10 cartloads of horse-droppings per mile of street per diem,* besides an unknown quantity of the sooty deposits discharged from half a million smoking chimneys. In wet weather these several materials are beaten up into the thin, black, gruel-like compound, known as London-mud; of which the watery and gaseous parts evaporate, during sunshine, into the air we breathe; while the solid particles dry into a subtle dust, whirled up in clouds by the wind and by the horses' feet. These dust-clouds are deposited on our clothes and furniture; on our skins, our lips, and on the air-tubes of our lungs. The close stable-like smell, and *flavour*, of the London air, the rapid soiling of our hands, our linen, and the hangings of our rooms, bear ample witness to the reality of this evil; of which every London citizen may find a further and most significant indication in the *dark* hue of the particles deposited by the dust-laden air in its passage through the nasal respiratory channels. To state this matter plainly, and without mincing words,—there is not at this moment a man in London, however scrupulously cleanly, nor a woman, however sensitively delicate, whose skin, and clothes, and nostrils, are not *of necessity* more or less loaded

* This estimate is based partly on the results of experimental cleansings carried on for several months in that part of Regent-street which extends from the Circus to the Quadrant, and partly on the working of the street-sweeping machines in the City. The data are extremely imperfect—but a proportionately wide margin has been allowed in the computation, which we believe to be an under-estimate.

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with a compound of powdered granite, soot, and a still more nauseous substance. The particles which *to-day* fly in clouds before the scavenger's broom, fly *to-morrow* in clouds before the parlour-maid's brush, and *next day* darken the water in our toilet-basins, or are wrung by the laundress from our calico and cambric.

Precisely, therefore, as we have already seen that the two modes of urban defecation (by cesspool-cartage, and by sewer-flow) are but the same task, performed by *human labour* in one case, and by *steam-power* in the other; precisely so it now appears that our private dustings and detergent operations in London (so far as they exceed the ablutionary average of the country) are but the costly substitution of private *hand-labour* for *steam-power* scavenging, by which the same filth might be economically and effectually removed.

This is no exaggerated statement, dressed up for effect. It appears from experiments instituted by Mr. Lovick that a jet of water from a well-charged main, made to play through a hose and nozzle upon the pavement, will rapidly and thoroughly cleanse the streets, with an expenditure of one gallon of water per square yard of carriage-way, and half a gallon per square yard of foot-path: or about 11 million gallons for the total street area of the metropolis. Mr. Lee, of Sheffield, having at command a stronger hydraulic pressure, performed the same work with a third less water, and in a third less time. The stones, thus washed, shine out as white as if they were just laid; and the cost of thus brightening up the Strand every day would come (on Mr. Lovick's estimate) to 3*d.* per house per week; or with the higher pressure employed by Mr. Lee, (and proposed for adoption in the metropolis,) to 1*d.* per house per week. The jet, when directed upward in the form of spray, was found to wash, cool, and sensibly to freshen the air; acting, indeed, as a *moveable fountain*. The cleansing of the same surface by hand-sweeping, and cartage, proved incomparably less effectual, and nearly six-fold dearer. As for the cost of removing the same soil, *after* its settlement (though partial only) on the furniture, clothing, and persons, of the Strand-residents, it is approximatively represented by the difference between town and country washing-bills; and if this difference be taken as only 6*d.* per individual per week, it gives a balance of 5000 per cent. in favour of steam-power cleansing; —an economy, be it observed, wholly independent of the further incalculable saving in wear-and-tear of furniture and dress, in health, strength, doctors' bills, &c., which would result from this substitution of public for private cleansing, by means of Structural Consolidation.

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The more closely, indeed, we study the financial bearings of this momentous question, the more clearly we perceive the error (already noted) of those who regard Sanitary Reform as a mere matter of charity,—the harmless hobby of a few philanthropic dilettanti, but utterly beside the 'main chance,' and indifferent to its sturdy poursuivants. Consider, for example, the evidence of practical men on the Fire-risks of the metropolis;—on their enormous aggravation by the present condition of the water-service; and on the vast annual saving in premiums of insurance, which would accrue under this single head to the citizens, from the Structural Consolidation for which we contend.

It appears from the valuable evidence laid before the Board of Health by Mr. Braidwood, Superintendant of the Fire Brigade, and by Mr. Baddeley, Secretary to the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, that 838 fires happened in London during 1849, '*of which two-thirds would have been stopped at once had there been means of applying water immediately.*' Mr. Braidwood, in referring to the chances of escape on these occasions, states, that assistance, 'to be of any use, must generally be rendered within five minutes after the alarm is given.' The average time, however, which elapses before the first engine can be procured and got in play, is stated by Mr. Baddeley to be 23 minutes; more than four times Mr. Braidwood's maximum. Even when the first engine arrives, and is set to work, it can only furnish one jet, of about an inch in diameter; which 26 men, toiling hard at the pumps, can only throw 50 feet high. Under the proposed new constant-pressure system, the effective force of half a dozen such engines, manned by 156 men, will be maintained, day and night, before every house in London, ready to act within two minutes from the first alarm. For the police will only have to screw the hoses to the fire-plugs, and half a dozen powerful jets will at once rise simultaneously into the air, ready for instant direction on the burning edifice. These arrangements are already adopted at Preston; where, indeed, the millowners carry high-pressure water-pipes into their warehouses, with a fire-plug and hose on every floor. The cost of these precautionary measures is only about 2*l.* 2*s.* per warehouse per annum. And the resulting security is so complete, that several millowners now dispense with insurances which formerly cost them 500*l.* per annum, and upwards, each. Similar arrangements have been recently adopted in Liverpool; with a saving, in the first year (as Mr. Newland, the town surveyor, informs us) of 25,000*l.* in insurance premiums alone. In Hamburgh also, we learn from Mr. Lindley (who superintended the rebuilding of the town, after the late disastrous conflagration), that 'the power of eight engines may be anywhere applied in two minutes,

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minutes, the mere time required to screw on the hose; and thus have been promptly extinguished, *in every case*, repeated fires which, under the delay of the old system, might have occasioned extensive conflagrations.' In New York, again, the losses by fire have been diminished *one half*, and the premiums of insurance *one quarter*, since the high-pressure water-service has come into use; and it is but reasonable, we think, to believe that a similar organization of our London water-service would result in a proportionate abatement of our risks, and of the insurance charges we have to pay.

With many of our great manufacturers and merchants, however, the mitigation of these exceptional disasters, and the prospect of these contingent and ulterior economies, will weigh less in favour of the consolidated régime, than the direct and immediate reduction it will effect in the rates now levied on them by an extortionate Monopoly. We have been at some pains to compute the amount of this reduction; and we present the following figures as a close approximation to the truth.

The East London Water Company has 247 large manufacturing customers, whose united annual consumption amounts to 266 million gallons; for which their collective payment is 12,000*l.* per annum, being at the rate of 11*d.* per 1000 gallons. Now, the Nottingham charge per 1000 gallons, delivered on the constant system, is only 3*d.*; and this, with a larger consumption and improved arrangements, would be susceptible of further reduction, in London, to about 1½*d.*;* at which rate the East London large consumers would pay collectively only 2000*l.* instead of 12,000*l.* per annum. Any individual manufacturer, therefore, on whom the monopolists now levy 300*l.* per annum for a supply of hard river water from the Lea, would, under the new arrangements, obtain the same quantity of superior Farnham water, for less than 50*l.* per annum; clearing thus 250*l.* a year, as his share in the profits of Sanitary Consolidation.

And here we may mention, as especially interesting the manufacturing class, a new industrial application of pipe-water cheaply delivered at high pressure from a centralized pumping establishment. We refer to the applicability of such water as a Motive Power for driving machinery. It has already been stated that 388 tons of water can be pumped 100 feet high at a working cost of 1*s.*; and the whole cost of delivering this water through pipes, taken as averaging 1½*d.* per 1000 gallons, or rather less

* Our calculations lead us to believe that a very small fraction over 1½*d.* per 1000 gallons will prove a sufficient price for water in London, under the consolidated arrangements in view. The figure given in the text must therefore be taken as a moderate estimate of the economy to be anticipated; an estimate adopted from prudential motives, and in the desire to err, if at all, on the safe side.

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than one farthing and three quarters per ton, would amount to 12*s.* 8½*d.* Now, the head of water thus raised at the central establishment, will of course exert its hydraulic pressure on the water in all the pipes throughout London; constituting thus a mechanical force available at any point of the entire network, and capable of being turned on or off by means of an ordinary tap. It is easy to calculate the cost, and effective value, of this new motive power. 288 tons of steam-raised water will, in descending through 100 feet, raise the same weight of corn, coal, or any other commodity, to an equal height, in equal time; proper allowance being made for loss by friction. Assuming this and other abatements to raise the cost of this new lifting power to one halfpenny per ton per 100 feet, it will still enable us to unload and warehouse merchandise with an economy, relatively to the cost of human haulage, which we leave to the appreciation of our commercial readers.

Steam-power itself, indeed, cannot be generated in small quantities by individual manufacturers, so cheaply as it might be procured from the vast boilers of a Centralized Pumping establishment, through the medium of the water-pipes. Small steam-engines of one or two horse-power, employed for driving light machinery, or for doing intermittent work, require as constant and as costly attendance as engines of tenfold size; and they might be replaced, with great advantage, by a motive force involving no cost in wages, creating no smoke nor dirt, and shut off when not wanted, so as to preclude the possibility of waste. Cranes, indeed, contrived to work by water-power, are already employed, though under great disadvantages, in London. Printing-presses are economically driven by pipe-water power in the United States. Coffee-mills, packing-presses, smiths' bellows, chaff-cutters, bean-crushers, and mechanical ventilators, are a few among many examples that might be cited, of light machines capable of being economically worked by this new form of power.

These new industrial applications of steam-pumped pipe-water suggest as their obvious corollary, the employment of the same power for the abatement of Domestic Drudgery. Without laying undue stress upon a benefit as yet prospective, we cannot, consistently with our public duty, pass over in silence a probable result, so pregnant with important consequences. The Steam-engine has worked a revolution in the great Mining operations, and in several of the Agricultural processes, by which the raw materials of wealth are raised from the surface, or fetched up out of the bowels of the earth. Still more completely has Steam-power transformed the Manufacturing processes which adapt these raw materials to our use, and the Distributive machinery by which they are transported over land and sea to the consumer's abode. But

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But here, hitherto, Steam-power has stopped short. It has lent no aid, as yet, to the legions of domestic drudges incessantly engaged in keeping household property fit for use. Vast as is the collective amount, and burdensome the cost, of human labour day by day absorbed in raising coals and other household stores—in washing walls and floors—in blacking shoes, cleansing kitchen utensils, and polishing innumerable forms of wood and metal—no portion of these repugnant tasks is yet performed by steam; though they are all eminently suited, by their monotonous simplicity, for mechanical execution. And yet it is beyond doubt that the daily care and cleansing of our household goods usually involve a larger aggregate expenditure than the original purchase of the articles. The *cleansing-costs* of a plate or knife, for instance, reckoned in wages paid for servants' time, will in the course of a dozen years exceed, tenfold and more, the few pence or shillings originally paid for the utensil. Of the total labour expended on boots and saucepans, from the period of their first construction to that of their final decay, the shoeblack gives probably a larger share than the shoemaker, and the kitchen-wench more than the tinman. Now, the mechanical appliances for relieving domestics of the more toilsome portions of this household drudgery are ready contrived to our hands. All sorts of rotatory brushes, polishers, and cleansing apparatus, are advantageously employed in our factories; and would be available for domestic use, *if we had a cheap motive power to work them.* This final condition—the only link required to complete the necessary chain—will be supplied by a Structural Centralization, enabling us to employ pipe-water as a Vehicle for the distribution of Steam-power, in retail quantities, to private domiciles. And though we would carefully guard ourselves against being supposed to advance these eventualities, however probable, in support of an argument too firmly based on ascertained facts to need any such speculative corroboration, we are free to declare our belief that the introduction of Steam-power into private households (coupled with the before-described replacement of much private cleansing, by public steam-jet scavenging, &c.) will at no distant date as thoroughly transform our Domestic economy, as it has already transformed our Mining, Manufacturing, and Commercial systems. And when it is considered that of the metropolitan population nearly 8 per cent. are domestic servants; while the grand total (1,165,223) entered as such in the last census is the largest return under any one head—exceeding nearly fourfold the whole number (302,376) employed in the cotton manufacture, and nearly fortyfold the whole number (29,497) employed in the iron manufacture—it will be admitted, we think, that this Domestic Revolution is likely to rank amongst the most

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most signal of the benefits flowing directly or collaterally from the principle of Sanitary Consolidation.

But we number, doubtless, among our readers, especially among those of the fair sex, some who understand little, and care less, about mechanical improvements; who, like Madame de Staël, *adorent l'inutile;* and, with Göthe, encourage the Beautiful—relying on the Useful to encourage itself. To all such we would respectfully point out the favourable reaction which Sanitary Consolidation will have on the fine arts:—the impulse, for example, which every successive abatement of filth must give to the decoration, exterior and interior, of our now dingy habitations; the prolonged preservation, by the same means, of the priceless relics of ancient art—now rapidly obscured by sooty deposits, and imperilled by their periodical removal; and, finally, the multiplication throughout our cities of cascades and fountains—those most living and poetical of all urban embellishments. When copious streams of water can be poured foaming down the mimic rocks, or thrown up, sparkling, high into the sultry air, at the cost of about 4*s.* per 100 tons, what park in London need lack its waterfall—what square or open space remain without its elegant *jet d'eau?* Already, in imagination, we see their graceful columns, rising translucent from the sculptured bronze; their sun-lit summits crested with cool spray, and sparkling with iridescent light; each drop one moment poised, a flashing prism—then falling back, a silver-frosted curve, with liquid cadence on the ringing marble. Nor will these delightful harmonies of form and light and colour, of liquid melody and living motion, be accessible to us as heretofore only in our public promenades. Few residents in the suburbs, possessing gardens, or in the heart of the town, having conservatories attached to their dwellings, will think it needful to debar themselves the luxury of a private fountain, when a half-inch jet, 30 feet high, may be kept playing for 2*d.* an hour—scarcely more than the burning-cost of an ordinary Argand lamp.

And now, from these pictures of prospective enjoyment, let us turn for a moment to the contrasted spectacle of that which is passing around us. With these sparkling fountains of a Centralized system let us compare Monopolist waterfalls, and the cascades of the Fragmentary régime. Taken collectively, they form a vaster torrent, these metropolitan cascades of ours, than the reader probably suspects: for it has been ascertained, by accurate gaugings, that they consume thirty million gallons of water per diem, or more than TWO-THIRDS of the whole supply daily pumped into London. Where, then, are they—these copious cataracts? What unknown squares or Fortunate Fields do they adorn? Where foams our London *Trevi?* Where sparkles our fountain-

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fountain-crowned Viminal Hill? What cloven rock, gushing beneath the rod of a marble Moses, pours forth for us its 'happy waters'?

Alas! these precious streams, available for so many purposes of use and luxury, run squandered in the sewers. 1181 public standcocks dribbling to waste in squalid lanes and courts—a hundred times as many overflow-pipes from waterbutts and cisterns—such are the unseen vents through which TWO-THIRDS of our recklessly managed water-supply are suffered to leak away. London, to resume our old metaphor, lies bleeding at a hundred thousand wounds; and from its iron arteries gush out, each day, TWO-THIRDS of the vital stream.

The exhaustion which this frightful hæmorrhage entails on our social system may be easily conceived. We forbear to paint the dismal condition of those on whom this culpable waste inflicts entire destitution of the first necessary of life, and who are actually reduced to beg their daily jugful from door to door. The cruelty of the Standcock system to some thirty or forty thousand of the labouring poor, and the cost thereby entailed upon society at large, fall more within our present scope to reckon. The computation is but too easy. Conceive thirty thousand poor creatures (chiefly women), whose time and strength are all their property, condemned each day to fetch, pailful by pailful, from the public tap, their thirty thousand several supplies; and these to drag, up toilsome staircases, to the upper floors of their respective dwellings. Bear in mind that, by our centralized pumping establishment, the whole of this water (say 60,000 gallons) might be delivered, at high pressure, on every floor, for about 9*s.*; and with this charge compare the cost, in time equivalent to money, imposed on these unfortunates by the standcock delivery. If her daily water-task cost each poor woman only ten minutes' time, and a proportionate amount of working strength, evidently the collective daily expenditure of the whole 30,000 amounts to 300,000 minutes, or 500 working days—worth, at the low average wage of 1*s.* per diem, 25*l.*; which is, therefore, the actual present cost of a service capable of being profitably done, by Steam-power, for 9*s.* Even at the rate of 6*d.* per diem—the lowest wage, we believe, allotted to the worst paid needlewoman—Society loses upwards of 2700 per cent. by every minute diverted from productive needlework to this painful water-drudgery.

Here we are content to stop. We will leave them flowing side by side—the Standcocks of the old régime in their costly squalor—the Fountains of the new in their inexpensive beauty. Comment would but weaken the vividness of this simple contrast; which may fitly close a portion of our argument, destined, as the reader

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reader will remember, to prove, by its influence on Sanitary *structures*, the value of that regenerating principle, which we had already appreciated in its effect on Sanitary *administration*. From the point now reached the reader may survey, at a glance, the general plan of this second part of our argument; and review, as at the close of the first, our principal conclusions. For as, in a former article, we took up our station in the midst of the Gathering-grounds, and showed the reader (so to speak) as much of the subject as could be surveyed from the top of Farnham hill; so, on the present occasion, we have stood with him in the centre of the Metropolis, and, dissecting-knife in hand, have laid bare, branch by branch, its colossal circulating system. Each stroke of the scalpel has helped, we think, to justify the analogies which, at the outset of our argument, we ventured to trace between the Individual and the Collective organism. At each point of the inquiry we have found our best economy to lie in a vigilant observance of Nature's laws; and in a close, though not a servile imitation of her admirable patterns. Studying thus what may be called the Anatomy and Physiology of Towns, we have been led to approve the unitary centralization of structures at present dispersed and fragmentary, and the harmonization of organs hitherto utterly discordant. Thus, step by step, we have been brought to perceive that one great heart, or centralized Waterwork, is better than nine little scattered ones; that water-mains and sewers should be proportioned to each other, like the companion-vessels of a limb; and, generally, that our urban vascular system should be so constructed and disposed, as to fulfil its functions with the greatest economy of material, and the least possible liability to obstruction. Reduced to their practical expression, these principles went to show the superiority, at all points, of small postern sewers to the great tunnels now built beneath our streets. Pushing forward our dissection from these main trunks to the capillaries, arterial and venous, of each separate house, and referring again to the corresponding structures of the human body, we found no natural precedent for those companion-forms of stagnancy—the Cistern and the Cesspool; which we accordingly marked, as abnormal tumours, for immediate excision: while a very brief analysis, of the same kind, decided us against poisonous lead and porous brick as materials for branch water-pipes and drains. Bringing these physiological views to the test of engineering experience, we set forth the heavy charges entailed on us by the old circulating system of London, and cited a series of experiments and computations to prove at once the economy and the efficiency of the new. Amongst other unexpected results, this comparison forced on us the conclusion that our old sewers might be abandoned,

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and London drained *de novo*, not only without levying new rates, but with a positive reduction of existing rates, swelled as they are by the enormous flushing-costs of the present defective structures. Finally, in our anxiety to bring these advantages home in a tangible form to every class of our readers, we showed how the proposed consolidation would have for its effect to abate the risks of fire, and the costs of insurance; to promote and cheapen public and personal cleanliness; to extend, by the provision of a distributive vehicle, the applications of steam-power—available, henceforth, not only for industrial but also for domestic use; to embellish with cascades and fountains not only our public squares, but also our private dwellings; and, lastly, to relieve the labouring poor from a needless drudgery, wrongful to themselves, and burdensome (like Wrong in every form) to Society at large.

From these details, severally minute, though broad in their collective scope, we would willingly return with the indulgent reader to the philosophical ground whence we started together; and, rising to a higher point of view, study with him the true import and ulterior tendency of the Sanitary Movement, its relations to the higher political life of Society, and its rank among those characteristic developments, which distinguish modern from ancient civilization. But in the few lines and moments remaining at our present disposal, we could scarcely propound, much less develope, these vast and pregnant themes; which therefore for the present we forego:—content if, at the point which our argument has reached, we have in any degree fortified the reader's judgment as to the distinctions between *real* and *nominal* Self-government, between *wholesome* and *obnoxious* Centralization, between *substantive* and *shadowy* Responsibility; distinctions which, once clearly apprehended, can scarcely leave a doubt between the rival claims of a Grand Junction Trading Monopoly, a Metropolitan Parish Parliament, and a Board of Crown-appointed Commissioners, to the future sanitary government of London. It is, indeed, obvious that the responsibility, avowedly wanting in the first body, and but nominally attaching to the second, would be really and availably inherent in the third:—unfluctuating as its composition would be; its members few, paid, and removable; its labours continuous; its errors subject to the triple censure of the Parliament, the Press, and the Public; and its duty and interest concurring with the clauses of a stringent Act, to maintain it in steadfast allegiance to the great principles of Sanitary Consolidation.

As for those admirable principles themselves, we should indeed rejoice if we could inspire the reader, at parting, with our own profound conviction of their truth, and earnest solicitude for their prevalence. From whatever point of view, indeed,

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deed, we contemplate the luminous Code in which they are embodied, we find it still pregnant with incalculable good, to ourselves as well as to our successors. We find it strengthening the double basis, local and central, of our well-poised constitutional government, by a *simultaneous* expansion of municipal and imperial institutions. Concurrently with this development of our collective or social life, we find it prolonging the term, and enhancing the enjoyment, of our individual existence, by bringing its material conditions into closer conformity with Natural Law. Nor is it merely a physical emancipation which we find the Sanitary Movement thus gradually working out. Each alleviation of bodily disease and drudgery absolves also our nobler faculties from the reaction of a degrading bondage; and makes us at once fitter and freer for the pursuit of those high destinies which, albeit originating amidst the corruptions of the present, have their term in the brightness of futurity. To secure these inestimable advantages, what self-abnegations are we called upon to practise—what perils to encounter—what personal sacrifices to undergo? None,—absolutely none. In the very lowest, as well as in the highest sense of the term, we shall be *gainers*, each and all of us, by the progress of Sanitary Reform: and our private interests, personal and pecuniary, are closely bound up in the success of a Cause, which might well inspire, and would worthily requite, the most heroic self-devotion.

ART. VI.—*Foreign Reminiscences by Henry Richard Lord Holland.* Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. pp. 362. London, 1850.

IT is impossible, we think, to read ten pages of this volume without feeling a double surprise—the one, that the late Lord Holland should have written such trash—the other, and the greater, that the present Lord Holland should have thought that the publication could in any point of view be creditable to his father's memory. The notices of it which have appeared in several journals, and particularly a very able one in the *Times* of the 27th of January, must have already spread abroad a strong impression of its literary demerits; but we feel it to be our duty not only to state a full concurrence in those unfavourable opinions, but to enforce them by details on some points in which we cannot but feel a special degree of interest, inasmuch as they relate to falsifications and calumnies which we had heretofore refuted, but which this performance has obstinately and, we must say, impudently revived.

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Lord Holland was fond of literary society, and had a very creditable and not unsuccessful ambition of literary reputation. Of his Life of Lope de Vega we gave a full and favourable account many years ago (Q. R. vol. 18). The habits of his life and the lively and anecdotical style of his conversation naturally suggested the probability that, in emulation of Horace Walpole (whose Memoirs of George II. he edited), he also might be found to have left behind him Memoirs of his own time; and it would be naturally anticipated that one who had lived so much in the atmosphere of fashion and politics would have a good deal to tell that might be new to the general public, and at all events amusing and interesting from the graces of the narrator. Having been all his life a strong partisan, it might also be expected that whatever he wrote would have a strong political bias; but his manners were so amiable—his personal good-nature and *bonhommie* indeed so remarkable—that no one could have suspected that his pen would be found dipped in gall, and, still less, in any worse menstruum. The surmise of the existence of Memoirs has, we see, been fulfilled. We learn indeed from some notes to the present publication that it is but a portion of 'Memoirs' which Lord Holland left prepared for the press. He had, it seems, bequeathed all his papers to Lady Holland, and she subsequently bequeathed them—with, we believe, the bulk of her personal property—to Lord John Russell. Lord John, with natural delicacy, handed over the papers to the heir of the Holland peerage—but whether by an absolute and legal transfer seems from the sequel doubtful. It must be inferred that Lord John himself conceived that he had still retained some kind of discretionary power over them; since, when the advertisement of this volume came forth, some old intimates of the late Lord Holland expressed to Lord John their apprehension that it might contain something not altogether fit for the general eye, whereupon Lord John conveyed that suggestion to the present Lord Holland, with a request that the work might be submitted before publication to the judgment of some common friends. The book, unluckily, had been already printed off; but after some further correspondence between the two Lords and their common friends, *three* passages, equivalent altogether to about two or three pages of the text, were cancelled, and asterisks substituted (pp. 19, 64, 65, 113, 114). This seems to us by far the most extraordinary part of the whole affair; the truth being that this tardy tribute to decency is so absurdly, and indeed incomprehensibly managed, as to make matters, to our understanding, worse than they could originally have been—for we know not how what has been suppressed can have been so bad as the

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inferences which must naturally be drawn from what has been left.

We shall exhibit these three strange emendations to the wonder of our readers.

After having stated that Madame Campan had acknowledged that she was privy to more than one adulterous intrigue of Queen Marie-Antoinette's, and furthermore that 'she confessed that Count Fersen was *tête-à-tête* in the Queen's boudoir and bedchamber on the night of the 6th of October, and escaped in a disguise which Madame Campan had herself procured for him' —after this statement three lines are suppressed, and the blank space (p. 19) is sprinkled with *asterisks*—to replace, it would seem, something more disgraceful to Marie-Antoinette than the accumulated profligacy just recited. We shall examine this charge *historically* by and by; we at present only notice it as one of the delicate suppressions produced by Lord John Russell's interference. The next instance is thus presented :—

'The exiled and divorced Queen of Prussia, wife of Frederick William, is much belied if, on the marriage of her daughter with the *Duke of York*, she did not observe to the chamberlain who announced it, that it was a good match enough for *the daughter of Muller the musician*—

[Here come a *page and a quarter* of asterisks.]—

An education in such a court as Berlin was not likely to produce, *and probably did not produce, any great austerity of principle;* BUT the Duchess of York was certainly distinguished through life for the gentleness and frankness of her disposition,' &c. &c.—p. 65.

what can have been suppressed worse than what the two contexts reveal—that the Princess Frederica of Prussia was the child of a mean adultery, and that *her education probably did not produce any great austerity of principle?* And does not the subsequent encomium on her conduct *as Duchess of York*—introduced with a *disjunctive* 'BUT'—seem intended to convey a most offensive, most cruel, and, we believe, totally calumnious inuendo against an illustrious lady—daughter and sister-in-law of three kings of England, and *aunt of our present Sovereign*—whose memory is still dear to many private friends, and still venerated by public feeling? Lord Holland wrote, he tells us, a complimentary epitaph for her monument; it would have been better not to have also penned a libel on her early life.

The third instance relates to the marriage of the Prince of the Asturias (afterwards Ferdinand VII. of Spain), who is represented as being remarkable for nothing but 'a false, cowardly, vindictive disposition,' and 'a sinister countenance,' indicative of his 'odious qualities;'—we are then told that

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'for some months after his marriage it was apprehended that no issue could be expected—

[Here follow *two half pages* of asterisks.]—

The bride was a pale, sickly, ugly young woman, with a gentle expression of countenance and great propriety of manner. It was not long ere the court suspected, or affected to *suspect, the young Princess of gallantry; she was more than once confined to her apartment* by an order from the King [Charles IV.].'—pp. 112, 113.

The reader is thus left to guess at something worse than *gallant* on the part of the Princess, and than *odious, base, cowardly*, on that of the Prince.

If these suppressions were, as we cannot doubt, dictated by a sense of decency, we are astonished that whoever made them did not see the corresponding necessity of suppressing the adjoining passages, which enhance the defamation and additionally envenom the scandal.

Of the particular mode in which these suppressions were operated, it is said that Lord John Russell and the present Lord Holland are equally innocent. Lord John only suggested in general terms caution and delicacy, and Lord Holland, who was in Italy, is understood to have committed the alterations to other hands. Those other hands were probably much embarrassed by so formidable a task as that of removing from the text all that might appear objectionable on the score of prudence and decorum. The injunction would have been equivalent to that of washing a blackamoor white.

The correspondence on this subject had been circulated amongst the present Lord Holland's friends in a spirit, as it would seem, of complaint against Lord John Russell's interference; but for our own part—waiving the point of legal right, as to which we have no precise information—we should be inclined to say that in Lord John's very peculiar position, his interference was perfectly justifiable on the score of friendship as well as duty; and we think that a more serious and juster complaint against his Lordship might be, that having assumed the responsibility of interfering at all, he did not do so more effectually. We have heard that in fact he never saw the work till it was published, but surely, when his suspicion was once excited, he ought to have seen it; and we are sure it must now be a matter of regret to him—both as the friend of the late Lord Holland, and as a confidential servant of the Queen's, that he had not—as it is evident he might have done—prevented the promulgation of the wanton scandal on the Duchess of York.

Our literature is abundant in ridicule of the little profit that young English noblemen were supposed to derive from the

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Grand Tour; but Pope seems especially to have foreshadowed Lord Holland when he describes *Dulness* as the ritual companion of their wanderings—

'Led by *her* hand, he sauntered Europe round'—

and certainly these Reminiscences are one of the most remarkable tributes to the leaden goddess that the Grand Tour has ever produced. Dulness is assuredly its first and most general characteristic, and all its details may be classed under three heads:—things often, and always better, told elsewhere—things so trivial and silly as not to be worth telling—and things that from their falsehood or indecency, or both, it was disgraceful to tell at all.

It appears that Lord Holland visited at various times the capitals of Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, France, Prussia, Austria, Lombardy, Naples, Spain, and Portugal; but from none has he brought home any distinctive or characteristic observation. It would seem, at least, as if he had travelled with little other motive than for the indulgence of a senseless and indiscriminate hostility to legitimate Kings and Queens, and a greedy appetite for all the profligate stories that private malice could invent, and Jacobin rage propagate, against every class of royalty. All Kings and Princes are knaves or idiots—all Queens and Princesses shameless prostitutes—one sex fit only for Bedlam or Newgate—the other for Bridewell or the Magdalen. Scandal, gossip, and even indelicacy are too often made palatable by the pleasantry and piquancy of the narrator; but here we have no such compensation. The malignity has not the slightest seasoning of wit, nor the inaccuracy any varnish of humour. Lord Holland's volume of *Reminiscences* is quite as dull as Lord Holland's volume of *Protests*, published a few years since, and with this notable aggravation—that those who bought the Protests (if any such there were) must have foreknown that they were dull, while the title of Reminiscences promised us at least some amusement for our money.

Those who knew Lord Holland expected much: those who had heard afar off of the *noctes cœnæque* of Holland House, still more. The first have been mortified, the last disappointed. There is not, we will venture to say, in the whole volume one single fact which any rational man would think worth remembering, not one single anecdote at which the lightest reader can smile. Gray, in one of his letters, confesses the charm that *proper names* had for him: a taste which the works of his friend Horace Walpole abundantly exemplified and confirmed. Not so the Reminiscences of Lord Holland; he has plenty of proper names, but we know not by what art it is that these are no more entertaining in his pages than in the Court Guide or the Street Directory; while the interspersed comments and opinions of the noble author

author himself can be characterized by no higher epithet than *twaddle.*

It will be asked—as we, after the first few pages, began to ask ourselves—how it was that a man esteemed so clever and so amiable could write, and, above all, leave for publication so stupid and malevolent a work. The logical mode of solving this difficulty would be to deny the premises, and to say that the author of such a book could by no possibility be either goodnatured or clever. That, however, would not be true. Lord Holland, generally speaking, was both; but there were topics and times on and at which he was neither—and of these *aspera tempora fandi* this unhappy volume is the product.

Our solution is this: strong, violent, party feeling is not incompatible with great personal good-nature, nor, we need hardly add, with eminent abilities. Nay, these qualities have rather a tendency to inflame the partisan spirit; personal goodnature cements political friendships; quick talents sharpen political hostility. There were, besides, in Lord Holland's particular case, some circumstances which tended still more decidedly to warp his understanding and to sour his temper on political subjects. He was, we may say, born and bred in the hotbed of opposition. His father died when he was an infant, and, of course, all his youthful admiration and affection were directed towards his celebrated Uncle. Mr. Fox himself had been bred in a very different school; both his connexions and his personal habits were eminently aristocratical. He began life as a Tory, and even a courtier. Before he was sixteen, he obtained the sinecure office of Paymaster of Widows' Pensions, which he held till he resigned it in favour of his brother, afterwards General Fox, who enjoyed it, we believe, to his death. Mr. Fox, who came into Parliament before he was of age, was at first a zealous supporter of Lord North's Administration,* and was successively of his Admiralty and Treasury Boards. Being somewhat uncivilly dismissed from the latter, he went into opposition, in which, with the interval of a few months, he passed all the rest of his life. There can be no doubt that his violent antagonism to Lord North on the American question, and his subsequent unprincipled coalition with him, had very highly displeased King George III., and that Mr. Fox, on the dismissal of the Coalition, reciprocated the personal aversion to a degree *at the least* as warm. About this time, too, rose into the ascendant his great rival Mr. Pitt, with whom for some years he main-

* He was at that time so unpopular as an *ultra courtier* as to be caricatured and libelled for his *political corruption* as well as his prodigal personal habits. See London Magazine, 1772, p. 363.

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tained a keen struggle, highly honourable to his talents as an orator, but disheartening to his views as leader of a party, and with no increase of character as a statesman. At last came the French Revolution, and, as the King and his Minister naturally looked at that event with apprehension and alarm, Mr. Fox, in the usual spirit of opposition, took the other side, and the native warmth and energy of his temper being further stimulated by his own personal disappointment and resentment, he threw himself headlong into the Revolutionary torrent, and became the apologist, sometimes even the advocate, of that party abroad and at home—but more especially of the successive factions in France which, however otherwise discordant, agreed in the common sentiments of flattery of Fox, animosity to Pitt, and antipathy to England. It was at this epoch of Mr. Fox's career that the mind of Lord Holland became susceptible of its earliest and most lasting impressions. Born in 1773, he was sixteen at the taking of the Bastile, and those who remember the violent and factious course of Mr. Fox's political life from that time to the death of Mr. Pitt, will easily understand the influence that it must have had on the sentiments of his affectionate and admiring nephew. Mr. Horner himself admitted 'the fatal influence of the countenance given to the Jacobin party by Mr. Fox.' (*Journal*, 1804.) Those impressions afford the least unfavourable, and, probably, the truest explanation of the leading peculiarities of Lord Holland's book. When he went abroad in 1791, the name of *Fox* was a kind of revolutionary passport, and wherever he went he probably found himself looked upon with suspicion, or at least coolness, by all that were attached to the ancient *régime*, and caressed, flattered, and *fêté*, by all the partisans of Revolution. What society would he be disposed to frequent—what confidences was he likely to receive—but those which might be supposed to be congenial to the nephew of Fox?

His whole subsequent life, however, was passed under the like influences; *semel imbuta*—his mind retained, it seems, to the last the same odour; and to this predisposition was, in process of time, superadded an admiration for the *Child and Champion of Jacobinism*, which grew at last into an absolute *monomania*. There is not, we believe, a single reminiscence in this work which is not derived from the contagion of Jacobins, Carbonari, or Buonapartists—the successive names which indicated the common principle of hostility to legitimate monarchy, and of course to the policy of *unreformed* England. We are far from saying that this theory excuses what Lord Holland has said and written on such subjects: far from it; but it at least will in some degree explain the otherwise unaccountable paradox how the collector

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collector and recorder of such reminiscences could have had a grain of either taste, talent, or good-nature, with all of which he was, by the testimony of those who knew him best, eminently gifted. It may indeed be said of him, as Burnet did of Lord Dorset—'Never was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his joined with so much good-nature as was in himself.' There was also another circumstance, which, great as its influence on Lord Holland's feelings and on the temper of the society at Holland-house must have been, we very reluctantly allude to, and indeed should not notice even thus slightly, if a recollection of it did not tend to counteract some of the injustice and cruelty of the aspersions on female character which form perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the most painful, feature of this work.

But whatever grains of allowance we may admit for the peculiarities of Lord Holland's personal position, or with whatever indulgence experience may have taught us to look at the extravagance of party feeling, they never can excuse either deliberate perversions of fact, or even the repetition of misstatements which a moderate exercise of candour and inquiry must have detected. We should exhaust our reader's patience, if we were to endeavour to hunt Lord Holland through all the mazes of his defamatory gossip: we must of necessity limit ourselves to an exhibition of specimens—and shall endeavour to test his credit by examining some of his most important statements, first by the comparison and contrast of his own testimony, and secondly by the help of evidence which happens to be afforded *aliunde*.

'I can only vouch'—he says *in limine*—'for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them. I repeat them as they were received and understood by me from what appeared a *sufficient authority*.'

And yet, when we come to the details, we find that there is hardly one of his *authorities* that he does not in some way discredit. For instance,—on turning over the very next leaf, we find a note confessing that the very first evidence that he cites—'his excellent friend Dumont'—

'was, by his own admission, a *very inobservant* and, by my experience of him, a *very credulous* man.'—p. 4.

As if this were not enough, he soon after repeats that—

'his excellent friend was often *very credulous* about anecdotes recounted to him, and *liable to mistake* about dates, persons, and occasions.'—p. 6.

And on the occasion of a subsequent anecdote he reiterates that—

'Dumont was *always unobservant and often inaccurate*.'—p. 36.

An 'excellent friend' he may have been—a most agreeable companion,

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companion, we know, he was—but if this account of him were true, he would be assuredly no very 'sufficient authority.'

The next witness that he quotes, and that on a most important point of the character of Louis XVI. and in contradiction to what everybody else believes, is M. de Calonne (p. 15); but some thirty pages further we find this 'sufficient authority' stigmatized for—

'a *disregard of truth*, and not unfrequently an ignorance on the subject about which he talked, which seems *almost incredible*.'—p. 44.

Again; he relies on the evidence of Madame Campan (p. 15), and by and by talks of her as '*disingenuous* and *concealing the truth*.' Again; he relies in one page on the evidence of Madame de Genlis, and in the next accuses her of a falsehood (p. 23). Again; he repeats an anecdote, related to him by Admiral Payne, and at the same moment states—

'Admiral Payne, it must be acknowledged, had *not* the reputation of being *very correct in his recital of stories*.'—p. 26.

Again; he says that the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Hans Towns at Madrid told him that Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, was so uneducated and ignorant, that—

'in the superscription or the body of the notes which he [the Chargé] received from the Spanish *Foreign Office* [while Godoy was at the head of it], the States he represented were *often* designated as *Islas Asiaticas* instead of *Villas Hanseaticas*.'—p. 135.

Now, if such a mistake had been made by the Prince in conversation or in a private letter, it might prove his ignorance; but the story, as told, would prove nothing but the mistake of some clerk in the *Office*, and its *often* recurring would be incredible even as to the said clerk: but then comes, as usual, Lord Holland's own antidote to his own story, for he adds that this Hanseatic *Chargé d'Affaires*, on whose authority he tells it, was not the regular minister of those states, but one Andreoli, a Venetian attached to the *Austrian* legation, '*very ignorant both of history and geography*.' Lord Holland, in his wonder at Godoy's ignorance, seems to have forgotten a little of his own geography—that Spain possesses a great insular colony in the Eastern seas—that the *Islas Asiaticas* are as familiar to every Spaniard as the *West India Islands* are to us; and that if any blunder was made, it was more probably by a 'Venetian *ignorant* of both history and *geography*,' who perhaps had never heard of the *Philippines*, than by the humblest clerk in the Foreign Office of Madrid.

Another of Lord Holland's witnesses is one M. Gallois, upon whose authority he largely relies for a variety of statements, all extravagantly favourable to Buonaparte, and all so exceedingly apocryphal,

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apocryphal, that his Lordship feels it necessary to vouch for the gentleman's *impartiality* in the following terms:—

'I received this remarkable testimony to the character of the Imperial government from an *unbiassed and unsuspected* quarter; from M. Gallois, who had refused employment under him, and was too sincere and enlightened a friend of freedom not *to abhor* a system which depended exclusively on the *character of an* INDIVIDUAL.'—p. 270.

Will not every reader be astonished to be told that this Gallois, this unbiassed witness, this abhorrer of a system depending on the character of an *individual*, was no other than the person selected by Buonaparte to second in the *Tribunat*—where only any opposition was expected—the motion to raise the First Consul to the Imperial throne, one of the preliminary articles of which motion runs as follows:—

'That, under the government of a *single* INDIVIDUAL, France recovered tranquillity at home, and acquired abroad the highest degree of consideration and glory.'—*Annual Register*, 1804, p. 222.

—a contradiction, not only in spirit, but, by a curious coincidence, in the *very words* of Lord Holland's character of his witness.

There is, we think, not one of the numerous persons on whose testimony Lord Holland relies, that we could not in the same manner show to be contradicted and discredited either by Lord Holland directly, or (as in the case of Gallois) by facts so notorious, that Lord Holland's suppression of them seems hardly reconcileable with good faith. The samples, however, that we have given are sufficient for our purpose, and will, we hope, satisfy our readers of the strange discrepancies in his Lordship's appreciation of his witnesses. But this, at first sight puzzling, inconsistency had a secret motive—namely—most of his witnesses happen to relate here and there some insulated fact, which Lord Holland thinks capable of receiving a defamatory turn—while the great mass of their evidence tends directly and decidedly the other way—as especially in the cases of Madame Campan, Dumont, and Calonne. He therefore quotes and relies on the defamatory item, but endeavours at the same time to discredit the favourable impression which he feels that testimony taken altogether could not fail to produce.

But to do his Lordship justice, he is not much more complimentary to his own evidence, and he makes a confession which is of very essential importance to the credibility of his work. He tells us that he heard from the Queen of Charles IV. of Spain in a private conversation a very disparaging story of her own family, with the details of which he fills several pages. We shall not dwell

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on the indelicacy of publishing such a conversation—it needs no comment: but it happened that one of these details was the name of a particular office conferred on Godoy, and on this small point his Lordship has the candour to append the following note:—

'I think it was High Admiral or some such title, but *I am somewhat unobservant* of matters of that sort, and am afraid of discrediting the substance of my narrative by *trusting to my* INACCURATE MEMORY as to form and detail.'—p. 123.

This is candid; but it would have been still more so, had the title of the book been *Reminiscences of an Inaccurate Memory.* It would then claim only its proper place on the same shelf with the descriptive tours of Mr. Holman, the Blind Traveller.

Having thus opened to our readers a general view of the temper in which the book was written, and of the kind of evidence on which it relies, it may seem almost superfluous to say anything of its historical value; but the weight that will be vulgarly given to Lord Holland's name, and the authority that even better informed persons may be disposed to attribute to one who was so long a prominent politician if not a statesman, and for some years a cabinet minister, induce us to afford a few samples of —really the only thing, except personal scandal, that we can discover in the book—the perversion and misrepresentation of every historical fact that he touches.

We shall take first that which stands foremost in his pages, and which we have already noticed in another point of view —the charge made against the personal character of the martyred Queen of France; and we think our readers will excuse our entering into some detail on this interesting and important case, not so much for the purpose of vindicating the Queen—that has been already done beyond all doubt or question — but as the most decisive test of Lord Holland's taste, candour, and credibility that could be selected. We must begin by reminding our readers that calumny against the Queen was one of the first engines of the Revolution, and supposed and indeed proved to have been in a more especial degree part of the machinery expressly organized in the view of transferring the sovereign power to the Duke of Orleans. From the first ruffle of the revolutionary storm she was the object of the most infamous as well as the most extravagant calumnies; and the outrage to nature exhibited at her trial was but the continuation of a series of charges almost as odious, almost as unnatural—equally false, equally impossible. One of these, fortunately the most impossible of all—if there can be degrees of impossibility—Lord Holland does not scruple to revive and record as an historical *reminiscence*, and he does so under circum-

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stances which prove that he must have been utterly careless or incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood. We really think that Lord Holland's conduct in this matter exhibits one of the strangest and most unaccountable aberrations of an intellect reputed sane that we ever heard of.

The first and most venial fault that we have to find with him in this discreditable affair is, that even if it were true, it does not belong to *his* reminiscences, and that he is a mere plagiary*—adopting as his own what, we hope, there is hardly another man in England that would have defiled his fingers with. The story and its refutation had been before the world nearly twenty years prior to Lord Holland's death, in O'Meara's 'Napoleon in Exile,' and in our number for October, 1822, p. 256. O'Meara says,

'Madame Campan, (continued Napoleon) had a very indifferent opinion of Marie-Antoinette. She told me that a person well known for his attachment to the Queen [Count de Fersen†] came to see her at Versailles on the 5th or 6th of October, where he remained all night. The palace was stormed by the populace. Marie-Antoinette fled undressed from her own chamber to that of the King for shelter, and the *lover descended from the window.* On going to seek the Queen in her bed-room, *Madame Campan* found she was absent; but *discovered a pair of breeches* which the favourite had left behind in his haste, and which were immediately recognised.'—*O'Meara*, vol. i. p. 122.

Now let us examine Lord Holland's *Reminiscence* of the same story.

He introduces it by the following wonderful preamble:—

'Madame Campan was in fact the confidante of Marie-Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, *but they were amours.*'—p. 18.

* An article in Fraser's Magazine (Feb. 1851) develops Lord Holland's disingenuous (to say the least of it) mode of fabricating *his* 'Reminiscences.' The *Reverend* Blanco White, who was for a year or two tutor to the present Lord, published certain letters about Spain, under the ingenious *alias* of *Don Leucadio Doblado.* The reviewer shows that from this work—now quite forgotten, though it is the only one of all its author's performances any portion of which deserves remembrance—Lord Holland has plagiarized very many of White's anecdotes, and given them as *his own reminiscences.* Those anecdotes moreover, are *ex facie* the most worthless parts of White's book; for what could he—a young, and, by his own account, very obscure as well as profligate ecclesiastic—know, of his own knowledge, about the high personages of the Court of Madrid?

† The Count de Fersen, a Swedish nobleman, Colonel of the regiment of *Royal Suédois* in the service of France. His name was probably used on this occasion because he was really very much in the confidence of the King and Queen, and eighteen months later had a principal share in the flight to Varennes. If M. de Fersen happened to be on the 5th of October at Versailles, we have no doubt that he, like every other Royalist gentleman, was at the château all that day and night, to assist in protecting the Royal Family from outrage. This is the colour which Las Cases wishes to represent Buonaparte as having given to the affair; and—if Fersen *was* then at Versailles—it would certainly be the true one; but we do not doubt that Buonaparte told O'Meara the fabulous story which Lord Holland has reproduced.

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Lord Holland, it appears, thought that the adulterous *amours* of a wife, a mother, and a Queen might be neither '*scandalous nor degrading.*' We abstain from any comment on this test of his Lordship's appreciation of female character. He proceeds, and we are sorry to be obliged to copy such silly slander:—

'She [Madame Campan] acknowledged to persons, who acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the Queen and the Duke de Coigny.'—p. 16.

If Madame Campan had been vile enough to make such a confession against *herself*, the very fact would discredit all the rest of her testimony; but why, of the several *persons* to whom the supposed shameless woman told it, and who repeated it to Lord Holland, does he not name one? He has no scruple in naming the two ladies stigmatized, but he conceals the witnesses, to whom no disgrace would have attached. Now we, who have known many of the persons and read all the *Mémoires* of the time, and have waded through innumerable libels on the poor Queen, had never heard of this charge before; and we believe it to be as absolutely false as we shall now show that concerning Count de Fersen to be. Lord Holland's version of this story is—

'Madame Campan confessed a curious fact, namely, that Fersen was in the Queen's boudoir or bedchamber tête-à-tête with her Majesty on the famous night of the 6th of October. He escaped observation with considerable difficulty in a disguise which she, *Madame Campan, herself procured for him.* This, M. de Talleyrand, though generally somewhat averse to detailing anecdotes disparaging of the royal family of France, has twice recounted to me, and assured me that *he had it from Madame Campan herself.*'—p. 19.

And after this followed, as we have before stated, two lines of *asterisks*, containing obviously something which Lord Holland's friends thought still worse.

We do not stop to observe on the variance between the two stories. In one case Madame Campan is an accomplice in disguising the lover; in the other she does not even see him, but finds the clothes which he had left behind, and which were immediately recognised. This discrepancy would only go to the credibility of Madame Campan, if she were the original narrator, on which it is not worth while to waste a word. We mean to confine ourselves to Lord Holland's adoption and reproduction of the calumny—a calumny on Madame Campan as well as the Queen.

Is it not strange that his Lordship, writing in 1826 (as appears from his *notes*), should have taken no notice of the same story published by O'Meara in 1822, and countenanced to a certain extent by Las Cases (published a little later), and that, while endeavouring to substantiate *Talleyrand's* report against the 'disingenuous silence of

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of Madame Campan's Memoirs,' he does not avail himself of the obvious corroboration which it would receive from *Buonaparte's* statement that she had made him the same confidence? We think we are here entitled to retaliate on his Lordship, and to say that *his* 'silence' also is 'disingenuous.' But we are constrained to go a step further, and to confess our disbelief that Talleyrand could have told the story as having *himself* had it from Madame Campan. He may have said that she told it to Buonaparte who related it to him, and Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory* may have dropped a link in the chain. We suggest this solution, not from being disposed to stickle, as Lord Holland does, for Talleyrand's nice veracity, but because he was too well acquainted and, we believe, too much mixed up* with both the secret history and the notorious facts of the 5th of October, to have volunteered any allusion to that very awkward subject, and, above all, to have ventured to commit himself in any way to a story, to the absurdity of which, if the matter came to be inquired into, he must necessarily have been the first witness. But however that may be, it is utterly impossible that Madame Campan could have told the story as related either by O'Meara or Lord Holland; for she left behind her her own written evidence—and the great *Procédure* or legal inquiry before the *Cour du Châtelet* in 1790 had already established the fact—that *Madame Campan happened* NOT *to have been in attendance on the Queen on the celebrated day or night of the 5th of October!*—which by another, by no means unimportant, 'inaccuracy' Lord Holland calls the 6th of October.

Thus then vanishes all of the story that rests on Madame Campan's presence and co-operation in the guilty scene; but that is not all. Even if Madame Campan had chanced to be in attendance that night, the substantial fact of the presence of a lover is in itself *absolutely impossible.* On that point we must take leave to quote part of the indignant exposure which we made of O'Meara's version of this calumny in October, 1822:—

'This diabolical story fixes a more indelible disgrace on Buonaparte's character than anything we have ever heard concerning him. This abominable slander of that heroic woman may be placed by the side of the before-unparalleled calumny with which at her trial Hébert insulted human nature. If Madame Campan had told Buonaparte this horrible tale, he must have known it to have been false. The scene and the circumstances of the dreadful night between the 5th and the 6th of October are too notorious to leave any doubt how, and where, and

* It is a small but not unimportant fact, that on the morning of the 6th, when the Duke of Orleans arrived—a little before 8 A.M.—from Paris at Versailles, to take, we may almost say, command of the mob—at least to countenance and encourage the insurrection—he *alighted* not at the château—not at his own residence—not even at the National Assembly—but at *the Bishop of Autun's.*

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with whom the unhappy Queen passed every moment of that horrible interval; everybody knows that the palace had been blockaded from an early hour in the evening by fiends, who particularly besieged the apartment of the Queen, the female part of the crowd showing the aprons in which they intended, they said, to carry off—why should we pollute *our* language with such horrors?—*les entrailles de l'Autrichienne, dont elles feraient des cocardes!* The windows of the Queen's apartment are about thirty feet from the ground; and it was *this* very night of horrors that Buonaparte affected to believe the Queen had dedicated to an adulterous intrigue! and it was from *these* windows and into *this* crowd that he supposed the naked lover to have escaped! No! not in all the obscene and absurd libels of the Revolution was there anything so false and so absurd as this. It was reserved for Buonaparte and O'Meara, and it is worthy of them.'—*Q. R.*, vol. 28, p. 257.

We at that time little expected to have occasion to reproduce these observations with any reference to such a man as Lord Holland. In addition to the foregoing general statement, we entered into various details, all confirming, what was evident on the first aspect of the case, the impossibility—the material, physical impossibility—of the alleged circumstance. Lord Holland might perhaps say that he was not bound to read, and still less to credit, the Quarterly Review; but as he professes to have read the Memoirs of Madame Campan, he ought not to have suppressed her assertion that *she had not been in or near the Queen's apartment that night;* or if he chose to disbelieve her, he might have looked into one of the commonest books in almost any French or English library—the report of the evidence taken before the *Châtelet*, and printed by order of the National Assembly—of which we shall, for the more complete satisfaction of our readers, quote a few passages, accounting, by the evidence of the most respectable witnesses, for every moment of the Queen's time during the evening and night of the 5th of October. A hundred witnesses prove that from the time—about 5 P.M.—that the Parisian mob had surrounded the palace until past two o'clock in the morning, the King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth were together under the eyes not only of the whole court, but of a vast number of other persons, deputies, officers, ladies, and gentlemen, who from curiosity or loyalty crowded all the apartments of the palace. The Vicomte de la Châtre (afterwards duke and peer of France and ambassador in England), 127th witness, deposes that

'between five and six o'clock in the evening of the 5th, hearing that the mob had besieged the palace, and that the King and Queen were in danger, he thought it his duty to endeavour to reach their Majesties. He got in with great difficulty, and found in the King's ante-room, called the Œil-de-Bœuf, an enormous crowd; and amongst others, *Madame*

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Madame Necker, Madame de Staël, Madame de Beauveau, &c.;—that this crowd was still there as long as he himself remained, which was till half-past twelve at night, when the King desired such of the gentlemen as were deputies to return to the hall of the Assembly with M. Mounier, their president, who had been for a couple of hours with their Majesties with a deputation from the Assembly.'—*Procédure Criminelle du Châtelet de Paris.*

M. de Frondeville, President of the Parliament of Normandy, a member of the Assembly, 177th witness, deposes,

'about eight o'clock in the evening I went to the King's apartment, which, as well as the Œil-de-Bœuf, was full of various persons, where I remarked nothing particular, but a deep and general consternation. I remained there about two hours, when I went to the Assembly, but found there a very few of my colleagues lost in a crowd of many hundred men and women of the mob. . . . I then returned immediately to the *Queen's apartment*, where all, *except herself*, seemed to be in consternation. Several persons arriving successively announced the approach of the army of Paris under Lafayette; the consternation increased; the *Queen alone* showed not the slightest terror, but endeavoured to encourage the persons about her. It was now midnight, when some gentlemen came to the door and requested me to step out; their object was to engage me to obtain an order from the Queen for the horses in the royal stable to be employed in endeavouring to save the royal family in case of an attack. I undertook to do so, and applied to Madame Elizabeth, who immediately went to speak to the Queen, who had gone for a moment into another room. The Queen came back and told me: "I consent to give you the order that you ask, but only on this condition, that if the King is in any danger, you will make immediate use of it; but if I only am in danger, you are not to make use of it." By and by, the Parisian army having arrived and occupied the outward posts of the Château, the Queen went to bed, and I continued wandering about the apartments for a considerable time, when, seeing that all was quiet, I went home, where I remained about two hours, at the end of which, hearing the attack on the Château was renewed, I hastened back and endeavoured to get into the Château, but found it impossible to make my way through the crowd, and I was forced to become a spectator of massacres and horrors of such public notoriety that I need not recapitulate them.'—*ibid.*

There is a crowd of other witnesses to the same effect up to the time—about two o'clock in the morning—when the Queen retired to her bedchamber, when commences the evidence of her two bedchamber ladies—Madame Thibault (the 81st witness), and Madame Auguié (104th witness)—to the following effect—that when M. Lafayette had assured their Majesties that all was safe for the night, and that his army, occupying all the exterior posts of the Château, had quieted the noise and tumult of the mob, the Queen, wearied out by the toils and troubles

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troubles of that eventful day, retired to her bedchamber, where, attended by these two ladies, she undressed and went to bed, desiring them to do the same. They, fortunately, were too much alarmed for their mistress to do so; but, summoning their own *femmes-de-chambre* to join them, the four women kept watch over the Queen—sitting down clustered together with their backs against the door of the Queen's bedchamber, which had another but private issue to be mentioned presently. In this feverish state they remained for above two hours; but about half-past four in the morning the attack on the palace was renewed. The Queen's apartment, especially indicated to the mob by their leaders, was first invaded. The Gardes-du-corps, who most gallantly attempted to defend their respective posts, were overpowered, barbarously wounded, and left for dead. The last, who was stationed at the door of the Queen's ante-chamber, M. de Miomandre, had barely time to call to the ladies at the bedchamber door to *save the Queen!* After making for a few moments a desperate resistance at the door of the ante-chamber, he fell covered with wounds—but those few moments saved, for that time, the life of the Queen! The ladies hastened to her bedside, and hurried her away, with no covering but her night-dress and one petticoat, by a passage that communicated from the ante-room to the King's apartment. While the Queen thus sought the King, he, alarmed for her, proceeded to her chamber through a private passage which communicated from his bedchamber to *hers*, and *of which he alone had the key*—(what a place for an adulterous intrigue!)—but not finding her, she having passed through the ante-chamber, the King then hurried back to his own apartment, and had there the momentary consolation of finding his wife and children.

Such is the history, hour by hour, of the celebrated evening and night of the 5th of October—published as to all the leading facts in the judicial proceedings of the Châtelet—repeated by all the historians—recapitulated (with the addition of a few minor circumstances) in *Madame Campan's Memoirs*, published in 1822! The calumny published by O'Meara in that year was as completely as now refuted by us forthwith; and yet Lord Holland, writing, as appears from his notes, in 1826—correcting his MS. down at least to 1837—and not dying till 1840, has chosen to ignore, as it were, all the preceding evidence, and to leave behind him for a posthumous publication an additionally offensive version of this infamous slander.

What can be said for him?—what for the editor?—what for those who, intrusted with the suppression of any portion of the work, have not thought it necessary to suppress this?

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After this great calumny the following misrepresentation may seem trifling; but we think that it shows even more conclusively that the *acharnement* against the Queen with which the Jacobins originally infected Lord Holland had fermented in his head to a virulence which surpassed that of the Jacobins themselves, and had, on the most charitable theory possible, obscured his understanding.

In all the historical relations of the Queen's execution, and even in the most ferocious of the contemporary publications, she is represented to have died with courage and dignity. Even this last reluctant tribute to truth Lord Holland cannot bring himself to pay; he could not, indeed, venture to impute to her, in contradiction to the whole world, any visible pusillanimity, but he insidiously describes her tranquillity as the effect, not of courage, but of the excess of fear.

'She was *insensible* when led to the scaffold.'—p. 20.

And this intimation is so adroitly managed that we have little doubt that Lord Holland, if reproached with it during his life, would have pleaded that he had the most authentic authority for it in the *Moniteur* and other contemporary journals, which had all described her as *insensible*. But what the journals really said was this, that her courage and tranquillity were so great that she even seemed to be *insensible to the insulting cries of the mob which surrounded the cart* that conveyed her slowly to the place of execution. This misrepresentation, at once so sly and so gross, seems to us to weigh so heavily on Lord Holland's character, that we copy the official account of her behaviour at her trial and execution, published in the *Moniteur* and the *Journal du Tribunal Révolutionnaire* of the day, and in which his lordship must have found the expression which he has so uncandidly—unless we in mercy say so stupidly—perverted:—

'Pendant son interrogatoire Marie Antoinette a presque toujours conservé une contenance calme et assurée. . . . . En entendant prononcer son jugement elle n'a laissé paraître aucune marque d'altération. . . . . Il était quatre heures et demi du matin. . . . . A onze heures Marie Antoinette, veuve Capet, en déshabille piqué blanc, a été conduite au supplice de la même manière que les autres criminels, accompagnée par un prêtre *constitutionnel*, vêtu en laic. Antoinette, le long de la route [about a mile and a half, which occupied above an hour], paraissait voir avec indifférence la force armée, qui au nombre de plus de 30,000 hommes formait une double haie dans les rues où elle a passé. On n'apercevait sur son visage *ni abattement ni fierté*; et elle paraissait *insensible* aux cris de *Vive la République!—A bas la Tyrannie!* qu'elle n'a cessé d'entendre sur son passage. Elle parlait peu au confesseur [he was an apostate priest, whose services she had declined]: les flammes [banners] tricolors occupaient son attention dans les rues. Elle remarquait aussi les inscriptions placées aux

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frontispices des maisons. Arrivée à la Place de la Révolution, ses regards se sont tournés du côté du Jardin National [the Tuileries]—on apercevait alors sur son visage les signes d'une *vive émotion. Elle est montée* ensuite sur l'échafaud *avec assez de courage*—à midi et un quart sa tête est tombée.'—*Moniteur*, Oct. 26, 1793.

Again, we ask, what can be said for an English nobleman who thus perverts the scant and reluctant justice paid to that heroic woman even by her murderers into an additional insult?*

We have neither time, nor, we confess, materials to refute Lord Holland as to the many other ladies whose reputations he has assailed. The proof of a negative is in such cases nearly impossible; and it is only by what we may call a providential concurrence of circumstances that the slander against Marie Antoinette has happened to admit of so complete a demolition. But of his other stories, we may say generally that they are full of improbabilities and contradictions; some are monstrous; some unintelligible; and all told in a spirit not merely ungentlemanlike, but unmanly. It is right, however, to give one or two specimens of the slashing style in which he deals with the characters of Kings and Queens, even when he confesses he knows little about them:—

'*I know little of Portugal or Portuguese* that would have the interest of novelty to English readers. The King [John VI.] and Queen, very opposite in principle, character, and conduct, have a *natural abhorrence* of one another. They, in truth, have nothing in common but a *revolting ugliness of person*, and a *great awkwardness of manner*. He is well meaning, but *weak and cowardly*. . . The Queen's outrageous zeal in the cause of despotism, *miscalled legitimacy*, is supposed to have softened his aversion to a representative assembly and a constitutional form of government. The Queen is *vindictive, ambitious, and selfish, and has strong propensities to every species of intrigue, political or amorous*.'—p. 162.

Again; Lord Holland says, that 'having never been in Russia, and merely passing through Austria in the spring of 1796, their governments and leading men are *equally unknown to him*' (p. 163);—yet he does not hesitate to talk as decidedly of both, and as injuriously of the latter, as of any of the other objects of his aversion; for example, he goes on to say,—

'It has been the fashion to describe the Emperor Francis II. as a mild and benevolent man, who, without shining parts, had sound notions of justice, and great disposition to exercise it impartially and mercifully. It may be so. But to all appearance, in all relations of life, he has acted like a person of a character directly the reverse. As

* We beg our reader to turn to a note at p. 378 of this Number, *ante*, where (long before we had seen Lord Holland's book) we made an extract from the MS. Diary of the late Mr. George Ellis—very strikingly corroborative of the *vive émotion* and the *assez de courage* stated in the Moniteur.

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he received an education unusually philosophical for a prince, his mistakes cannot be ascribed to that ignorance and prejudice which are so often but so strangely urged as palliations of the *crimes of royalty.*' —p. 164.

And then follow two or three pages of an accumulation of the most opprobrious charges against the Emperor, not merely as acting through his ministers, but as in a great measure the direct and responsible delinquent. 'Illegal,' 'iniquitous,' 'mockery of mercy,' 'unusual and relentless cruelty,' 'horrid acts of crime,' are all charged individually on the Emperor, with sundry personal acts of 'baseness'—the whole wound up with one of those disgusting and shocking imputations, of which Lord Holland's pen is so fond—namely, that of 'having encouraged and even *contrived*' the adulterous '*infidelities*' of his *own* daughter (p. 167).

The spur of this violent tirade against Francis was not merely Lord Holland's habitual abhorrence of the 'crime of royalty,' but of the still greater crime, that the Emperor of Austria was reluctant to see the world enslaved by Buonaparte, and to be himself made the tool of his own degradation and destruction. If Francis personally deserves any reproach from the pen of history, it is, that he made too many personal sacrifices for the sake of peace and for the happiness of his people. But even on those points he may be condoned on the plea of having yielded to irresistible necessity, and, while under that necessity, bent with as little loss of personal character as was possible in a situation so cruel. We happen to have a very different sketch of the Emperor's character from the pen of one who—instead of knowing nothing of him, like Lord Holland—knew him intimately under the most trying and difficult circumstances, and was moreover qualified to judge by the experience of a practised statesman:—

'There never was a man whose whole conduct was more governed by a sense of duty than the Emperor Francis II. His principles were conscientious and upright, and his feelings most benevolent. His unbounded popularity amongst all ranks of his subjects, and especially the lower classes, was sufficient to prove the excellence of his character. *Our Father Francis* was the only title by which he was known by the common people, and they felt all that the title conveyed. By the simple rectitude and honesty of his character, without any extraneous advantages, he preserved to the last the respect and deference of his allies, and made the most favourable impression on, as I believe, every foreigner who was in any degree acquainted with either his person or his government.'

Lord Holland's knowing little of a subject is, we see, no obstacle to his saying a great deal; but we should like to ask the noble editor what 'pleasure' or 'profit' (see *Preface*) he thought

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the public could derive from the promulgation of such Billingsgate; and did he not know that the royal personages thus stigmatized have left numerous descendants who may probably feel as deeply for the honour of their parents as he does for his own? Has he thought how many families must be afflicted by such scandals, even though they should feel them to be as false as everybody must admit them to be wantonly cruel?

It is not surprising that an author so anxious to blacken the character of Marie Antoinette should be desirous of whitewashing her enemies. Of the modesty and force of Lord Holland's defences of *Egalité*, we need give but one sample. It is the apology for his vote—the most infamous single act of his life, or, as we believe, of any other man's who ever lived—his vote for the death of Louis XVI.:—

'The Duke of Orleans had at least as much excuse for the vote he gave as the 360 who voted with him; and those who hold a regicide to be the greatest of possible crimes, have nevertheless no right to select him as the greatest criminal.'—p. 33.

What! He so near to the King in blood, so close to him in station, so connected with him in all the intercourse of their lives, was no more guilty than one of the many obscure, ignorant, bewildered wretches whose votes were, as we know, extorted from them, in that fatal night of confusion, menace, and terror! Again: if there was one of Egalité's accomplices more detestable than another, it is the corrupt, ferocious Danton; but even for him Lord Holland has a kind of sympathy. He could not deny the corruption, but he endeavours to varnish it over, by attributing to the knave high qualities which he never possessed, and dividing the guilt of the undeniable corruption between him and the Court, which no doubt did make sacrifices to the cupidity of both Mirabeau and Danton. Lafayette, says Lord Holland, upbraided Danton with the bribe:—

'Danton acknowledged the receipt of the money, but called it an indemnity for the place of avoué, which he had lost by a decree of the Constituent Assembly.'—p. 30.

It is hardly worth remarking, even as another instance of Lord Holland's looseness of memory, that Danton was never an *avoué;* but our readers will, we think, be surprised at the turn that the noble Reminiscent attempts to give to this villain's character:—

'The fact, however, is, that the more one ascertains of the conduct of Danton, by far the ablest, though the most corrupt, of all the terrorists of 1792, the more ground one finds for suspecting that he had some designs, and even some principle. Though not favourable to monarchy, he would no doubt have preferred, from obvious and personal motives, as many honest men would have done for public and patriotic

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reasons, an indirect dynasty in the house of Orleans to a direct one in that of Louis XVI. or Louis XVII., as all persons who combine a love of freedom with a sense of the necessity of monarchy must acknowledge that in England a Nassau or a Brunswick was preferable to a Stuart.'—p. 30.

The plain inference of this distinguished Whig is that Danton acted on something of the same principle as Lord Halifax and Lord Somers!—Now, nothing inculcated in the boldest *travestie* of the Revolution is more untrue than that Danton had either courage or talents: his only talent was vociferous impudence while he had a mob to back him; his only courage was against the feeble; but when he came to anything like an equal struggle with men of his own class, he was found to have neither. Robespierre—who, himself neither a genius nor a hero, was quite able to crush Danton—described him as *not only corrupt, but incapable and cowardly;* and the history of his fall and fate attests that for once Robespierre spoke truth.

Another early Revolutionist, M. de Talleyrand, is an especial favourite with Lord Holland, who relies on that personage for a great number of his anecdotes, and does not hesitate to vouch in the gravest and strongest terms—*risum teneatis*—for his scrupulous veracity:—yet in the same page in which he professes this surprising faith, he tells us that his model of veracity told a certain story two very different ways. In fact, the last version was, says his lordship,

'almost the reverse of that which I had before heard, and recorded, but have now erased.'—p. 87.

On this excellent authority Lord Holland introduces a petty calumny against Mr. Pitt:—

'He [Talleyrand] was for some time *aumonier* to his uncle the Archbishop of Rheims; and when Mr. Pitt went to that town to learn French, after the peace of 1782, *he lodged him* in an apartment in the abbey of St. Thierry, where he was then residing with his uncle, and constantly accompanied him for *six weeks;* a circumstance to which, as I have heard M. Talleyrand remark with some asperity, Mr. Pitt never had the grace to allude, either during his embassy or his emigration, or in 1794, when he refused to recall the Court order by which he was sent away from England under the Alien Bill.'—p. 35.

In the rare instances in which the mention of time and place affords the means of testing the accuracy of Lord Holland's anecdotes, we have found them invariably and essentially erroneous. So it is with this piece of small spite against Mr. Pitt. In Mr. Pitt's visit to Amiens he happened to be accompanied by Mr. Wilberforce, who luckily kept a journal of their proceedings; and from this journal we find, first, that they stayed in Rheims, not

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not *six* weeks, but just *three*, viz., from the 16th September to the 7th October; secondly, that they were lodged, not at the Abbey of St. Thierry, but at M. Parvoisier's, a *bourgeois* in the town of Rheims. It does not appear that they ever saw M. de Talleyrand at all, or at first knew a soul in the place; but after some days they received civilities from an Abbé Lajéard, Secretary to the Archbishop, with whom they went to *dine twice only*, at the Abbaye St. Thierry, about three miles from Rheims—once on the 1st, and again on the 6th, of October—upon both occasions returning to their own lodgings to supper. That on one or both of those two days they may have met M. de Talleyrand at his uncle's table is possible, though Wilberforce makes no mention of him; or it is possible that they may have seen him, by Lajéard's recommendation, in the subsequent fortnight they passed at Paris. If they did, however, it is clear that Talleyrand must have forgotten it; for in June 1814 he wrote a letter to Mr. Wilberforce (*Wilberforce Correspondence*, ii. 284), in which he addresses him as an entire stranger. So vanishes another of those precious anecdotes which the editor thinks may be profitable at the present crisis to the European public.

In looking over Mr. Wilberforce's Journal to verify this point, we have met an anecdote which shows how different was the temper in which Mr. Pitt could speak of his great rival from that which Mr. Fox's nephew shows towards *him*. When the Abbé de Lajéard expressed his surprise that a person notorious for so irregular a private life could be minister, as Fox then was, of a sober-minded and moral country, Mr. Pitt turned the personal question by a compliment at once generous and just: '*Ah, monsieur, c'est que vous n'avez pas été sous la baguette du magicien!*'—*Life of Wilberforce*, i. 38.

We said at the outset that the main feature of this book, after its scandal, was its dulness; but this is obviously a charge which we could not fully substantiate without becoming, to a degree of which our readers would complain, the author's accomplices. One specimen, however, of what he considers as wit and pleasantry will sufficiently justify our opinion; and it may find a place here, as being another of his lordship's leaden shafts against Mr. Pitt. When visiting Paris during the Consulate he enjoyed the society, among other worthies,

'of the Chevalier Azara, many years ambassador at Rome and Paris, and a man of *wit, judgment, and sarcasm*. . . . He was in the habit of recounting, *with great humour*, a great variety of anecdotes; and *no man was less disposed by temper or opinion to democracy, or to France*; but the anti-revolutionary war, and the conduct of the old governments in Europe, and of England in particular, compelled

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compelled him to become subservient to both. "Your Mr. Pitt," said he to me in 1802, "resolved, I know not why, that every foreigner should be either a French Jacobin or a monk of the tenth century. I made my choice with some difficulty, and with great concern; and so you see *me*—a Knight of Malta, a servant of his most Catholic Majesty, ambassador and confidential adviser of his Holiness the Pope, covered with Bourbon orders and titles—you see me, I say here, at the age of sixty and upwards—the Chevalier Azara of Arragon, a French Jacobin! courting *an adventurer at the head of the republic*, and inviting you to dine at the nuptials of his aide-de-camp (Duroc); and all this is *because* the minister of a Protestant state and parliamentary king determined that any Catholic or Spaniard, who would not submit to be a fanatic, a bigot, a mere friar, or monk, should be considered an enemy of social order, regular government, religion, *and what not!*" There was *surely much humour* in the picture he drew; and there was *truth and philosophy* in the lesson it conveyed.'—p. 144.

What *humour* there may be in this, we must leave our readers to discover; but as to its *truth* we may afford them some light. We confess we are not able to explain what Mr. Pitt could have to do with the Chevalier Azara, nor in what way or for what motive he could have proposed to the Chevalier Azara to turn monk—for it does so happen that at the earliest period when we in England could have heard of Azara, he was in the only place in the world in which he could by no possibility have anything to do with Mr. Pitt:—at that epoch, in a word, Azara was Spanish ambassador at Rome—and we need not say that at that epoch no English Premier dreamt of sending Lord Privy Seals to the Piazza di Spagna. If, however, Mr. Pitt, by some mysterious agency, contrived to make Azara a French Jacobin, he must have performed the operation very early and very completely; for Azara was at least as early as 1795 so violent a partisan of the French, then invading Italy, as to have become highly suspicious and disagreeable to the Papal Court, and in the year following, when the people of Rome committed some violence upon the French embassy, Azara took the most decided part in favour of the French. Instead of dating his courtiership of 'the adventurer' from the Consulate, we find this Arragonese aristocrat as early as 1797 the acknowledged friend and partisan of Joseph Buonaparte, then the *Jacobin minister* at Rome; so notorious was his devotion to France, that Thiers records him in that year as the favourite and favoured mediator of all the little states of Italy with the French government; and it was in consequence of this attachment to France that he was immediately after rewarded by the embassy to Paris, where he received the most public marks of the satisfaction of *the Directory*. And this is the man who, in 1802, represents himself as being driven by some mysterious agency of Mr.

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Mr. Pitt's into being a courtier of a First Consul who did not attain that station till near two years after Azara's avowed and long-tried Jacobinism had been rewarded with the embassy to Paris. We think that our readers will now be satisfied that the truth of the Arragonese Chevalier is on a par with his humour, and Mr. Pitt's share in Azara's perversion to Jacobinism about as certain as his ingratitude for the *six weeks' hospitality* of Talleyrand.

As we are on the topic of personal anecdotes, we may notice a laboured attempt to insult and depreciate another great champion of the conservative cause in Europe—Prince Metternich:—

'That minister, originally a partisan of the French faction, and then a *tool of Napoleon's*, has no doubt *since the fall of that* GREAT PRINCE supported the system which succeeded him.'—p. 168.

We pause for a moment on this, which Lord Holland states, on his own authority, as a matter of fact. His Lordship obviously means to imply that the 'tool of Napoleon' ungenerously ceased to be so on his reverse of fortune—a silly calumny; for all the world knows that no diplomatist in Europe had so large and so conspicuous a share in preparing that fall, and that Buonaparte had long distrusted and disliked Metternich as one more likely to dupe him than to be duped. In 1808, says Capefigue,

'Napoleon thought himself the *dupe of Metternich*, and angrily dismissed him from Paris, commanding Fouché, the Minister of Police, to cause him to be seized and marched from one military station to the other until he reached the frontier.'—*Hommes d'Etats.*

The Biographie des Contemporains, a respectable French work—after stating Metternich's highly noble descent, and his early initiation in the diplomatic service of Austria, to which house and government he remained unswervingly devoted—says:—

'He was appointed successively to the embassies of Berlin and Paris, where, over a deep observation of mankind and a diligent discharge of his duties, he spread a veil of fashionable gaiety and even dissipation. This mode of life had for him the immense advantage of shielding him from the vigilance (*de le soustraire de l'œil perçant*) of Napoleon, who, if he had penetrated his superior ability, would have no doubt neglected nothing, either to attach the young diplomatist to his interest, or to disgrace him in the opinion of his own court. But who could foresee the future saviour of the Austrian monarchy in a dandy who seemed more ambitious of the good graces of the ladies than the esteem and confidence of the great man towards whom all the other superiorities of Europe were then converging? . . . . . At last, when Austria began to show her real intentions, Napoleon burst into loud complaints at the duplicity of the Austrian cabinet, and when M. de Metternich presented himself at the court of the Tuileries, the Emperor, not doubting that he was an accomplice in perfidy of his cabinet, apostrophised him before the whole corps diplomatique

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matique with the gross charge of being *bribed by England.* M. de Metternich blushed red at the insult, but commanded himself, and withdrew in silent indignation. Napoleon forbad his receiving his passports in the usual way, but ordered him to be conveyed beyond the frontier under the indignity of an escort.'—*Biog. des Contemp., art. Metternich.*

It seems, if we can believe Baron Fain, that Buonaparte repeated this same insult in a long and stormy interview between him and M. de Metternich in 1813, on the rupture of the armistice at Dresden—when the Prince again treated it with contemptuous but visible indignation. Fain, who appears to have watched the conference from an adjoining cabinet, says that the two disputants paced, hastily and angrily but in silence, up and down the apartment, and that Napoleon *happened* to let his hat fall, evidently expecting the Prince to pick it up for him, as he would have formerly done, and that this might afford an opening for a more amicable renewal of the conversation; but Metternich took no notice of it, and after several still silent turns in the room, Buonaparte had the mortification of being obliged to pick it up himself (*Fain, MS. de* 1813, ii. 42).

This is the statesman whom Lord Holland, speaking in his own person, represents as 'a *tool* of Buonaparte,' and infers that he was so up to his fall. Of the Prince's talents and manners Lord Holland forms an estimate equally at variance with that of the French biographer, and indeed of all the rest of mankind:*—

'He appeared to me, in the very short intercourse I had with him, little superior to the *common run of continental* politicians and courtiers. . . . His manners are reckoned insinuating. In my slight acquaintance with him in London I was not struck with them; they seemed such as might have been expected from a German who had studied French vivacity in the fashionable novel of the day. I saw little of a sagacious and observant statesman, or of a courtier accustomed to very refined and enlightened society.'—p. 169.

Without stopping to inquire what may be the scale of merit indicated by the elegant expression '*common run* of continental politicians and courtiers,' we may at least say that these are rather hazardous judgments to be formed on a '*very short intercourse*' and '*slight acquaintance;*' but they are something worse if Lord Holland had never met Prince Metternich except in the private society of common friends and *once at his own table.* If, at the

* If our readers should need any further refutation of Lord Holland's estimate of Prince Metternich's talents as a statesman, and more specimens of the involuntary compliments paid to him by Buonaparte, they may turn to Baron Fain's account of the negotiations conducted personally between Napoleon and Prince Metternich previous to the battle of Leipsic. Though of course the Emperor's private secretary is not over partial to his antagonist, his report shows that Napoleon had formed a notion of Metternich's authority and ability very different from that of Lord Holland.

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first interview in which Lord Holland was presented to the Prince his Lordship had formed an opinion of him so low and so different from the rest of the world, we are surprised that he should have offered him the hospitalities of Holland House; but having taken that opportunity of making a closer inspection, it is incomprehensible to us that any observation made under such circumstances should have been not only registered but left for publication, and should now be actually published during the lifetime of the unconscious victim of that insidious hospitality. We can only say that it is not unreasonable to suspect that the Prince's characteristic sagacity was as much alive at that dinner as on greater occasions, that he saw something not altogether satisfactory in his company, and that the cold civility of his refusal to undergo a second experiment may have somewhat contributed to the unfavourable judgment of the Amphitryon.

But all these are only episodes in Lord Holland's first and main design—the glorification of Buonaparte. Of his extravagant admiration of '*that great prince*,' the motives were manifold and tolerably obvious, though none of them, in our judgment, altogether defensible, nor even creditable. The first and strongest probably was, as we have before stated, that he was the child and champion of Jacobinism. Whilst he lived he was, as we then said—

'*The cynosure of jaundiced eyes.* And however all the various classes and shades of turbulence throughout Europe may differ amongst themselves, and however certainly their differences would burst out into mutual violence, yet—for a season, and to overturn their common enemies—good order, legitimacy, and religion—they would cordially and unanimously unite under the tri-coloured banner of Buonaparte.'

It was this feeling that produced the otherwise unaccountable phenomenon, that the most strenuous, the most violent professors of ultra-liberal sentiments became all at once the admirers and advocates of the most absolute and extensive despotism that ever had enchained the western world.

Lord Holland's *engouement* commenced as early as the Consulate; in the first instance probably from the civilities which were interchanged between his uncle and Buonaparte; but also perhaps from a little personal gratitude, as the consular court of the Tuileries was, as far as we can collect from these Reminiscences, the only court at which Lord and Lady Holland ever appeared. Our readers will recollect, not with much approbation, the many speeches and protests in which Lord Holland stigmatised all the proceedings of his own country towards the prisoner of St. Helena; and having, as Shakspeare says, made a truant of his memory, by repeating the falsehoods suggested to his willing credulity

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credulity by Buonaparte and his followers, he here renews all these refuted slanders, and dedicates as it seems the last exercise of his pen to the Sisyphean task of rehabilitating the memory of that *great prince* in the opinion of mankind.

If, in pursuing this object, he had confined himself to an apology for Buonaparte, to a modest extenuation of crimes not to be denied, and to the exaltation of whatever personal merits his partiality might discover, we might possibly have admired his ingenuity and applauded his gratitude. But when he has pursued this object much less by throwing any favourable light upon Buonaparte's character than by endeavouring to render odious all the opponents of his power, and all the victims of his injustice, we have felt it to be our duty to expose both the indefensible motive and the still more indefensible means by which he tries to attain it. If he has disgusted us by such unmanly and, for the most part, we believe, unfounded attacks on the royal families of France, of Prussia, of Austria, of Portugal, of Naples, and of Spain, it is only in imitation of the grand calumniator himself, and with the vain hope of excusing his innumerable acts of perfidy, violence, and oppression against those illustrious houses. This bias is evident, not only in what his book tells, but in what it conceals; and we must be permitted to add that if mere abhorrence of vulgarity, corruption, vice, and crime in high places had prompted his pen, it was not in the legitimate courts of Europe alone that he might have found objects of his virtuous indignation. We touch this point as lightly as we can, but it is too important to a just appreciation of the historical value of Lord Holland's work to be wholly omitted.

We cannot pretend to follow his Lordship through his laborious advocacy of Buonaparte's character; indeed, we have in former numbers of this Review anticipated all that would be necessary to say on that subject. We must on this occasion content ourselves with selecting a few further specimens of the confidence to which Lord Holland's representations are entitled, even in some instances in which he proffers his personal evidence.

By way of excusing Napoleon's breach of the treaty of Fontainebleau, by his return from Elba, which was the cause and is the justification of any restrictions to which he was afterwards subjected, Lord Holland states that prior to that event a 'base design' of transporting him to St. Helena was entertained at the congress of Vienna—

'an idea inconsistent with honour and good faith .... any well-grounded suspicion of which was surely sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligation of his treaty and abdication of Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost.'—p. 197.

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And on this important point, one of the most important certainly of Buonaparte's history, his Lordship adds the following note:—

'I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and *I was not contradicted.*'—p. 196.

The italics are Lord Holland's. Now we also remember that debate, and we could readily have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of asserting that he *was contradicted*—but we shall produce evidence more decisive than either Lord Holland's Reminiscences or our own—Hansard's report of the debate, 18th of March, 1817. Lord Bathurst said

'that before he followed Lord Holland into some of the details of his speech as to the treatment of Buonaparte, he would mention his Lordship's statement that St. Helena had been mentioned at the congress of Vienna as a place to which Buonaparte might be removed from Elba. This was really one of those rumours from foreigners to which the Noble Lord lent too ready an ear——

'*Lord Holland.*—I have not received this information from foreigners alone!

'*Earl Bathurst.*—It was of no consequence whence the information came. *It was altogether groundless.* There was no mention at the congress of such a proposition.'—*Hansard*, vol. xxxv. p. 1157.

Well may poor Lord Holland have complained of his *inaccurate memory*, when we find it thus falsifying so important and so public an incident, in which he himself was so principal a party. As to the main fact we could, if it were not superfluous, produce the evidence of members of the Congress of Vienna still living to the same effect as Lord Bathurst's; but it may be worth while to notice another effort of Lord Holland's in support of his own—still *un-named*—original informant:—

'In confirmation of *so base a design* having been entertained, it is observable that a negotiation with the East India Company to place St. Helena under the control of Government, with no other probable or ostensible object for such a measure, *was actually commenced in March*, 1815, and discontinued on the landing of Napoleon in that month.'—p. 197.

For which assertion his Lordship subjoins the following authority:—

'From Admiral Fleming, nephew of the East India Director Elphinston, both men of honour, veracity, and intelligence.'

We neither know nor care what Mr. Elphinston's nephew may have told Lord Holland; but believing, with his lordship, that Mr. Elphinston was a man of honour, we are confident that he could not have betrayed to any one a secret confided to him in his official capacity. Moreover, it is hardly possible that

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that such a negotiation for that *base design* could have been '*actually commenced in March*, 1815, *and discontinued on Buonaparte's landing*,' seeing that Buonaparte landed from Elba on the 1st of March. But we can go a step further, and can venture to assert that no trace is to be found, either in the archives of the Board of Control or of the secret department of the India House, of this proposal, which must have been either a vision of Admiral Fleming's, or, as we think still more probable, another hallucination of Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory*.

Again; his Lordship, to enhance the early magnanimity of Buonaparte's character, asserts that at the peace of Campo-Formio the Austrians offered *him* a principality in Germany, which *he* declined. His Lordship adds:—

'I had this fact from *Murveldt*, who negotiated this treaty with him.'—p. 242.

M. de *Meerfeldt*—who, we suppose, is the person meant—was one of two or three subordinate ministers attached to Count Cobentzel in that negotiation; but we could produce many argumentative reasons to prove that M. de Meerfeldt could not have told such a story. It will be quite sufficient to quote the direct and conclusive evidence of the parties principally interested, which explains what M. de Meerfeldt *may* have said. Bourrienne, who was private secretary to Buonaparte at Campo-Formio, tells us (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 302), that M. de Gallo, another of the Austrian negotiators, offered *him*—*Bourrienne*—a title and estate in Germany as the price of his putting the Austrians in possession of the French *ultimatum*—an offer which Bourrienne says he rejected and reported to his principal: and this, no doubt, is the fact which Lord Holland's *inaccurate memory* has disfigured into an offer of a principality to Buonaparte himself.

Now let us call up another of his witnesses. One small item of his long and laboured efforts to not palliate only, but justify, Buonaparte's aggression in Spain, is, that Charles IV. 'conveyed his *thanks* to Murat' for his intervention against the King's abdication in favour of Prince Ferdinand. We hardly know to what degree of perplexity and humiliation the intrigues and violence of the French may have reduced the poor King, but that he should have *thanked* Murat seems so incredible, that Lord Holland thinks it necessary to produce his authority:—

'Count Mosbourg, the confidential friend of Murat, a *clear-headed* and *accurate* man.'—p. 133.

Now what is this evidence worth? Even if we had a perfect confidence in M. de Mosbourg's accuracy, it would not follow that we should have the same in Murat's. Any one who will

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take the trouble to look into Murat's life as traced even by the most partial of his biographers, Leonard Gallois, will be satisfied that there is not any actor on the whole scene, except Buonaparte himself, whose veracity was less rigid than that of Murat; but as to M. de Mosbourg himself, we confess that the little we know of him inspires no great confidence in any exculpation of Murat, for we happen to have a letter from this gentleman to Murat, intercepted by the allies in the Leipsic campaign, which shows him to have been one of the most time-serving of courtiers and unscrupulous of flatterers; and it is evident from his letter that Murat himself had no great confidence in the accuracy of Mosbourg's memory.

We have already noticed how his lordship contrives to discredit his own witnesses when they say anything against his own views; but sometimes, when his witness is one on whom he can throw no convenient imputation, he adopts the scrap of the evidence that suits him, and boldly suppresses all the rest, even though it absolutely contradicts some of his assertions; for instance, when Lord Ebrington's *Memorandum* of his intercourse with Buonaparte at Elba happens to contain something that Lord Holland thinks favourable to the great man, he calls it

'one of the happiest and most authentic representations of the spirit, character, and interest of his conversation;' (p. 300)

and relies on it accordingly. But on less satisfactory topics he treats its evidence as if it never existed:—thus, contrasting Buonaparte's judicious management of his civil list with that of other sovereigns, Lord Holland writes:—

'The great things he accomplished and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of fifteen millions of francs a-year (600,000*l.*), are marvellous, and expose his *successors* and indeed *all European Princes* to the reproach of negligence or incapacity.'—p. 212.

Now Buonaparte himself told Lord Ebrington a very different story. To him he said that

'his civil-list income was *thirty* millions of francs'—[1,200,000*l.*—just double Lord Holland's figure], 'but the expenditure seldom exceeded 18,000,000 francs' [720,000*l.*]:—but he added that 'he had besides at his disposal the *Domaines Extraordinaires*, a fund of 200,000,000 francs [8,000,000*l.*], out of which he made presents and rewarded those who distinguished themselves.' To Lord Ebrington's question 'whence it came,' he answered, 'from the contributions of my enemies. *Austria paid me for her two peaces* 300,000,000 *francs* [12,000,000*l.*] and Prussia equally enormously.' (*Ebrington's Memorandum*, p. 10.)

And that this double misrepresentation—this *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*—was not a mere inadvertence, is shown by Lord

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Lord Holland's quoting (for another purpose) the *very next* sentence to those we have just copied.

This subject is connected with another of Lord Holland's bold attempts to rescue all the glories of the Empire from the ill opinions which the rest of the world have hitherto had of them. One of those unfavourable notions was, that the whole system was one of plunder and corruption—that Buonaparte's great functionaries were very far from being scrupulous as to the means of enriching themselves, and that all that their master required was, that none of those abuses should be attempted *in France.* His own confession as to the *enormity* of his depredations 'on the enemy,' indicates sufficiently what the conduct of subordinates was in their various gradations. But Lord Holland—with an inconsistency to which, like all other too eager advocates of a hollow cause, he is habitually liable—at once denounces this imputation as a *detraction,* and in the next line amply justifies its truth:—

'The fortunes of Napoleon's ministers and marshals have been in like manner grossly exaggerated by his *detractors.* Some turned out small after their death, and the largest were derived almost exclusively from *foreign plunder* or *foreign servility.*'—p. 284.

In plain English, *robbery and bribery.* What more or worse could *detractors* say? And, indeed, how else are scandalous fortunes to be made?

This distinct confession of a fact of which his Lordship admits that the very insinuation would be *detraction,* becomes almost comic when we find him turning short round and charging the victims with being worse than accomplices in their own spoliation:—

'The Princes of the Continent furthered, or hoped to further, their selfish designs by presents, bribes, and flattery to the ministers and favourites of that man, whom they have since spoken of as an upstart and usurper unfit to be admitted into their princely society! He possibly *connived at the practice.* He most justly and cordially despised the pusillanimous creatures who resorted to it. He sometimes treated them with rudeness and insolence. He on one occasion dined with his hat on, when three kings and several sovereign princes sat uncovered at table.'—p. 285.

And then he proceeds to give other and even stronger instances of the same brutal arrogance. This foible of his hero, however, somewhat embarrasses the panegyrist. On the one hand, he half admires it as a proof of that innate supremacy which even from his dawn marked out the ascendance of that '*great Prince*' over all the rest of mankind; but, on the other, his Lordship's contempt for Kings and Queens excites some degree of wonder that so superior a being should

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should stoop to imitate the ridiculous and degrading habits and etiquettes of such '*creatures.*' He solves this difficulty by his usual formula. Anything done by any usurper—Joseph—Joachim—or, above all, Napoleon—is noble and dignified; but the same thing, when he sees, or fancies he sees, it at a legitimate court, is odious and despicable.

The same kind of perplexity on Buonaparte's pertinacious and, in its details, childish struggles to mount his imperial stilts at St. Helena, runs through a considerable portion of the volume, and is similarly solved. Lord Holland is rather at a loss how to excuse this apparently puerile pretension — in which however the noble Lord was himself an active accomplice. He gives us indeed to understand that he would have been better pleased if Buonaparte had shown a more decided contempt for all that savoured of royalty, and had, of his own mere motion and sovereign pleasure, waived his incontestable right to be recognised as Emperor; but, for the presumption of our ministry in refusing their concurrence when the great man condescended to desire it, he has no softer terms than

'pitiful, narrow-minded *malignity*, disgraceful alike to the Government and its agents.'—p. 309.

The most calumnious stories and the most puerile tricks were concocted and practised at St. Helena, and published throughout Europe, in a constant succession of libels (not without some countenance from Lord Holland), in the vain hope that public opinion might be so far misled as to force our Government to abate its vigilance. But even for its ostensible object of exciting public sympathy this pretension was and remains, in spite of all Lord Holland's efforts, a complete failure; or, to use Buonaparte's own illustration, what he meant for sublime dwindled into the ridiculous—

> Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba—
> *Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ!*

We know not whether Lord Holland was really so blinded by prejudice as not to see — what every other man in Europe of all parties saw and felt—that, although there would be naturally something of personal vanity and pique in Buonaparte's reluctance to lose his imperial style, this was, even with *him*, a very secondary consideration. Buonaparte's most serious object was to keep alive his usurped dignity, not merely for parade, but for future mischief; and events have proved what common sense foresaw, that the imperial title was the lever, the που στω, by which the Archimedes of Revolution hoped to disturb the world. We need say

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say no more of the various shifts and tricks and false pretences that Buonaparte employed to free himself from the restraints which his own faithless and incorrigible ambition had rendered necessary. We formerly exposed them in our articles on O'Meara and Santini. There was then some danger in leaving them undetected and unrefuted. Lord Holland's *crambe recocta* can now do no harm but to his own reputation—and there we leave it!

But—weary as we are of wading through this chaos of misrepresentations—we cannot omit to notice the art with which Lord Holland endeavours to disguise, extenuate, nay, justify facts which are the greatest, and, in spite of his Lordship's sophistry, will be most indelible stains on Buonaparte's character. Even for these offences, too notorious to be denied, his Lordship has always *des circonstances atténuantes.* He carries his principle through the whole apology. If forced to confess the vulgarity and intemperance of Buonaparte's bearing and talk, he is glad to discover that good authorities consider them as indications of real good manners and good-nature. 'Josephine,' it seems, 'thought his harshness was only a mode of preventing appeals which his *natural kindness* would be unable to resist.' Others concurred in assuring his Lordship that

'the unmannerly speeches were the result of system rather than temper—adopted to disconcert designs and to repress importunity; and that his so much dreaded bursts of passion were the cloak of an *easy and good-humoured,* not the ebullitions of a hasty or an ungovernable disposition.'—p. 224.

To be sure his Lordship has the candour to add,

'that many will think he acted his part too well, and habit too often becomes second nature.'—*Ib.*

But these are trifles. The 'great Prince' was, in truth, a model of forbearance, placability, and humanity:—

'Successful ambition has rarely been so free from the reproach of ingratitude or revenge. Napoleon not only never forgot a favour, but, unlike most ambitious characters, never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services.'—p. 232.

In answer to this—may we not say?—audacious eulogy, we could produce a volume of undisputed facts. We will content ourselves with two sufficiently decisive. When Lord Holland acquits his hero of ingratitude, does his Lordship forget that he himself elsewhere confesses that to *Barras* Buonaparte was indebted for his rapid ascent to that power which enabled him to overthrow his benefactor, and subsequently to persecute him with insult and exile? And as to revenge, had Lord Holland never heard of the murder of Palm, the German bookseller—no subject of France, and whose only crime was the publication,

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in his own language and his own neutral town, of a pamphlet at which Buonaparte, in the insolence of his triumph over Germany, chose to take personal offence? But Lord Holland even ventures to insinuate that he was in these respects superior to Washington. To Washington! Yes—

'The instances of his love of vengeance are very few: they are generally of an insolent rather than of a sanguinary character . . . not of a dye to affect his humanity. Of what man, possessed of such extended yet disputed authority, can so much be said? Of Washington? . . . . But Washington, if he ever had equal provocation and motives for revenge, certainly never possessed such power to gratify it. His glory, greater in truth than that of Cæsar, Cromwell, or Bonaparte, was, that he disdained such power. He never had it, and *cannot therefore deserve immoderate praise for not exerting what he did not possess. In the affair of General Lee* he did not, if I recollect, *show much inclination to forgive.*'—p. 266.

Again; Lord Holland tells us that his wife Josephine would say of him,

'that he never could withstand tears, and, least of all, the tears of a woman.'—p. 223.

And this assertion, for which he gives no authority and which we entirely disbelieve, is introduced almost into the same page in which he relates that the tears and even agonies of grief of the said Josephine had no effect whatsoever in the two cases in which they ought to have had the most—namely, her own divorce and the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. Of the palliative and hesitating style of the several pages in which Lord Holland treats the latter—the worst of all Buonaparte's sins—the following extracts may serve as a specimen:—

'The unprovoked sacrifice of a man whom position and birth alone made an enemy, and *against whom no crime was even alleged*, will and ought to remain a blot upon his memory. Future disclosures may soften the dye, but none that I can conjecture can *entirely* efface the stain which that guilt has left on *his government.*'—p. 228.

—not on *him*, observe, but on *his Government!*—To this hint that the *dye* of that most wanton as well as most barbarous murder *may be softened*, Lord Holland adds a yet bolder attempt at extenuation:—

'The terror inspired by the death of a Bourbon Prince enabled Napoleon to spare many conspirators of that party who had forfeited their lives to the law.'

Miserable sophistry! If the fact were true, would it much help Buonaparte's character that his *Moloch*-mercy could only be propitiated by the previous and unprovoked sacrifice of a confessedly innocent victim? But no task could be easier than to prove that the

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the degree of mercy thus shown was exceedingly small, and that in some of the cases alluded to by Lord Holland it was not exercised at all. In the same style, and indeed even less candidly—because in contradiction to some of the hero's own evidence—his Lordship deals with the poisoning the sick at Jaffa, and the massacre of the Cheiks in Egypt. On this last atrocity his mode of defending Buonaparte even against his own confession of the crime is really *too bad.* Of these poor priests

'he executed sixty without delay, and surprised their comrades who came to intercede for them next day, with the sad intelligence that they had all perished over night. He [Buonaparte] related this story with an indifference and even a gaiety many years after, at Elba, that seemed very unfeeling; and though he carelessly observed that he did it to show that *sa manière de gouverner n'était pas molle*, he neglected to relate the circumstances which accounted for, and *in some sort justified*, his extraordinary severity to what he called *les abbés de ce pays-là*.'—p. 250.

In short, Lord Holland *in some sort justifies* atrocities which Buonaparte himself could not defend. We could readily show that these apologies are a tissue of misrepresentations; but we abstain from those historical details, our only object being to exhibit a general view of the fallacies, and, what we believe to be, in everything relating to Buonaparte, the bad faith of Lord Holland's Reminiscences.

We have been induced to examine this work at greater length than it intrinsically deserves, not entirely on its own account, for we think that the first few pages of our article, coming after the shorter reviews to which we have already referred, would have amply sufficed to discredit and indeed to demolish it; but we perceive, as we have already said, by the notes of this publication, that Lord Holland left behind him voluminous Memoirs—treating, as we presume, of domestic policy and affairs in his own times. We know not when these volumes may be destined to see the light, but we can have no doubt that they will be found to be, in all essential respects, *ejusdem farinæ* as that now before us—and we have therefore been the more anxious to record our protest against the claims of the writer to confidence on any subject, either personal or historical, where his testimony was liable to the influences of party prejudice. If as to foreign topics, on which men are in the habit of looking with a cooler and fairer judgment, we see Lord Holland carried away to such extremes of partiality, what may we not expect from the warmth and blindness of his zeal when he comes to the scenes in which he took so personal a share and so hot an interest? Such matters will every day become less susceptible of a full examination; there may be few or

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no surviving witnesses; and the adverse evidence, which in this case we derive from foreign memoirs, may be wanting. We have therefore thought it necessary to explain the reasons on which we venture to think that Lord Holland's personal evidence as to domestic affairs will be liable to great suspicion, and should be, as it were, *cross-examined* by all the tests that these Foreign Reminiscences may supply.

P.S. Since the first pages of this article were printed off, we have received a New York edition and an American review of this unfortunate work. The sheets of the London impression had, it turns out, been despatched across the Atlantic before the *cancels* and *suppressions* had been made. The New York volume has accordingly enabled us to pronounce the omitted passages, one and all, in the highest degree detestable and disgusting. We are glad that our own public has escaped the additional filth and stupidity of those passages—which we hope no English press will ever be tempted to reproduce;—they are, however, very sure to be adopted by the pirates of Brussels and Paris. We must not suppress the conclusion which the republican critic in the '*Literary World*' derives from Lord Holland's having, as he says, 'destroyed the illusion of royalty, and shown us kings and queens and courts as they are.'

'What are the kings, queens, and royal princes of whom Lord Holland writes? Not, as we might innocently suppose, no better and no worse than other people are—but infinitely, outrageously worse. Lord Holland coolly records, as if it was a matter of course, gross vices, and deadly, unnatural sins as of habitual commission by kings, queens, and princes—such vices and such sins as we might search the dark chronicles of our prison-houses in vain to equal. At this remote distance, contemplating monarchy with this book for a commentary, and with no belief in the perfection of political institutions anywhere, we may dwell with complacency upon our citizenship of this Republic. All the sanctity of holy alliances, and all the *afflatus* breathed by the *divine right* of kings, could not save a nation from being stifled by the impure atmosphere generated in the corruption of such courts as are here described by Lord Holland.'

It is some satisfaction to us to hope that our examination of this work may incline our Transatlantic friends to pause before they find a verdict on the evidence of such witnesses as Lord Holland and his allies. We unhappily cannot deny that the volume is throughout revolting and disgraceful; but we trust that the indignation it must everywhere excite will, even in the New World, fall on the real culprits, and not on their—as we conscientiously believe—grossly injured victims. ART.

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ART. VII.—1. *Das Leben Johann Calvins des grossen Reformators.* Von Paul Henry, Dr. der Theologie, Prediger und Seminar-Inspector zu Berlin. 3 vols. Hamburg. 1835-1844.
2. *The Life and Times of John Calvin, the Great Reformer.* Translated from the German of Paul Henry, D.D., &c. By Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 1849.
3. *Histoire de la Vie, des Ouvrages, et des Doctrines de Calvin.* Par M. Audin. 2 vols. Paris. 1841.
4. *The same.* Translated by the Rev. John M'Gill. London. 8vo. 1850.
5. *The Life of John Calvin. Compiled from Authentic Sources, and particularly from his Correspondence.* By Thomas H. Dyer. 1850.

THERE is no longer any room for the complaint which Dr. Henry made in 1835, that the biography of Calvin has been neglected. The life of the Reformer has lately been written in German, in French, and in English; and, in addition to Mr. Dyer's volume, we have in our own language the translations by Dr. Stebbing and Mr. M'Gill. The German Life—which fills about 2200 pages—is unquestionably the chief source of the rest. Mr. Dyer amply acknowledges his obligations to it; the omission of any such acknowledgment in the other case is only consistent with M. Audin's general policy. The third of the German volumes, however, did not appear in time to be turned to account by M. Audin. The consequence is, that he has comparatively little to say as to the last years of Calvin's life, and that Dr. Henry has had the privilege of replying to him —a privilege which he uses to declare, with all plainness of speech, that the French book is 'mainly romance and lies.' (*Henry*, iii. 9.)

The varieties of contrast among the three writers are complete. Not only is Dr. Henry very German (although there are circumstances which seem to indicate that he is of French descent)—not only is M. Audin thoroughly French—and Mr. Dyer thoroughly English; but the German is a zealous 'evangelical,' the Frenchman an extreme Romanist, and the Englishman a sober-minded Anglican.

The industry of Dr. Henry has been meritorious. He has dived into manuscripts; he has worried both acquaintances and strangers for information; he has brought together much that was before unknown; he has printed many letters and documents for the first time, and has republished others which were of extreme rarity: his book, in short, is a sort of encyclopædia of Calvin,

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Calvin, and is invaluable as a collection of materials. But here, or hereabouts, our praise must end. He himself laments that his work is wanting in *Rundung* (Anglicè *rounding*)—a defect which he ascribes to the circumstances in which it was composed; but we must doubt whether, with all possible advantages, the worthy 'preacher and seminary-inspector' could ever have been a good biographer. His narrative can hardly be called narrative at all; indeed it almost seems as if the book were made up of a series of sermons; and very wearisome sermons they are. Not the less so, assuredly, because the doctor's judgment is altogether overpowered by the name of 'the Great Reformer.' It is not partiality; it is not hero-worship; it is absolute slavery. He writes as if under the terror of those old Genevan laws which made it one of the deadliest crimes 'to speak against Master Calvin.' Here and there, indeed, we meet with tolerably large admissions to his disadvantage. Dr. Henry says, for example, that his doctrine of Election and Reprobation was one-sided, too grossly stated, and practically mischievous; and to this is added an expression of satisfaction that the children of Calvin now no more believe that doctrine than the modern Lutherans believe Consubstantiation. (ii. 16, 17.) Again, we are told that in his church-polity Calvin deviated from the Gospel, and introduced novelties of evil tendency and effect; that he was personally arrogant, intolerant, and of a spirit very unlike that of the Gospel; that we must study him in his theory and not in his practice, if we wish to estimate him favourably; that his controversial style is unjustifiable; that his laws were sanguinary and un-Christian; that the burning of Servetus was an atrocity. But no sooner is an avowal of this kind uttered than there is an attempt to neutralize it by some clumsy self-contradiction. In short, his sense of right and wrong, of truth and error, is entirely mastered by his awe of the Genevan Pope.

In M. Audin's pages, on the other hand, the hero becomes a monster. He had before published a Life of Luther—strongly anti-Lutheran as to matters of opinion, but yet not without a sort of kindness towards the German Reformer. But there is no such feeling for Calvin. The two are often compared in the present work; Luther is rarely mentioned without some allusion to the 'enormous pots of beer' by which his Theology is supposed to have been inspired; but, however short of the ideal of sanctity, he is spoken of as a *man*—his faults, as those of unregulated *human* nature. And it is M. Audin's delight to contrast with this jovial, hearty man the joyless, malignant, 'bilious despot' of Geneva. Talent, indeed, is granted him in abundance;

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dance; but this only serves to make him the more odious. Henry is ready to interchange right and wrong, rather than suspect that Calvin *can* have been in error. Audin never hesitates to become the champion of blasphemy, heresy, and vice of every kind, if only they were offensive to Calvin. Finally, the unflinching Romanist has disgraced himself and his cause by raking up some atrocious charges, originally brought against Calvin by the worthless Bolsec, as to the falsehood of which we do not suppose that any reasonable person can really entertain a doubt.

The style of the books is as curiously contrasted. As to Calvin's personal history, indeed, Audin is hardly more a narrator than Henry; but, while the German wastes his scores of pages in homiletical 'doctrines and uses,' the Frenchman writes less like a serious historian than a saucy reviewer—sweeping in his assertions, flippant, delighting in raillery, ambitious of epigram; affecting too, not seldom, the ease of familiarity when touching on matters of which it is evident that he knows little or nothing. It is, we suppose, to the characteristics of style and tone that Dr. Henry intends to allude when he speaks of M. Audin's work as *dieses Pamphlet*—although Dr. Stebbing has rendered the words 'this *little production*'—being quite unconscious that the 'pamphlet' is a book in two volumes, and somewhat more bulky than his own.

It will not be necessary to bestow many words on this English Doctor's publication. Thinking, as we did, that Henry's work was altogether unsuited to the English taste, and that its chief value consisted in the appendix of documents and in the elaborate notes, we were surprised to see a translation of it announced; and, on opening Dr. Stebbing's volumes, we were further surprised to find that the appendix and all the more valuable part of the notes had been discarded. But surprise was not our only feeling when we discovered that this had been done without the slightest hint of any omission.—Then, we, like patient reviewers, began to dip into the translation here and there, and to compare passages with the original;—but we soon found that all was alike bad; that the only way of adequately exposing Dr. Stebbing would be to reprint the whole of his two volumes with a running commentary. We wish to be literally understood when we say that we have over and over again tried the experiment of opening the book at a venture, and examining the first ten lines which caught our eye; that we have hardly ever found *ten* continuous lines without some blunder so gross as utterly to disguise the author's meaning; and that we now question whether there

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there are any *three* successive lines without a mistake of some sort or other.

Dr. Stebbing is especially amusing in the article of proper names. German geography puzzles him sadly, and he leaves it to puzzle his English reader. Where Dr. Henry uses the French name of Neufchâtel, the translator faithfully reproduces it; but where the German name stands in the original, *Neuenburg* remains in the English (i. 90, 399). For Lorraine we have *Lotharingia* (i. 101); for Juliers, *Jülich* (i. 337); for Montbelliard, *Mompelgarten* (i. 342), and *Mümpelgard* (ii. 305); for Transylvania, *Siebenbürgen* (ii. 270). The church of Wilna (die Wilnaer Kirche) becomes 'the church at *Wilnaer*' (ii. 265); we have *Graubündten* for the Grisons;* and in another passage, where the Grisons are named in the translation, we find that the original has *Waadtland, i. e.* the Pays de Vaud! (Germ. iii. 392; Eng. ii. 325.) By leaving names as he found them, Dr. Stebbing sometimes gives a German air to men and things which had nothing to do with Germany. Thus the *Place de Molard* at Geneva becomes the *Molarsplatz* (i. 95). We read of 'Theodore *von* Beza' (ii. 84), 'the Baron *von* Adrets' (ii. 408), '*Herr* Galiffe of Geneva' (ii. 233), '*Herr von* Normandie' (i. 101), '*Jacobus* Gruet' (ii. 64), '*Matthæus* Gribaldi' and '*Franz* Spiera.' (ii. 263.) Calvin's brother Antony is made *Anton*, and so is his namesake the King of Navarre. Calvin himself, when writing under the name of Charles d'Espeville (one of the many *aliases* which he assumed), is turned into *Carl* (i. 452); and we find him addressing Frellon, the printer, as *Herr Johann*, although the original 'Seigneur Jehan' stood at the bottom of the page from which Dr. Stebbing was translating. (Germ. iii. 132; Eng. ii. 180.) On the other hand, 'the noble Sieur de Bourgogne,' instead of being allowed to retain his name, is mistranslated into 'the nobleman of Burgundy.' (Germ. ii. 56; Eng. i. 352.) Sometimes it seems as if Dr. Stebbing were unable to read the German character; for instance, he makes Rilliet into Nilliet, and Guéroult is throughout called Quéroult. From the way in which well-known names appear, it is evident that the translator had never heard of them before: thus the geographer Ptolemy is *Ptolemæus*, and St. Vincent de Paul is *Vincentius of Paula;* nay, St. Ambrose figures somewhere as 'the holy Ambrosius!'

* ii. 242. Moreover, the preposition *at* is used, as if the Grisons were a town. So in translating from the French (i. 355), '*en* Berry' is made '*at* Berry.'

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Nor can we compliment the reverend translator on his readiness to understand any allusion to Scripture. Where he finds in a French letter '*l'opprobre* de Jésus Christ,' he renders it 'the *cross*' (Germ. i. 159; Eng. i. 103)—overlooking the reference to Heb. xi. 26. He tells us that 'Erasmus never forgave the expressions which Farel applied to him;' but what the expressions were, he does not state; evidently, because he did not understand that *Bileam* means Balaam. (Germ. i. 140; Eng. i. 90.) Where Dr. Henry quotes from Calvin 'Elias *was informed* (*erfuhr*) that God had reserved to himself seven thousand,' Dr. Stebbing tells us that 'Elias *said*' this. (Germ. i. 91; Eng. i. 61.) Where the original has a reference to 'the meek who are blessed' (Matth. v. 5), the English speaks of 'the mildness proper in those who are saved' (Germ. iii. 552; Eng. ii. 411); and instead of 'Nicodemites'—(the name by which Calvin designated the class of persons who attempted to combine a belief of the Reformed doctrines with an outward profession of Romanism) —Dr. Stebbing usually reads 'Nico*med*ites.' Yet, if we may believe the title-page, the person who has made such exhibitions of his ignorance is a Doctor of Divinity, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was chosen by the Rev. Dr. Dionysius Lardner (who must, we presume, be considered as an ecclesiastical authority of some weight) to enlighten the world on 'The History of the Church and Reformation'—in a Cyclopædia which numbered among its contributors Scott, Southey, Mackintosh, Herschel, and Thirlwall!

It is not with any hope of amending Dr. Stebbing that we make these remarks on his production. But it is due to the public—it is due to the foreign author, whose work has been so strangely travestied—and it is due to the really competent translators whose good name is in danger from the practices of such pretenders as Dr. Stebbing—that impostures of this kind should be exposed. We are sorry to say that Dr. Stebbing is by no means the only artist in his line; on the contrary, an extensive manufacture of spurious translations from the German is now carried on both here and in America, and Dr. Henry's is very far from being the most important book which has suffered by the process.

The volume last on our list is a performance of a different order. To it the reader may safely be referred for a judicious and very readable summary of all the information that Dr. Henry and others have collected. Mr. Dyer has diligently made himself master of the materials, and has digested them with a perfect freedom from the trickery of book-making. He neither

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neither worships the Reformer like Dr. Henry, nor desires to represent him as a demon, after the fashion of M. Audin. He is neither a prosy preacher, nor a flashy essayist; but a clear, unaffected, unambitious narrator. In some few cases, we think, he is inclined to construe Calvin's conduct too unfavourably; but this is the almost unavoidable reaction of Dr. Henry's absurd partiality; and, in spite of these exceptions, we could hardly name a more candid biographer. The wish to understand the history of Calvin clearly, and to relate it honestly, has supplied Mr. Dyer with that stimulus which is more usually derived from feelings of partisanship or enmity.

The Reformer was born at Noyon in 1509. His grandfather was a cooper;* his father, Gerard Cauvin,† was a notary, and secretary to the Bishop of Noyon. Romish writers still delight to repeat that the mother was a handsome woman, but of ill repute—which latter statement appears to be utterly unfounded; and add that, before giving birth to the heresiarch, she produced a swarm of flies! The people of Noyon were by no means proud of their townsman after he had risen to fame. They celebrated a false report of his death with public rejoicings; there is, too, a story, not so well supported, that they pulled down the house in which he was born, and hanged a man who ventured to rebuild it.

Dr. Henry pleases himself with the fancy that little John may have been a pretty boy, although he is obliged to own that the extant likenesses neither favour this conjecture nor agree with his ideal of the reformer's appearance in maturer years (i. 30). Calvin received his early education in company with the children of the Mommor family, the noblest in the district; the expense, however, was borne by his father. He then proceeded successively to Paris, Orleans, and Bourges—at that time the most renowned law-school in France. It was afterwards remembered that both at school and college he was severe in censuring the faults of his companions. He was distinguished alike by his talents and by his industry; such was his reputation at the age of twenty-one that he was requested to give his judgment on the question of Henry VIII.'s divorce, which was then submitted to

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* Dr. Stebbing calls the good man 'Böttcher'—mistaking the word which denotes his trade for a proper name!

† This is said to be the Picard form of *Chauvin*; when Latinised, it became *Calvinus*, and this was again reduced into the French form *Calvin*. See Bayle, art. *Calvin*, note BB.

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the learned men of Europe.* His legal studies left their traces, both for good and for evil, on the mind of the theologian.

Although the profession of the bar was that which his father intended him eventually to follow, Calvin had been early provided with preferment in the church. The practice of the age was such as to admit of his obtaining a chaplaincy in the Cathedral of Noyon at twelve, and a parish at eighteen. After holding the latter for two years, he exchanged it for another; and, although not in holy orders, he preached occasionally to his parishioners.

From Melchior Wolmar, a German professor of Bourges, Calvin derived a knowledge of Greek, and a determination towards the tenets of the reformers who had lately begun to agitate the Church. He forthwith preached his newly embraced opinions in Bourges and in the neighbouring villages; and such was his popularity that he soon felt it even oppressive. About this time his father died—probably in the year 1532; and Calvin, now his own master, gave up law for theology, and removed to Paris.

Mr. Dyer ably sketches the circumstances of the period (11-24)—the causes, political, literary, and social, which had disposed some persons to welcome a reformation of religion, and others to oppose every attempt of the kind. When Calvin again took up his abode in the capital, persecution was busy among the adherents of the reformed faith; many had been put to death—and the meetings of the congregations were held secretly, in the midst of dangers and alarms. Calvin preached in these assemblies with zeal and energy; and, by way of a plea for toleration, he published with a commentary the work of a heathen philosopher—Seneca's treatise *De Clementiâ*. This first of his literary works, however, was little noticed, and had nothing of the effect at which he aimed.

A curious incident now took place. Nicolas Cop—a dull, edacious German, unless M. Audin's description (i. 64) does him wrong—had been elected rector of the Sorbonne, and in that capacity had to deliver an oration on All Saints' day.† The oration was written for him by Calvin; and to the astonishment and horror of the whole Sorbonne, the rector became the mouthpiece for a vehement assertion of Justification by faith only, and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture as the standard of doctrine.

* We need not, however, suppose that the application proceeded from any remoter source than the University of Orleans, where he was then teaching.

† 'The day on which the Catholics hold the feast of *La Toussaint*,' says the erudite Stebbing (i. 37).

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Cop was denounced to the parliament of Paris, but contrived to escape to Basle, his native place. The young man, whose share in the affair had become known, was also sought after; he too, however, escaped—in the disguise of a vine-dresser, according to the more romantic version—and found his way to Noyon, where he sold his chaplaincy, and resigned his parish to a kinsman. As might perhaps be anticipated, M. Audin does not allow him to pass uncensured, either for keeping his preferments so long, or for the manner in which he disposed of them (i. 63).

After a period of wanderings, Calvin found a refuge at Nérac, the residence of the celebrated Queen Margaret of Navarre—a princess of whom it has been said, by the late editor of her correspondence, that her chief characteristic is '*d'avoir allié toute sa vie les idées religieuses et les idées d'amour mondain.*'* Mr. Dyer argues that her *Heptameron* is to be interpreted by the light reflected from her *Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*—in short, that she was not aware what naughty stuff she wrote in her 'more than equivocal tales;' and possibly some of his readers—especially if they have not read the book—may be willing to adopt this view. If, however, it were otherwise, religious party is seldom critical as to the character of its patrons; and Margaret might not the less have been honoured as a distinguished favourer of the Reformation. What we know is that she exerted herself, in conjunction with the Duchess of Etampes, *the King's mistress*, to procure toleration for the Protestants from her brother Francis I., and that at her own little court their leaders were always welcome.

In 1534 Calvin returned to Paris, not without some risk, for the purpose of meeting Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, who had begun to vent some novel opinions, and had invited him to a disputation or conference. Servetus, for some unknown reason, failed to keep his appointment; nor did the two meet until after an interval of many years, and in very different circumstances.

In October, 1534, occurred the affair of 'The Placards.' Bills printed at Neufchâtel, and filled with violent abuse of the Romish doctrines, were posted about the streets of Paris, and even within the palace. The King was highly indignant. The image of the patroness, St. Geneviève, was paraded through the city by way of a solemn lustration; and twenty-four 'Lutherans' were put to death, with circumstances of revolting cruelty.

In this season of danger Calvin fled to Basle, where he became acquainted with Bucer, Capito, and other noted reformers. It

* Génin, quoted by Dyer, p. 18.

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is disputed whether he knew Erasmus, who was then resident in the same city; but we may at least be sure that acquaintance between two such men could never have developed into love.

At Basle was completed and published the first edition of the *Institutio Christianæ Religionis.* The preface, addressed to the King of France, is often to this day spoken of as one of the three most famous prefaces that the world has seen—Casaubon's to Polybius and that of De Thou's History being those ranked with it. Perhaps these three may deserve the pre-eminence assigned to them; but, as they are all the productions of Frenchmen, all written in Latin, and all within no great distance of time, we are tempted to suspect that the position of the original critic (whoever he was) may have somewhat influenced his judgment. Calvin's Preface is unquestionably a very remarkable composition; but even Dr. Henry allows that it is wanting in a Christian spirit, and that it was more likely to have provoked the King than to have converted him—if Madame d'Etampes ever got him to look at it, of which there is no evidence.

At the time of publishing his 'Institution,' Calvin was only twenty-six years of age; and the first edition was far less extensive than the work as it now appears. We are told, however, that it contained all the leading principles which the author maintained through life—his theories of justification, election, and reprobation, his system of church-polity* and discipline, his doctrine as to the sacraments. In one considerable point only he afterwards altered his views. The early editions contained some strong passages in favour of religious toleration; and these were withdrawn after the punishment of Servetus.

From Basle Calvin went into Italy, where he spent some time at the court of Ferrara. The Duchess, Renée, a French princess, was a zealous partizan of the Reformation. She had been a Lutheran, but about this time embraced the opinions with which the name of Calvin began to be associated. A treaty which was soon after concluded between her husband and the Pope dispersed the refugees whom religion had attracted to Ferrara; and Calvin repaired for the last time to Noyon, in order to dispose of some property which had fallen to him by the death of his elder brother. As he does not mention, in any published letter, that he visited the graves of his parents and wept over them, M. Audin takes occasion to expatiate on his want of all natural affection! (i. 145.)

* Dr. Stebbing informs us that 'Calvin's views as to Church-*establishments* are altogether evangelical; he regards them as standing *on the same ground as bishops.*' In the original, Dr. Henry is speaking of Calvin's view as to Church-*elders*, and says that he 'places *these* on a level with *bishops.*' (Germ. i. 130; Eng. i. 84.)

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It was now Calvin's intention to settle at Basle; but, as the direct road, through Lorraine, was shut up by war, he was obliged to make a circuit by way of Geneva. On this circumstance the whole of his after history was to turn.

The revolutions through which Geneva had passed are related by Mr. Dyer with great clearness and spirit. For us it must be enough to say that during several centuries the actual princes had been a line of bishops, who acknowledged the counts of Geneva as their liege-lords. In 1401 the rights of the counts were transferred to the ducal house of Savoy, which endeavoured also to obtain possession of the temporal authority of the bishops. These became in time the creatures of the dukes of Savoy; and hence it is easy to understand that many of the leading citizens were ready to welcome the Reformation as a help towards shaking off a foreign dominion.

William Farel, the first reformer of Geneva, was a native of Dauphiny, born in 1489. He became regent of the college of Cardinal le Moine, at Paris, but was obliged to abandon his office on account of his attachment to the new doctrines. His zeal was untempered by discretion or charity. We read of him as sojourning successively at Basle, Montbelliard, Strasburg, Berne, and Neufchâtel—everywhere exciting the multitudes by his rough, noisy eloquence—rendering the Reformation odious to persons of a different character by his outrageous manner of advocating it—and driven in consequence from one town or territory to another.* He is supposed to have been concerned in the authorship of the Placards which had produced such excitement in Paris.

It was in 1532, when the state of things at Geneva was very unsettled, that Farel made his first appearance there. 'Au mois d'Octobre,'—writes Sister Jeanne de la Jussie, a nun who has left a most curious account of the movement by which her order was expelled from Geneva—'vint à Genève un chétif malheureux prédicant nommé Maître Guillaume.' He is described after other authorities as 'a little man, with a vulgar face, a narrow forehead, a pale complexion, and two or three tufts of an ill-combed red beard, but whose fiery eye and expressive mouth announced a more remarkable character than his general appearance seemed to indicate.' (Dyer, 43.)

Farel's first visit to Geneva ended in a forcible expulsion; but

* 'Sous les rois de Juda,' says M. Audin (i. 160), 'Farel aurait joué le rôle de prophète; en Franconie, celui de Munzer ou de Bochold; en Angleterre au besoin il aurait remplacé Cromwell ou Knox.' Are we to understand that this ultramontane Romanist classes the Jewish prophets with Munzer, Knox, and Cromwell?

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he prevailed on a countryman of his own, Antony Froment, to attempt a continuation of the work which had been begun. Froment hired a large room, and gave out that he would teach reading and writing to persons of any age in a month; if they did not learn within the time, there was to be no payment. Under cover of this captivating proposal the new doctrines were introduced, and soon gained many proselytes. After a time, Farel was able to return to Geneva; and there he, Froment, and Viret, backed by the influence of the Bernese envoy, by and by prevailed over all opposition. The Bishop was expelled, the religious houses were suppressed, images and altars were destroyed; and in August, 1535, the Reformed faith and a Republican government were formally established.

'The Genevese,' says Mr. Dyer, 'now turned their attention towards placing the new Church on a permanent footing. Four ministers and two deacons were appointed, with fixed salaries, payable out of the ecclesiastical revenues. Regulations were made to enforce a stricter discipline. All shops were ordered to be shut on the Sabbath; a sermon was appointed to be preached at four in the morning for servants and such as could not attend at a later hour; the communion was to be administered four times a year;* baptism on any day whatever, but only by a minister, and in the church. Nor was the education of youth neglected. A school was established at the Couvent de Rive, and Saunier appointed to the mastership.'—p. 59.

Matters had advanced thus far when Calvin arrived at Geneva, in the summer of 1536. He took up his abode at the house of the minister Viret, with the intention of passing only a single night in the city; but Farel became aware of his arrival, and resolved, if it were possible, to secure the assistance of a person whose learning and ability were already famous. Calvin at first resisted his importunities; whereupon Farel, assuming the air of a prophet, denounced God's curse on all his undertakings if he should refuse to aid the cause of the Gospel in Geneva.† Calvin regarded this as a call from heaven, and consented to remain.

The relation of these two men to each other is very remarkable. Thus far the Reformation of Geneva had been the work of Farel; he was the elder by twenty years; and we have seen how at the first interview he spoke to Calvin with the authority of a prophet.

* 'The communion,' writes Dr. Stebbing, 'was administered four times a-year, *and he himself* [Farel] *distributed the bread*' (i. 98.) The German words mean, '*in which he made use of common bread*'—*i. e.* as distinguished from the wafer. Elsewhere (i. 143) the word *viermalig* (quarterly), which is used of the administration of the Lord's Supper, is translated 'frequent,' as if it were *vielmalig*.

† The reader may perhaps remember a similar scene between Rough and Knox in the castle of St. Andrew's. (See Tytler's Hist. of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 10, ed. 1842.) Did Rough borrow the idea from Farel?

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But he felt the ascendancy of his junior's mind; he at once yielded him the precedence, and through all the after period of their long connexion looked up to him with reverence. Calvin, on the other hand, esteemed his elder colleague for the warmth of his zeal, for his indefatigable labours, for his unshrinking courage, and his power of popular oratory. He was not blind to his faults, but he felt his value. He himself was at once appointed teacher of theology, and in the following year (1537) he accepted the office of minister. In conjunction with Farel, he drew up a short Confession of Faith, and the people swore that they would abide by it.

The person by whom Farel had been informed of Calvin's arrival at Geneva is supposed to have been one Caroli, a doctor of the Sorbonne, who had already been twice a papist and twice a protestant. This theological Dalgetty soon after fell into trouble on account of some sermons of his; and, by way of diverting the danger, he charged Calvin, Farel, and Viret with Arianism. A synod met at Lausanne for the purpose of considering the matter. Calvin energetically asserted his orthodoxy, and declared that Caroli had 'no more faith than a dog or a pig.' He refused, however, to subscribe the Three Creeds—expressing himself against 'the tyranny of compelling one man to speak the language of another'—words peculiarly edifying from one so punctilious in framing articles of faith, and so strenuous in enforcing the acceptance thereof. The accused also objected to the terms *Trinity* and *Person*—not that Calvin himself had any scruple on the subject, as he had made use of these terms in his *Institution*, but because he wished to stand by his colleagues. It appears, however, that they too had sanctioned a Catechism in which the terms were employed, so that we can hardly understand on what ground they now objected to them; much less can we wonder that the refusal drew down very general suspicions on the orthodoxy of the Genevan Church as to the highest of Christian doctrines. The affair of Caroli ended in an exposure of his personal character. He was compelled to confess a multitude of immoralities and evil practices, and was banished from the territories of the Swiss Reformed Churches. Within a short time he was once more reconciled to the Church of Rome; and this was not the last of his changes.

The system of discipline which the preachers had laid down now began to excite a violent outcry.

'Lively and excitable, the Genevese citizen had till recently indulged in an almost unbounded licence. He loved dancing and music in the open air. The doors of numerous wine-shops lay always open, and in rainy weather, or to those whose dancing days were over, offered, in addition

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addition to liquor, the stimulus of cards. Numerous holidays released the tradesman to seek recreation in the form most agreeable. Masquerades and other mummeries were frequent, but, above all, a wedding was the source of supreme excitement. As the bells rung out a joyous carol, the bride repaired to church, surrounded by her female friends, each adorned as her charms might be set off to the best advantage; and the fête was concluded by feasting, dancing, and revelry. Worship, such as it was, showed the cheerful side of religion. . . . . Purgatory opened the way to paradise, and purgatory could be abridged by the masses of the priest; nay, religion shed its benign influence even over the temporal affairs of the devout Catholic, and a few *Credos* and *Paternosters*, a little holy water, or an offering at the shrine of the patron saint, was sufficient to avert many of the calamities of life. The silver tone of the convent bells, echoing from the mountains or stealing softly over the tranquil surface of the lake, preserved all within their sound from bad weather, ghosts, enchantments, and even Satan himself. But this magic power they possessed not unless the priest first consecrated them to the Virgin—their peculiar patroness, and, as it were, ruler of the air. Bells about to be hung were carried to the font, dressed out like a child to be baptized. Sponsors stood for them, and in this guise, as in a real baptism, they were sprinkled with water and smeared with chrism. On these occasions costly dinners were given, and even in poor villages one hundred gold crowns were sometimes spent on the ceremony. Indulged with moderation, many of the relaxations above alluded to were innocent; but it must be admitted that they were carried to excess in Geneva, and that the greatest dissoluteness of manners prevailed.'—*Dyer*, pp. 75–7.

All this was now to be rudely changed. An oath to observe the Confession already mentioned, and the Ten Commandments appended to it, had been taken by the citizens, at first collectively and afterwards individually (July, 1537). And forthwith the clergy set about the work of moral revolution.

'In their zeal (proceeds Mr. Dyer) they frequently overstepped the bounds of discretion, and confounded what was really innocent in the same anathema with what was fundamentally vicious. Cards and dancing, plays and masquerades, were absolutely prohibited. All holidays, except Sundays, were abolished, and that was observed with the strictness of the Jewish Sabbath. Marriage was ordered to be solemnized with as little show as possible. Instead of the joyous fête it had hitherto been, it was converted into a purely religious ceremony, and sanctified by a sermon. If the bride or her companions adorned themselves in a fashion contrary to what was *evangelized*, they were punished with imprisonment. The church bells were dismantled and cast into cannon. The citizens were strictly enjoined to attend the sermons, and to be at home by nine o'clock in the evening; and tavern-keepers were ordered to see that their customers observed these regulations.'—*Ibid.*, p. 78.

A large body rose up against a virtuousness so intolerant of

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cakes

cakes and ale. Some who had sworn to the Confession began to complain that they had been compelled to perjure themselves. At the election of Syndics, the chief magistrates of the Republic, in February, 1538, the four successful candidates were all favourable to what Calvin styled the *Libertine* party; nay, one of them had lately been put to public penance for gross licentiousness. The malcontents invoked the arbitration of Berne, where the Reformation had been conducted with a somewhat gentler hand, and several conferences took place—without any satisfactory result. In the mean time Calvin and Farel preached loudly against the supineness of the government as to the enforcement of discipline; and on the 11th of March they were forbidden 'to meddle with politics, or to speak of the magistrates in the pulpit.' At the approach of Easter, the clergy were required to celebrate the Holy Communion with unleavened bread, after the usage of Berne. They refused not only to do this, but to administer it at all in a city where such dissoluteness and disorder prevailed; and, in defiance of an edict which the magistrates issued on this refusal, prohibiting them to appear in the pulpit, each of them preached twice on Easter-day, insisting on the sacredness of the ordinance, and on the necessity of guarding it from profanation. On the following day a sentence of banishment was passed against Calvin, Farel, and Couraud—an old blind minister, who had preached with great violence when his brethren were forbidden to meddle with politics. They withdrew from the city, declaring that it was better to obey God than man. Calvin and Farel repaired to Berne, where they obtained the intercession of the Bernese council. A synod which soon after met at Zurich, also exerted itself in their favour; but their enemies at Geneva were not to be appeased, and the decree of their banishment was almost unanimously confirmed (May 22, 1538).

After a short stay at Basle, Farel was appointed minister at Neufchâtel, where he had laboured in former years, and Calvin accepted an invitation to settle at Strasburg (then a free city of the empire) which had early embraced the Reformation, and was now the residence of Bucer, Hedio, and other eminent divines. Here he was appointed professor of theology, and became the pastor of the French congregation, composed in great part of persons whom his fame had attracted to the town.

This period of his life was one of comparative leisure, and is important as to his literary history. It was now that he found time to expand his *Institution* into a far more considerable bulk than the first slight octavo. Now, too, appeared his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, the earliest of those exegetical works

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works on which his reputation as a writer is chiefly founded. To these are to be added his book *De Cœna Domini*, and his answer to Cardinal Sadolet, who had taken occasion from the disorders of Geneva to advise its citizens to return to the unity of Rome. During this period Calvin also attended several conferences which were held with a view to the settlement of religion. At the last of these, the celebrated diet of Ratisbon, in 1541, he was one of the representatives of Strasburg. But while his reputation was daily on the increase, he was oppressed by the cares of poverty. His stipend was small, and one attempt at least to obtain an addition to it was unsuccessful. Such were his necessities that he was obliged to sell his library—(*Epp.* 15 and 54).

At this very time, however, he was looking out for a wife. It was not in his nature to be romantic even in love; here is his list of requisites:—

'The only beauty that entices me is, that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, patient, and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health.'

Several ladies were suggested by his friends; and it deserves to be noticed, as an instance of scrupulousness which has seldom been imitated by popular divines, that he objected to one of them 'because he was afraid that she might think too much of her birth and breeding'—(*Henry*, i. 408). At length his choice fell on Idelette de Bures, the widow of a Flemish anabaptist whom he had converted. M. Audin tells us that she was 'black but comely, like the Spouse of the Canticles.' Beza describes her as 'gravis honestaque fœmina,' and adds the epithet 'lectissima' (*Henry*, i. 413), which the ingenious Dr. Stebbing translates by 'well-read!' (i. 263.) It would seem that the lady brought her husband some property, as we hear no more of his distresses. Their only child, a son, died in infancy.*

In the meanwhile matters were going on badly at Geneva. The party which had procured the banishment of the ministers carried everything in its own way for a time. A comical vengeance was taken on the memory of poor Farel; a fryingpan filled with *farets* was carried about the streets, 'comme pour dire,' says Spon,† 'qu'ils avoient fricassé Farel.' The reader may ask—What were *farets*? M. Audin will tell him that they were 'je

* With respect to the issue of Calvin's marriage, his Romish detractors are as regardless of consistency as of authority. Some tell us that the heresiarch's bed was cursed with a judicial barrenness; others relate that a son of his, having been bitten by a mad dog, and having tried the usual remedies in vain, was, by way of a last resource, sent by his father to a church of St. Hubert, where, after having duly performed his devotions, the youth was, through the intercession of the Saint, 'cured of his double madness—the canine and the Calvinistic.' This story has been versified by a zealous poet. See Bayle, Art. *Calvin*, Notes R, S.

† Hist. de Genève, ii. 26, ed. 1730.

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ne sais quel poisson;' and he adds that 'quand le poisson était cuit, on le servait aux convives, qui mangeaient ainsi Messire Farel tout bouillant, au milieu de rires inextinguibles sur la chair coriace du pauvre ministre' (i. 281). According to this account, the Genevese must have put themselves to a great deal of trouble and suffering, in eating the unknown, mysterious, leathery fish for the sake of carrying out their indifferent joke. But the fact is, as we learn from Spon, that *faret* was nothing else than the Genevese name for a *lamp-wick;* and, of course, the description of the banquet is entirely due to the biographer's lively invention. But there were worse things than the fricassee of lamp-wicks; we read of indecent spectacles in the streets, violent affrays, and even worse scandals. It was in vain that the ministers who had taken the place of the exiles endeavoured to stem this disorder; and a general wish arose among the more respectable inhabitants that Calvin might be recalled. 'They saw,' says Hooker, 'that his name waxed every day greater abroad, and that, together with his fame, their infamy was spread, which had so rashly and childishly ejected him.' They probably supposed, as the same great writer suggests, that he might now be found more willing than before to concede something.* They may, too, have felt some gratitude for the interest which he had shown towards their Church by defending it against Sadolet.

On the 20th of October, 1540, the Council passed a resolution that Calvin should be invited to return. He was not, however, disposed to come at the first bidding. It would seem as if he wished to make his value felt; nor need we refuse at the same time to believe his professions of unwillingness again to encounter the troubles of a struggle with the multitude, and the possibility of renewed difficulties in dealing with the civil authorities. It was not until after repeated invitations from the Genevese—when they had employed the mediation of other reformed communities—when Farel and Bucer had threatened him with the curse of God in case of his refusal, and had reminded him of the story of Jonah—it was not until after all this that he agreed to resume his position. The decree of banishment against the ministers was reversed on the 1st of May, 1541; and on the 13th of September Calvin re-entered Geneva with something like a public triumph. Couraud was by this time dead, and Farel remained at Neufchâtel.

A house and garden were provided for Calvin by the State. The

* Pref. to Eccl. Pol. c. ii. § 4 (vol. i. p. 363, ed. Keble, 1836). We are surprised that Mr. Dyer has nowhere alluded to Hooker's masterly sketch of Calvin's history.

situation

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situation commanded a magnificent view of the Leman lake and its background of mountains; but to such beauties the Reformer was utterly indifferent. His salary was fixed at fifty dollars, with twelve strikes of corn and two casks of wine. The givers regarded this as a handsome allowance ('gage considérable'). Calvin was neither greedy nor luxurious, and, in addition to his wife's means, found it sufficient for his wants.

'The following was the ordinary routine of his indefatigable labours after his return. He preached every day during each alternate week; thrice a-week he gave lectures in Theology; he presided in the consistory every Thursday; and every Friday, at the meetings for Scriptural discussion, held in St. Peter's Church, delivered almost a complete lecture. When it was not his week to preach, he had his books brought to him in bed at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, and dictated to an amanuensis. When it was his turn to preach, he was always ready at the appointed hour [4 A.M. apparently]; and, when he returned home, he either went to bed again, or threw himself upon it in his clothes to pursue his literary avocations. Yet, notwithstanding these multifarious pursuits, he found time to reply to the numerous letters which he received from all parts on subjects connected with theology and church-government.'—*Dyer*, p. 126.

His cares and his correspondence were indeed great and incessant. First and foremost, the time was come for realizing that system of a Church which had long possessed his mind, and had already been set forth in the Institutions. A *church* he had defined as existing 'wherever the word of God is sincerely preached and heard, and the sacraments administered according to Christ's ordinance.' The jurisdiction of the Church he held to be independent and exclusive in things purely spiritual; but he laid it down as an undoubted scriptural principle that all men are bound to submit to the established civil government—and that 'spiritual liberty may very well consist with political servitude.' (*Instit.* iv. 20-1). We may, perhaps, be surprised to find such doctrine proceeding from the patriarch of puritanism. There was, however, a reserve of the case in which the commands of the magistrate should be contrary to the will of God; and, although this exception contemplated only a passive refusal of compliance, it appears that Calvin looked on complacently when his followers in France afterwards extended its application to armed resistance or rebellion. In the church were appointed the offices of preacher, doctor, deacon, and lay-elder. The divine institution of episcopacy was denied; but Calvin did not object to the government of bishops in states differently constituted from his own little republic; and he himself, during his lifetime, exercised a more than episcopal authority in Geneva. Unlike the more extreme party among his Scotch admirers, he left

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left to the State the patronage of ecclesiastical benefices. The government of the Church was vested in a consistory, composed of six ministers and twelve lay-elders. According to the constitution of this body, one of the syndics was to be the president; but Calvin soon contrived to secure the presidency for himself, retained it throughout his life, and offered to bequeath it to Beza. The consistory met weekly, and took cognizance of doctrine and morals. Exclusion from the Lord's table was the highest punishment which this tribunal could of itself inflict. When spiritual punishments were insufficient, the offenders were handed over to the civil court, and were there dealt with in no gentle way. It was a principle with Calvin that the Church was to be supported by the State, and that the latter should aid her censures by temporal penalties. In addition to all his labours in regulating the Church, he was employed to draw up a code of civil law; and here the lore which he had acquired at Orleans and Bourges was turned to account. The joint object of the civil and the spiritual legislations was to establish a theocracy on the ancient Jewish model. Calvin's system, however, was more severe than that of Moses. Its punishments were generally heavier; it inflicted death more frequently, and substituted more terrible for milder modes of execution. All manner of merriment was sternly put down. It was criminal to celebrate any of the abolished festivals, or to offer children for baptism after the names of popish saints. Some young persons were excommunicated for playing a twelfthnight game. Men were imprisoned for reading Amadis de Gaul. Unchastity of every shade was sternly punished.* One case is recorded of a person who had been sentenced to a whipping for adultery, and appealed to a higher court; this court, in revising the process, found that he had before been guilty of the same sin, and at once sentenced him to death (*Dyer*, 152). All kinds of blasphemy were visited with heavy penalties; and it was considered a blasphemy to speak against the foreigners who had taken refuge at Geneva for the sake of religion. 'Very beautiful,' says Dr. Henry, (ii. 72) 'is the severity with which parental authority was enforced.' As examples of this beauty, he mentions that one child was beheaded for striking his parents, and that another was condemned to death for a mere *attempt* to strike his mother, and with difficulty escaped the extreme penalty. Witchcraft was zealously sought out.

* Dr. Stebbing (i. 362) translates *Hurerei* by 'witchcraft;' *ein liederliches Dienstmädchen* (*i. e.* a dissolute maidservant) by 'a young female singer;' at p. 365 he puts *legislature* for *legislation*. In like fashion 'Der furchtbare (*the terrible*) Richelieu' becomes 'the *wretched* Richelieu.' (Germ. i. 130; Eng. i. 168.) But *ohe! jam satis*.

Within

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Within some sixty years no fewer than a hundred and fifty suffered death for this *crime*. Spies or watchmen were established, with charge to report to the consistory all breaches of discipline; and it may be easily believed that this institution became subject to great abuses. There was an annual visitation of every house in the city; not a quiet pastoral call, but a solemn inspection of the family by a minister and a lay-elder, with an inquisition into the habits of the members. To this was added in 1550 a system of catechizing from house to house. Attendance at sermons was rigidly insisted on. To laugh during a sermon was a matter which drew after it three days' imprisonment, and the necessity of publicly asking pardon. 'To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrarese lady was condemned in 1559 to beg pardon of God and the magistrates, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded' (*Dyer*, 144).

The conclusion of Dr. Henry's remarks on this frightful severity is quite beyond us, but too curious to be omitted :—

'An intelligent child once said, when reading the Old Testament, "It must require great trust in God to put a man to death." This was the profoundest thing that could be uttered respecting capital punishments. *And when it is seen how the Genevese legislation, which had a minister of religion for its author, played with life, one cannot help deeply feeling that trust in God lay at the foundation of it all, and that Calvin's sanguinary principle was grounded in his religion.*'—ii. 79.

But what was the effect of all this discipline? Let us hear a recent Genevese antiquary of unquestioned learning :—

'To those who imagine that Calvin did nothing but good I could produce our registers covered with records of illegitimate children, which were exposed in all parts of the town and country; hideous trials for obscenity; wills in which fathers and mothers accuse their children not only of errors but of crimes; agreements before notaries between young women and their lovers, in which the latter, in the presence of the parents of their paramours, make them an allowance for the education of their illegitimate offspring. I could instance multitudes of forced marriages, in which the delinquents were conducted from the prison to the church; mothers who abandoned their children to the hospital, whilst they themselves lived in abundance with a second husband; bundles of lawsuits between brothers; heaps of secret denunciations; men and women burnt for witchcraft; sentences of death in frightful numbers; and all these things among the generation nourished by the mystic manna of Calvin.'*

* Galiffe, 'Notices Généalogiques,' quoted by Henry (ii. 79) and translated by Dyer (153). Some of the Aberdeen records, published by the Spalding Club, show a curious parallel as to the effects of the old Presbyterian discipline in Scotland.

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During

During the years which followed his return to Geneva, Calvin was actively employed in controversy with opponents of various kinds—Romanists, Anabaptists, astrologers, 'Nicodemites,' and others. He took a prominent share in the more general affairs of the Reformed Churches: he exerted himself in vain to prevent the scandal of a public breach between the Lutherans and the Zwinglians, or Sacramentaries; and he began to acquire a quasi-papal authority over a large party in every country to which the Reformation had penetrated. But in the mean time he had to contend with no small difficulties in his own church at home. We have seen that the 'Patriot' party had been zealous in ejecting the Romish system as a doubly foreign tyranny—as subjecting them at once to Rome and to Savoy. They had been active in establishing the Reformation; and Ami Perrin, their leader, had himself been the bearer of the invitation by which Calvin was persuaded to return from exile. By this time, however, the Patriots began to find the ascendancy of the reformed clergy more intolerable than anything that they had endured at the hands of bishops or of dukes. There was much of a really scandalous kind in the morals of the upper classes: and now it appeared that the Consistory knew no respect of persons; that it was bent not only on reforming vice, but on suppressing the most harmless amusements. The ministers stormed from their pulpits against all who were obnoxious to them, denouncing them by name, loading both gentlemen and ladies with the most unsavoury epithets, and ransacking history, alike sacred and profane, for odious parallels: and as the title of *Patriots* was naturally a recommendation of the party, Calvin endeavoured to more than neutralize it by substituting that of *Libertines*,—thus mixing them up with a pantheistic sect so called, whose doctrines were both blasphemous and immoral.* We shall probably not be far wrong if we suppose that, while some persons were Libertines in both the senses, the greater part of the political party had no other connexion with the speculative Libertines than a common dislike of Calvin and his system.

Among the Patriots was one Pierre Ameaux, a man of wealth, and member of the Council of Two Hundred. Information was given that this person, at a supper in his own house, had spoken disrespectfully of Calvin. He was committed to prison, and after two months was brought to trial before the *ordinary council*,†—two ministers, who had been among his guests, having been

* The libertine opinions were *fashionable* in France; and Calvin had some unpleasant correspondence with his old patroness, the Queen of Navarre, because she entertained two preachers of the sect.

† There were three councils at Geneva: this (consisting of twenty-five members), the Sixty, and the Two Hundred.

deposed

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deposed from office in the mean time. Ameaux apologised for the words which had escaped him, and pleaded that he uttered them when heated with wine. In addition to the imprisonment which he had already endured, he was sentenced to a fine of sixty dollars. Calvin, however, appeared before the Council at the head of the ministers, and demanded that the sentence should be cancelled *as too mild.*

'By a second sentence Ameaux was condemned to the degrading punishment called the *amende honorable;* namely, to parade the town in his shirt with bare head and a lighted torch in his hand, and to finish by making on his knees a public acknowledgment of his contrition.'—*Dyer*, 203.

By this affair (1546) Calvin found his influence strengthened, and he proceeded to make an unsparing use of it.

We have already mentioned Ami Perrin as the chief of the Patriots. Calvin usually speaks of him by the name of *Cæsar*—probably in allusion to his office of captain-general. He adds by turns the epithets *comicus* and *tragicus*, and represents him as a vain, noisy, swaggering man. Perrin's wife was the daughter of Fabri, a prominent member of the Patriot party, and is described by Calvin as a 'prodigious fury.' While the government of Geneva was endeavouring to prepare the way for the Reformer's return by enforcing a somewhat rigid discipline, Madame Perrin had been sentenced to penance for her love of dancing;* and a relapse into the diversion of Herodias' daughter now brought her under the notice of the Consistory. The offence had been committed at a wedding, and Perrin himself had been guilty in the same way. He left Geneva for a time, but on his return he was imprisoned. Stories of adultery were at the same time brought up against his father-in-law Fabri. Madame Perrin was tried for her dancing, and, having behaved contumaciously, she was thrown into close confinement, from which, however, she contrived to make her escape.

Next day a letter full of violent threats was found in Calvin's pulpit. Suspicion fell on a 'Libertine' named Gruet; one of the grounds was that he, like others of his party, had arrayed his nether man in slashed breeches—a fashion repugnant to Calvin's taste, and indicative, it seems, of a leaning to the interest of *Berne.* Although that paper did not appear to be in Gruet's hand, objectionable writings were found in his house. Perhaps the most damning document was a copy of Calvin's book against

* Dr. Stebbing tells us that this was 'before her conversion' (i. 330). It would be interesting to know that this light-heeled and vehement lady ever *was* 'converted,' in the Calvinistic sense of the word; but unluckily the German means 'before his [*i. e.* Calvin's] return.'

Libertines

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Libertines and Anabaptists, in the margin of which the 'Libertine' had written '*Toutes folies.*' The unhappy man was tortured twice a day for a month: he confessed that he had placed the threatening letter in the church, but would not discover any accomplices. He was sentenced to death on a cumulative charge of blasphemy, infidelity, treason, and speaking ill of Calvin, and was beheaded on July 26, 1547. There can be no doubt that Gruet's opinions merited grave reprobation; additional evidence of this was afforded three years afterwards, when a book against revealed religion was discovered in a garret of his house; but as little can it be doubted that his punishment was atrocious.

In April, 1549, Calvin lost his wife, whom he lamented with decency, but does not appear to have greatly missed. A few weeks later Geneva received within its walls a person who was destined to play a conspicuous part in its history. Theodore de Bèze was born at Vezelay, in 1519. He had been known to Calvin at Bourges, and subsequently led the life of a gay, accomplished, dissipated man of the world. A severe illness, however, changed his views, and he had married a woman with whom he had before cohabited. Calvin procured for him a professorship at Lausanne, and directed him in his theological reading. Beza soon became the Reformer's most confidential friend. He seconded him in controversy, and took up opponents whenever Calvin grew tired of them: he succeeded him in no inconsiderable part of his authority, both at Geneva and abroad; he edited some of his works, and wrote his life with more of friendship than of candour.

We have not room for the history of the *Consensus Tigurinus*, or Concordat by which the Church of Zurich, rising above the doctrine of a mere commemoration in the Eucharist, which it had derived from Zwingli, accepted, in 1549, the definition of Calvin, and acknowledged that the consecrated elements convey to the faithful receiver the body and blood of his Redeemer.* Nor can we enter into details of the case of Bolsec, who provoked Calvin by questioning his doctrine of predestination, and was in consequence banished from Geneva, with a threat of a whipping if he should venture to return (1551). A more celebrated contest now demands our attention.

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* Bishop Cosin says as to Calvin's doctrine on this subject, 'His words are such—so conformable to the style and mind of the ancient Fathers—that no Catholic Protestant would wish to use any other' (*Hist. of Transubstantiation*). Calvin's doctrine, in short, appears to have agreed with that of the Anglican Church as to the definition of the sacramental grace in itself; but an important difference arises from the manner in which his doctrine of Predestination crosses that of the Eucharist. (See Möhler, Symbolik, p. 327, ed. Mainz, 1843.)

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There lived at Geneva a Frenchman, of the name of William Trie. He had fled from Lyons on account of religion, but he kept up a correspondence with a relation named Arneys, who resided in that city and was a zealous Romanist. Arneys, in one of his letters, reproached the Genevan Church as being without order or discipline; to which Trie replied, on the 26th of February, 1553, that false doctrines and heresies were carefully repressed at Geneva; and, by way of retort, he went on to say that, while men were cruelly persecuted and slain in *France* for embracing the pure doctrine of Scripture, the most horrible blasphemies were vented in that country with impunity. No farther off from Arneys than Vienne (he stated) there lived a man who had published a book subversive of the very foundation of the faith; and he enclosed the first sheet of the work as a specimen.

The person thus denounced was known by the name of Villeneuve. He had settled at Vienne about twelve years before, under the wing of the archbishop, who had formerly been his pupil: he lived in his patron's palace, enjoyed the appointment of physician to the city, and was distinguished for his medical skill. In an edition of Ptolemy he had questioned the ancient fertility of the Holy Land; but the passage had been cancelled in a later impression, and although there were some suspicious matters in a Latin Bible which he had edited, he lived on good terms and in good repute with the monks and clergy around him.

This person, however, had an earlier history, of which his ecclesiastical neighbours were ignorant; and during his residence at Vienne he had found leisure for employments which they little suspected. His real name, as Trie informed Arneys, was Michael Servetus, and under that name he had many years before been somewhat notorious.

Miguel Servede was born at Villanueva, in Aragon, in 1509, the year of Calvin's birth. He studied law at Toulouse, and at the same time paid much attention to theology. The writings of the German reformers failed to satisfy his craving after novelty; he adopted antitrinitarian opinions, and, finding himself unsafe at Toulouse, fled into Germany, where, before completing his twenty-second year, he published a work 'De Trinitatis Erroribus.' The heterodoxy of this production was rendered more offensive by the levity of the author's tone. He soon discovered that his notions were as distasteful to the Protestants of Germany as to the Romanists, and after publishing at Hagenau two dialogues, in which he developed his heresies still further, he adopted the name of Villeneuve (in allusion to his birthplace), and became a student of physic at Paris (1532). We have already seen that he chal-

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lenged Calvin to a disputation in 1534, and did not keep his appointment. Since that time he had travelled in Italy; he had lectured at Paris with great applause, but had quarrelled with the faculty of physicians, and had in consequence retired from the capital; and, after various adventures, he had established himself at Vienne in 1540. The originality of his genius and the variety of his acquirements had been displayed in several publications, not without some manifestations of vanity, arrogance, and a diseased love of innovation.

For years Servetus brooded over a work which he entitled 'Restitutio Christianismi.' He imagined that the Millennium was at hand, and that he was destined to play a leading part in the enlightenment of mankind. He held that the angels in the prophetic part of the Apocalypse were so called only by a metaphor—that *men* were meant, and that he himself was the Michael who should triumph over the dragon of the Papacy. In 1546 he submitted his manuscript to Calvin. It was not in the character of either party that the differences between them should be calmly discussed. Calvin broke off the correspondence, referring Servetus to the 'Institution' for any information which he might require; and Servetus in return sent him a copy of that work with bitter manuscript notes.

Calvin signified his rejection of correspondence with Servetus in a letter to a common friend. He expressed in this letter a faint hope that the Spaniard might come to a better mind; and on the very same day he wrote of him to Farel as follows:—

'He offers to come hither if I will allow him; but I am unwilling to give any pledge; for if he does come, and my authority be of any avail, I will never suffer him to depart alive.'*

The manuscript which had been sent to Geneva was not returned; but Servetus either had kept a duplicate or re-written the whole—and in 1552 it was secretly printed at Vienne. There was no attempt to circulate it there; but copies were sent to various cities at a distance, and one of them fell into the hands of Calvin. There is no doubt that from him Trie derived the information which he gave to Arneys, and it is most likely that Calvin prompted that communication. Be this as it may, the Reformer soon took a more open part in the affair.

Arneys laid before the ecclesiastical authorities of Lyons the

* Dr. Henry boldly attempts to explain away these words as a mere 'outbreak of passion,' and therefore unmeaning. He tells us that the inferences of Calvin's enemies are 'absurd, since, if he had really wished the death of Servetus, he would assuredly have influenced him to come to Geneva' (iii. 134). But it was not in Calvin's power to do so without telling a direct falsehood; for it is evident, from the words quoted in the text, that Servetus had asked whether it would be *safe* to go to Geneva.

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letter which he had received from Geneva. The so-called Villeneuve was examined in consequence—but nothing was discovered to criminate him—and the Inquisitor, Ory, with a view of gaining further information, desired Arneys to write to Trie, and ask for the remainder of the heretical book. Trie replied that he could not send it, but he enclosed some papers in the handwriting of Servetus. These, he said, Calvin had given him, although reluctantly, and only in order to save him from the reproach of 'levity' in making the charge which he had preferred; and he held out a hope that more might be obtained from the same quarter.

After some further correspondence between Arneys and his kinsman, Dr. Villeneuve was decoyed into prison at Vienne, on the 4th of April, 1553. He was examined the following day, when he denied his identity with Servetus, and gave an account of himself, which was chiefly made up of clumsy falsehoods. Some printed leaves with marginal notes in manuscript were then produced—a part of the copy of Calvin's 'Institutions,' which Servetus had sent to the author. The crafty Inquisitor begged the prisoner to explain the meaning of some passages; he fell into the snare: he found that he had thus admitted the authorship of the notes—and in vain attempted to recover himself.

Next day he was questioned as to certain letters which he had written to Calvin, and which were now brought forward. His answers were inconsistent and unsatisfactory, and he was remanded to prison. He contrived, however, to supply himself with money, and on the following day (April 7) he made his escape. The process against him was continued in his absence. He was condemned to be burnt by a slow fire; and this sentence was executed on his effigy.

About the middle of July a traveller entered Geneva, and took up his abode at a small inn. Although alone and on foot, he was evidently a man of superior manners. After remaining at the inn nearly a month he was about to set off for Zurich, when he was suddenly arrested in the name of the Council. The traveller was Servetus, who had lingered in France since the time of his escape from Vienne, and was now on his way to Naples, where he intended to practise as a physician. It is not known how he was discovered; perhaps he had been recognised while listening to Calvin's preaching; but however this may be, Calvin avows himself the cause of his arrest.

One Nicolas Lafontaine, who had changed his profession from cookery to theology, undertook the part of accuser, and produced a paper of 38 articles, drawn up by Calvin. In this Servetus was charged with the publication of heretical books, with maintaining his opinions in an offensive manner, and with defaming Calvin, and through him the doctrine of the Genevan Church.

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Church. He admitted his identity, and the authorship of the works, but said that he did not think he had blasphemed; he professed to acknowledge the Trinity—though in a sense different from that usually received; and as to his behaviour towards Calvin, he attempted a justification.

On the fifth day of the examination Calvin took the place of the quondam cook as accuser. He argued with Servetus on the doctrine of the Trinity, and drew from him an avowal of pantheistical tenets, such as 'that the Divinity resided not only in stocks and stones, but in the very devils themselves.'* Servetus also acknowledged a disbelief in infant baptism;†—and this opinion was especially likely to raise an odium against him in days when anabaptism went hand in hand with antinomian and communistic principles. But he rejected with abhorrence the imputation of denying the immortality of the soul.

The severity of his imprisonment was now increased. He complains that he is eaten up 'tout vif' by vermin, and that he is in distress both for food and for clothing. In the mean time the pulpits of Geneva resounded with denunciations of his heresies.

On the 23rd of August the case was handed over to the procureur-général. Servede protested against this. He alleged that a criminal prosecution for matters of doctrine was unknown to the ancient church—that he had committed no offence within the territory of Geneva—and he begged that, as a foreigner, he might be allowed the assistance of an advocate. His request was refused, and the trial went on.

On the 31st of August an officer from Vienne appeared, and desired that the heretic might be given up to him. On being asked whether he would return to Vienne, Servede threw himself on the ground, and entreated with tears that he might be judged at Geneva. A fortnight later he requested that his case might be referred to the Two Hundred; but Calvin, fearing the influence of the *patriot* Perrin (who had returned, and was now syndic) with that body, contrived to keep the matter in the hands of the Ordinary Council, which was much more under his own direction—though not so absolutely as Mr. Dyer supposes.

A paper of offensive propositions from the works of Servetus was drawn up by Calvin. On these the accused made short remarks. Calvin then annexed a refutation, and Servetus rejoined in notes which Mr. Dyer describes as 'very insolent, and almost like the productions of a madman.' In fact the unfortunate man was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that he seems hardly

* This is Calvin's statement, but the words do not appear in the original record of the trial (see Henry, iii. 157; Dyer, 331).

† He himself was, or wished to be, baptised at the age of thirty, after the example of our Lord—holding that before that age the sacrament was ineffectual (Dyer, 385).

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to have been master of himself. To this must be ascribed the strange passionate outbreaks of which we repeatedly read in the accounts of his trial, and the frantic attempt to change places with Calvin, by denouncing him to the Council as 'a false accuser, a persecutor, and a heretic,' and demanding that the reformer's estate should be handed over to himself, as a compensation for his sufferings and losses.

The document which has been described was submitted to the judgment of the Swiss churches and cities. This was the act of the Council, for Calvin wished to finish the affair without calling in any other opinion than that of Geneva. The replies were of greater or less severity; that from Zurich was the most decided, but even it did not mention death as the suitable punishment. The letters of some individual divines, however, served as a bloody comment on the less distinct official documents. Bullinger advised that Servetus should be put to death. Calvin had written to Farel while the trial was pending, 'I hope* the sentence will be capital, but desire the severity of the punishment to be abated.' Farel's reply was, 'In desiring a mitigation of his punishment, you act the part of a friend towards a man who has been your greatest enemy.' This was said not in praise, but by way of expostulating against any such ultra-humanity!

On receiving the opinions of the cities and churches, the Ordinary Council referred the question of the sentence to the Sixty; and that body, after a three days' debate, decided for death (October 26). Perrin made a vain attempt to appeal to the council of Two Hundred.

The old imperial law, which prescribed burning as the punishment of heresy, was still unrepealed. Calvin states that he exerted himself unsuccessfully to obtain for Servetus some mitigation as to the manner of execution. The circumstances of the application are unknown; perhaps the Council may have reminded him that he had retained the law as a part of the Genevan code when it was quite in his power to alter it.

The announcement that he was to be burnt alive next morning struck the Spaniard with horror. He was silent for a moment, and then broke out into wild howlings, mixed with cries for mercy. A similar scene took place on the morning of the execution, when the sentence was read to him in form.

On that morning he solicited an interview with Calvin, for the purpose, he said, of asking his forgiveness. The Reformer declared that he had never acted against him from any private motives; that he had tried to reclaim him from his errors, until the violence of Servetus forced him to desist; and he ended by advis-

* That *spero* can mean nothing less is shown by Mr. Dyer (339), against Henry, who has rendered it, *Ich meine* (I *think* or *expect*).

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ing him to beg forgiveness of God for his blasphemies. Finding his exhortations vain, Calvin left the prison.

As the Genevan ministers had been parties in the trial, it was considered unseemly that any member of their body should attend Servetus to the stake. Calvin had, therefore, requested Farel to come from Neufchatel for the sad office. With the remembrance of Farel's late letter in our minds, we cannot admire the choice of a spiritual adviser; and Farel's behaviour was such as might have been expected—zealous, indiscreet, and inconsiderate towards the sufferer. The agony of Servetus was long protracted; with his last breath he uttered a loud cry to the Saviour for mercy, expressed in words which showed that he persisted in his heresy.

And now what shall we say of Calvin's concern in this tragedy?

Whatever we may say, we shall have Dr. Henry's authority with us. The good man thinks that the execution of Servetus was right—and that it was wrong; that it was a fearful sin—and a noble act of virtue; that it agreed with, and that it was opposed to, the spirit of Christianity; that Calvin was the main spring of the whole proceeding—and that he had nothing to do with it except as a mere official instrument; that he acted unwillingly, as in a matter of clear and unavoidable but painful duty—and that he acted from private resentment, against his deliberate convictions; that he gloried in the deed—and that he thought of it with shame and remorse to his dying hour.* If we demur to the biographer's confident expectation that his account of the case will for ever completely silence all objectors (iii. *Pref.* p. v. and p. 98), it is not without some countenance from Dr. Henry himself.

In the first place, the whole proceeding is liable to the objection which was advanced by Servetus himself—that he did not belong to the jurisdiction of Geneva, and had committed no offence within the territory of the republic. Dr. Henry replies that Calvin 'was a reformer of *The Church*, not of the little diminutive church of Geneva only.' But, perhaps, some persons may question whether a self-assumed papacy warranted the neglect of the usual laws of justice.

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* From the fact that in his last will Calvin expressed contrition for sins, Dr. Henry argues (iii. 204) that, since his life had been so holy, he can only have meant to speak of things which seemed right when he did them, but as to which he had since altered his views, and that the burning of Servetus was one of these. A strange passage for a Christian to write, especially for an 'evangelical' preacher! Some of Dr. Henry's remarks might really be supposed to be ironical, if we could venture to suspect him of irony. Thus he says that when 'men heard every day of horrible murders of holy confessors in France, Italy, and Spain, . . . it might have seemed *ridiculous* to let such a man live'! (iii. 157; comp. Dyer, 358). Again, it is said as to the expression quoted above from Calvin's letter to Farel, that 'it means only that, if Servetus should persevere in his blasphemy, he must really die. . . . Calvin only wished for a recantation' (iii. 153). But who has ever said anything worse of him than that, as he could not get a recantation, he burnt the man?

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Again, when M. Audin raves against Calvin as if his own Church had never put any one to death on account of religion—conveniently forgetting that a slow fire was ready for Servetus at Vienne if he had chosen to return instead of staying at Geneva—Dr. Henry roundly tells us that Calvin and the Genevan Council had no responsibility in the matter; that the burning was really the act of the Romish Church, from which they had learnt their principles of intolerance! (iii. p. 208.) But surely, when so much of the Romish system was rejected, some reason ought to be shown why these principles of intolerance were retained. Surely a man who had so boldly revolutionized the whole traditional system of the Church—one who professed to rest all his doctrine and practice so exclusively on Holy Scripture—might have found there, if he had been disposed to seek for them, some grounds for a different treatment of religious error—grounds considerably clearer and more decided than those on which he built some of his most cherished opinions. And that he did not—that he preserved this part of Romanism while he rejected the rest—must, we think, be ascribed to the fact that he found it congenial to his own character. The traditional practice may indeed be alleged to palliate the conduct of our own Reformers in burning Joan Bocher* and George van Pare; but we cannot admit it as any excuse for one who had cast off tradition so violently as Calvin—for one whose own original legislation had been so fearfully severe.

Calvin felt and vehemently denounced the iniquity of the persecutions against the Reformers. His earliest work was *a plea for toleration;* even during the process against Servetus he writes to Farel, inveighing against the cruelties which were exercised on their brethren in France. But with what justice could he complain of these things if he himself used similar severities against those who disagreed with him?

It may be argued that the offence of Servetus belonged to a different class from that of the French Protestants, since he denied the very foundation of the faith, and maintained his opinions with blasphemy. But the Reformers had industriously deprived themselves of the right to use this plea. For if, as they continually asserted, the consecrated host was a god for the Romanists, their own usual language on the subject of the mass

* Mr. Dyer suggests that Calvin's influence may have had something to do with this case, as in his celebrated letter to the Protector Somerset he had advised the punishment of Papists and Anabaptists by the sword (285). The suggestion is plausible; and perhaps the example of Calvin had yet more to do with the burning of the Arians, Leggat and Wightman, in the reign of James I., as to which there are two very disgraceful letters of the Puritan Archbishop Abbot in the Egerton Papers. But we are sorry to find that Mr. Dyer repeats the story of Cranmer's having urged Edward VI. to sign the death-warrant of Joan Bocher, which has been exposed by Mr. Bruce in his Preface to R. Hutchinson's works, published by the Parker Society.

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must have been no less detestable to Romanists than the blasphemies of Servetus to believers in the Trinitarian doctrine. The difference, therefore, was one which Romanists could not be expected to recognise.

Above all, let it not be said that the age must bear the blame. The age was one in which a new religious light had sprung up. The volume of Scripture was open, and was studied with eyes which had no prejudice in favour of tradition. The principle of toleration had been asserted—among others by Calvin himself in his earlier days; and although the punishment of Servetus was approved by men eminent in the Reformation—such as Melanchthon, Bucer, Peter Martyr, and Bullinger*—it was heard of by the contemporaries in general with horror; it drew forth protests even in the brief interval between the time when the sentence began to be foreseen and that of its execution; and no sooner was it consummated than voices were raised against it—some in rude anger and some in the calmness of deep sorrow—which the defences of Calvin and his adherents could neither confute nor silence.

Nor can we leave unnoticed Calvin's own more especial share in the affair. On receiving a manuscript from Servetus in friendly confidence, he utters a threat against the life of the author. He keeps his eye on him for seven years, gets intelligence as to his motions from spies or treacherous friends, and at length (as it would seem) instigates an accusation against him before the authorities of a church which he himself believes to be the anti-Christ of Scripture. With a show of reluctance, he supplies materials for the prosecution; and when Servetus has made his escape, he causes him to be arrested in a city where he had done no wrong, and which he was about to quit as a peaceful traveller. He is the soul of all the proceedings against him; he makes the use of language offensive to himself a count in the deadly indictment; he prevents an appeal to a higher tribunal, because this might have been less unfavourable to the accused; he allows himself to be reminded of his personal enmity as a reason for suffering the law to take its course in all its barbarity; he chooses the man who had used this argument to be the spiritual attendant on the victim at the stake.

Dr. Henry (iii. p. 215) very Germanically suggests a tercentenary celebration of the death of Servetus—that the citizens of Geneva, 'if pure evangelical convictions find a place in their heart,' should go in 1853 to the height of Champel, and there, on the spot where the Spaniard suffered, should erect a pillar with the inscription—*To all Defenders of Faith, of Freedom of Mind, and of Conscience.* We can imagine a comical party of sympathisers assembled from various countries on the occasion; but we venture

* We regret to say that our own greatest divine of those days appears to speak of it with complacency (*Jewel*, ed. Parker Society, iii. 188).

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to doubt whether, with the respectable exception of one 'preacher and seminary-inspector' from Berlin, the company will be much disposed to bless the memory of Calvin.

At the very time while the trial of Servetus was in progress, an attempt was made against the discipline established at Geneva. One Berthelier, who had been excluded from the communion about a year and a half before, petitioned the Council for restoration; and the Two Hundred decided that it was in the power of the Ordinary Council to grant this, independently of the Consistory. Calvin behaved with energy on the occasion. Having failed in an attempt to obtain a reversal of the decision, he ascended the pulpit on the day of the quarterly communion, the first Sunday in September, and, after discoursing on the reverence due to the sacrament, concluded by declaring himself resolved to die 'rather than reach forth the holy things of God to those who have been branded as his revilers.' So great was the impression produced that Perrin privately sent a message in the church to dissuade Berthelier from offering himself as a communicant.

A time of troubles followed this triumph. The affair of Servetus gave Calvin's enemies an advantage. Such was his unpopularity, that he was repeatedly insulted in the streets; the Libertine party became audacious in its disorders; the council exercised a censorship on the printing of the reformer's writings; and the influence of Berne was used against him. A change took place, however, on the expiration of Perrin's syndicate. The council of Two Hundred now became more favourable to Calvin. A large admission of refugees to the rights of citizenship was carried against all opposition, and greatly strengthened his hands; and an attempt of the Libertines to effect a revolution ended in the utter ruin of their party. Several of them were captured and executed, and sentence of death was passed on those who had escaped, among whom were Perrin and Berthelier.

The remainder of Calvin's life was undisturbed by political opposition. Theological contests however continued to the end. At one time he had to repress manifestations of antitrinitarian heresy among the Italian refugees; it was found that some persons had rather been attracted to the opinions of Servetus by his constancy than deterred from them by his punishment. In other quarters, he had to defend his rigid system of predestination;*

* It is well known that Calvin applies the term '*horribile*' to the decree of reprobation which his system teaches (Instit. iii. 23, 7). M. Audin finds fault with some Protestants who interpret this epithet as meaning 'qui fait épouvanter,' and says that they 'font preuve d'une ignorance profonde de la langue Latine, ou d'une insigne mauvaise foi' (i. 363). Their interpretation is fully supported by Calvin's use of the word elsewhere. Thus in his Commentary on Matt. xiii. 10, we have 'Huc spectant illa *horribiles* minæ apud Jesaiam.' The Reformer's mind was indeed so constituted that he could not see anything 'horrible' or morally shocking in the decree which he ascribed to the Almighty.

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and for some years he had a very angry controversy with Westphal on the subject of the Eucharistic doctrine. This extreme Lutheran's tone appears to have been very offensive—he spoke of our Marian sufferers as *martyres diaboli;* and his party had excited just indignation by its inhumanity towards the English exiles in Germany; moreover, it must be considered that the use of the Latin language is dangerous to the politeness of even the most gentlemanlike controversialists, and consequently that *bestia, canis, canis mortuus, asinus, simia, porcus, nebulo, mentiris,* and the like, with which Calvin profusely embellished his pages, need not be taken in all the naked grossness of the vernacular terms which answer to them. But, making all allowances for provocation and for idiom, the violence of Calvin must be condemned as outrageous. It gave general disgust, even to his intimate friends. Bullinger remonstrated earnestly and repeatedly; nay, Farel's almost blind admiration was disturbed. Here again, however, as usual, good Dr. Henry is on both sides. He praises Calvin for moderation, and yet he collects from the tracts an anthology of hard words which he does not pretend to justify. And it is quite ludicrous to read the biographer's eulogies on the zeal for peace and unity by which the reformer professed to be animated. No doubt Calvin wished for unity among the churches of the Reformation; but the foundation which he proposed for this unity was a doctrine of his own devising. No doubt he wished the Lutherans and the Zwinglians to approach each other by mutual concessions; but the point to which each party was to be brought by concession, was precisely that at which he himself already stood. And the language in which he expressed his desire for peace was worthy of the late Peace Congress.

In 1558 and the following year a Gymnasium and a Theological College were established at Geneva. The funds necessary for the foundation were chiefly supplied by the munificence of Bonnivard, 'the prisoner of Chillon.'* It was Calvin's earnest endeavour to supply these institutions with teachers of eminent learning. The rectorship of the college was conferred on Beza, who, with other members of the Calvinistic party, had lately been obliged to leave Lausanne in consequence of disputes as to predestination.

The Reformer's fame and influence were now at their height. Hooker, in one of those manuscript notes for the publication of which we are indebted to Mr. Keble, notices, among other things—

'His dependants both abroad and at home; his intelligence from foreign churches; his correspondence everywhere with the chiefest; ... his writing but of three lines in disgrace of any man as forcible as any

* It appears from a note on Byron's poem, that in 1551 Bonnivard made the republic his heir, on condition that educational institutions should be established, but that he is not supposed to have died before 1570.

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proscription throughout all reformed churches; his rescripts and answers of as great authority as decretal epistles; his grace in preaching the meanest of all other gifts in him, yet even that way so had in honour and estimation, that an hearer of his being asked wherefore he came not sometimes to other men's sermons, as well as Calvin's, answered, that if Calvin and St. Paul himself should preach both at one hour, he would leave St. Paul to hear Calvin.'—(*Hooker*, i. 166, ed. 1836.) *

We find him called in as arbiter in the disputes of the English congregation at Frankfort (1555);† he corresponds with the King of Poland, and endeavours to guide the Reformation of that country; he influences the change of religion in Scotland by means of Knox; his discipline is adopted by the church of the Palatinate in 1560; he is in high regard with eminent members of the ruling party in England after the accession of Elizabeth, and at the same time is the very oracle of the Puritans; he directs the great movement which for the time seemed likely to prevail over Romanism in France.

In the controversies of his last years, the asperity of his tone was greater than ever. One of his antagonists was Baudouin, a man of eminent ability as a jurist,‡ but of faithless and fickle character. This person had been an inmate of Calvin's house, had insinuated himself into his especial favour, and then rewarded him by absconding with some of his papers, and appearing on the Romish side at the conference of Poissy. Even Calvin himself appears to have felt, that in his writings against Baudouin he had lowered himself too much to the level of his adversary; nor was he more temperate in a renewed controversy with the extreme Lutheran party, which now found a champion in Heshus.§ He was, however, at the same time engaged on worthier labours —the final revision of his 'Institutions,' and the continuation of

* 'Of what account the Master of Sentences was in the Church of Rome,' says Hooker, 'the same and more among the preachers of reformed Churches Calvin had purchased; so that the perfectest divines were judged they which were skilfullest in Calvin's writings.' (*Eccl. Pol.*, Pref. ii. 8, p. 173.) What shall we say as to the honesty of the persons who endeavoured to enlist subscribers to a 'Calvin Translation Scheme,' by quoting the first part of this sentence as a motto—thus turning Hooker's *complaint* into a *sanction* of the superstitious reverence paid to the authority of Calvin! We are happy to see that this device has been given up in the later prospectuses.

† The 'Troubles at Frankfort' are fully and well related by Mr. Dyer. Calvin, of course, sided with the Puritanical party, but he did not go the full length of their views; and it is remarkable that our Puritans, both under Edward VI. (in the affair of Hooper), during the exile, and after their restoration to their country, far outran the foreign divines to whom they looked for sympathy and counsel.

‡ See the article on him in Bayle.

§ Dr. Henry argues, by way of apology for the violence of the Reformers, that 'they were obliged to live and to labour for the people, and consequently to adopt a rough language, such as the people could understand' (iii. 561). This is, at the best, a poor excuse for persons who professed to be religious teachers; and it is quite inapplicable to the *Latin* writings in favour of which it is advanced.

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those commentaries on which theologians most strongly opposed to the Calvinistic doctrines have bestowed the praise of signal merit. The commentary on the Pentateuch was completed within the last year of his life. That on Joshua was the work of his deathbed.

In the summer of 1563 he found himself suffering from a complication of disorders. His health had never been strong; and it had been much injured by excessive study. He preached for the last time in the beginning of February, 1564; and on Easter-day (April 2) he appeared for the last time at church, and received the communion from the hands of Beza. It is pleasing to read the details of his peaceful decay. His great sufferings were borne with exemplary patience; he retained all the clearness of his intellect, and his temper acquired a calmness to which he had been too much a stranger in former days. The magistrates of Geneva attended on him in his chamber to take a solemn farewell; he spoke to them at some length, exhorting them to the performance of their duties, and desiring their forgiveness for such errors as his natural vehemence might have led him to commit. In the beginning of May, Farel arrived from Neufchatel, for the purpose of a last interview with his revered friend and associate, whom he himself was soon to follow to the grave.* On the 19th of the same month, Calvin finally bade farewell to the clergy of Geneva; and on the 27th he died. 'On that night and the following day,' says Beza, 'Geneva seemed plunged in universal mourning. The state had to regret the loss of one of its wisest citizens; the church its pastor; the academy its teacher; whilst private persons felt as if deprived of a common parent and comforter.'

On the whole we could hardly sum up this great but unlovely character in language more just than that of Mr. Dyer:—

'In any circumstances, his wonderful abilities and extensive learning would have made him a shining light among the doctors of the Reformation; a visit to Geneva made him the head of a numerous and powerful sect. Naturally deficient in that courage which forms so prominent a trait in Luther, and which prompted him to beard kings and emperors face to face, Calvin arrived at Geneva at a time when the rough and initiatory work of reform had already been accomplished by his bolder friend Farel. Some peculiar circumstances in the political condition of that place favoured the views which he seems to have formed very shortly after his arrival. By the extent of its territory, and the number of its population, a small city; by its natural and artificial strength, and by its

* He died in August, 1565, at the age of seventy-six. Since we last mentioned him, he had married the daughter of his housekeeper when in his seventieth year; and Calvin had exerted himself to mitigate the scandal.—*Dyer*, 467.

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Swiss alliances, an independent state, secure from the attacks of its powerful neighbours; by its laws and institutions, a republic tending towards an oligarchy; and by the enthusiasm of a new religion, which had helped to establish its civil liberties, disposed to bow its neck to the yoke of the Gospel;—Geneva offered every facility to a master-mind like Calvin's, which had conceived the idea of establishing a theocracy, of which he himself was to be the oracle, the prophet, and the dictator; and from which, as from a common centre, his peculiar opinions were to spread in successive and still expanding circles through the rest of Europe. The tact and skill, the fortitude, the consistency of purpose and energy of will, which he displayed in carrying out his design, are worthy of all admiration. That a man who devoted himself so ardently to the study of divinity, and who laboured with such industry and warmth to defend and propagate the Reformation, should have been influenced solely by the hope of attaining reputation and power by these means, is scarcely credible; whilst, on the other hand, there are parts of his conduct which it would be difficult to refer to purely religious motives. An irritable pride is one of the salient traits of his character. This feeling particularly betrayed itself where his literary reputation, or his authority as a teacher, was concerned; for these were the instruments of his power and influence. . . . Beza admits Calvin's proneness to anger, which, however, is sometimes more correctly characterised by Calvin himself by the name of morosity. And, indeed, not only his conduct, but the tenor of the greater part of his controversial tracts, show that a man may be a profound theologian, and yet not comprehend the true spirit of Christianity.

'Calvin's mode of life was frugal and temperate, and he was untainted with the mean passion of avarice. The last, indeed, is peculiarly the vice of little minds; and it may be safely affirmed that no man of enlarged understanding and commanding genius ever loved money merely for its own sake. Calvin's ambition was of a different kind. He rather sought to leave his name and principles to posterity, than a few thousand dollars, more or less, to his heirs.*

'Like all men of truly deep thought, he never leaves his reader at a loss for his meaning. His Latin style is not marked by unnecessary *verbiage*, merely for the sake of rounding a period, nor by the affectation of Ciceronian purity, the besetting sin of the writers of that age; and, if it be truly said that the best test of modern Latin is that it should be read with facility and pleasure by a scholar, Calvin's may be pronounced excellent.

'The merits of Calvin as a commentator have been universally recognised, even by those opposed to some of his peculiar views. His *Institutes* bear the impress of an independent and comprehensive study of Scripture; from which, aided by the works of the Fathers, and especially of St. Augustine, Calvin built up his system; which deserves the praise of originality, rather for the coherence and symmetry

* The whole value of his estate, including his library, was only 255 gold crowns (Dyer, 529).

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with which it is arranged, and which show it to be the work of a single mind, than for any novelty in the views which it developes. Probably his best claim to originality, with regard to any single part of his doctrine, rests on that of the Lord's Supper.'*

In obedience to Calvin's wishes, his contemporaries abstained from marking his grave by any memorial. From a different feeling their descendants have allowed it to remain undistinguished, so that the spot is not now known with certainty. The prophet whom modern Geneva has honoured by erecting his bronze effigy in the island of the Rhone, is not Calvin, but Rousseau. And the church which was founded on the rigid and minutely detailed theology of the 'Institutions' has in our time formally declared that it '*renounces all confessions of faith.*'—(*Henry*, ii. 150.)

ART. VIII.—*Lord John Russell.* pp. 10. Ridgway, London, 1851.

THE little pamphlet with this emphatic title is a signal of distress, announcing that the crew of the *Lord John Russell* is in a state of mutiny—the vessel leaky—breakers all around, and total wreck all but inevitable. Poor Admiral Byron did not better deserve the *sobriquet* of *Foul-weather Jack* than our Premier. His mishaps have almost exhausted metaphor. One day he *overturns the coach*—another he *swamps the boat*—there he *breaks down*—here he *blows up*—in council he is *squirrel-minded*—and finally, *it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has command of the watch.* And these are not the stabs of adversaries, but the gentle reproaches of his own friends. We, however, though strong political opponents, will do him the justice to admit that these frequent failures and affronts are not attributable—or at least not essentially—to any personal deficiency on his part. He has, besides his birth and accomplishments, many valuable qualities:—he is never wanting in vivacity or spirit; in details of business he generally shows judgment and tact—and, though too often rash and presumptuous, has undoubtedly approached more nearly than any of his party to the character of a statesman. The grand misfortune is simply that his whole political creed has been founded on views and principles which, however convenient for an Opposition leader to profess, are the very reverse of what a Minister should practise. He lays the foundation of his Government on popular quicksands, and wonders that his edifice is rickety — he sets all his sails to catch the *aura popularis*, as if it were a monsoon

* It is remarkable that something like his doctrine on this head had been anticipated by *Servetus* in one of his early works.

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never to change; and when he is unexpectedly taken aback, down he goes! '*Errors*' his panegyrist confesses '*he has committed, and grave ones*' (p. 4). We differ very widely from the panegyrist as to what deserve to be called the *errors*, and what the *merits*, of Lord John Russell; but his admission recognizes at least that inconsistency between *Opposition principles* and *Ministerial duties* which has been the real cause of all his failures. Lord John's apologist considers that, as regards the present crisis, the most prominent and serious of those errors has been the Letter to the Bishop of Durham. We think so too; but he treats it as an accident which he hopes may be repaired: we see in it the symptom of an organic and incurable disorder.

To explain why we thus concur in blaming a manifesto in a *sincere* practical development of which we should cordially concur, we must beg leave to recall the attention of our readers to our number for December, 1847, in which we announced *even the details* of this usurpation on the part of Pius IX.—

'his creating of *dioceses*' and *provinces* in Great Britain—a *bishopric* of BIRMINGHAM, an ARCHBISHOPRIC of WESTMINSTER!'—*Q. R.*, vol. 82, p. 306—

and to the article in our last number, in which we exposed the impolicy and illegality of the official conduct of Lord Clarendon in Ireland, and Lord Grey in the Colonies, in conferring on Roman Catholic Prelates the style, dignity, and precedence which legally belong to the Bishops of the Established Church alone; and in which we further expressed our belief that the Roman Pontiff would not have dared to prepare in 1847, and still less to ratify and formally consummate in 1850, this unparalleled aggression on the Constitution and Sovereignty of England, if he had not reckoned on the acquiescence, if not the approbation, of the English ministry. The *degree* of knowledge which Lord Minto, in his celebrated visit to Rome in 1847-8, may have had of this measure, is not very clearly defined. Cardinal Wiseman asserts and reasserts that it was communicated to his Lordship. Lord Minto asserts and reasserts that it was not. Both these reasserted assertions, though seemingly contradictory, appear to us to have a certain degree of Jesuitical latitude which may be stretched to such an approximation to truth as is the *fashion at Rome*—Lord Minto, like a prudent traveller and well-bred gentleman, adopting the proverbial maxim of *doing at Rome as Rome does.* There seems reason to believe that his Holiness showed his Lordship a piece of parchment, which his Lordship *nonchalamment* declined to read. How far his Holiness may have explained, or how far his Lordship may have conjectured, its import and object, we have no direct evidence; but the probability seems to be, that his Holiness

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Holiness remained under an impression that Lord Minto was quite aware, and did not disapprove, of the intended experiment.

Lord John Russell, in his Durham letter, endeavours disingenuously to shift the blame of the Papal aggression from himself and his colleagues to the countenance which he assumes that those notions and practices, commonly called Puseyite, had received from the Church of England. We have already shown the unfairness and unsoundness of that imputation. It is notorious that those who in any degree followed those practices were a very small minority of the United Church of England and Ireland, and those who adopted any really Papistical notions a still smaller. We will not deny that the exaggerated numbers and ostentatious nonsense of these silly people may have had some very small share in accelerating the 'aggression.' The hopes of Rome, however, far outran the facts—*quod volumus facilè credimus.* Two or three dozen contemptible apostasies have made a sensation, the stronger because of their rarity and of their occurrence in the higher classes; as on a fine night, that species of sky-rocket technically called the *Roman candle* obscures for the moment all the stars of heaven. But the predominant and really efficient incentive was the undue and unconstitutional ascendency which ever since the unhappy Bill of 1829 successive administrations—and more particularly and decisively those in which Lord John Russell had a leading part—have been so eager and so constant in endeavouring to give to the members of the Roman Catholic persuasion. This was the real main-spring of the whole machinery and movement—the rest were but the accidental and superficial ornaments of the dial-plate and the case. It was not such 'weak masters' as Newman, or Ward, or Bennett, or Pusey, that encouraged the Pope; it was Grey and Clarendon, and Minto and Russell.

It is possible that the Bishop of Durham—(whose letter, by the way, leading to such important results, has never yet been given to the public)—may have been so ignorant of what had been going on in the world as to have called the measure '*insidious and insolent;*' but it seems to us incomprehensible how Lord John Russell—with all his recognized deference to Episcopal authority—could adopt and re-echo such epithets in reference to a proceeding which, both in its essential principle and even in its form, had been encouraged and officially recognized by his Lordship's no doubt well-disciplined colleagues in Ireland and in the Colonies, and the application of which to England was so little secret or insidious as to have been, more or less clearly, intimated to Lord Minto at Rome. Lord John adds further, on his own part, that it excites his *indignation;* and well it

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it might. But as it was sufficiently notorious to have excited *our* indignation in December, 1847, we are surprised that it should not have excited *his* until it was urged on his notice in November, 1850, by the Bishop of Durham, who, good man, seems to have been the last person in England, except Lord John Russell himself, whom the rumour of the enormity had reached. We may be also inclined to wonder why Lord John's indignation had not been roused by the Dublin Gazette, which, in August, 1849, conferred on Dr. Murray the title of *Archbishop of Dublin*. Perhaps Lord John may say that he does not read the Irish Gazette, and still less the Quarterly Review;—perhaps he does not even read the Times; but what will he say to this incident? Lord Minto, Lord Privy Seal, Ambassador *in petto*, and Lord John Russell's father-in-law, was *still in Rome on the 22nd of January*, 1848, on which day the nomination of Cardinal Wiseman to the *Archbishopric of Westminster* was announced in the *Roman* Gazette, in the form of a proposal for the erecting an Italian Catholic Church in London —subscriptions for which, it was stated, would be received

'by his Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and by his Eminence the Most Rev. *Monsignor* the Vicar Apostolic—NOW *Archbishop of* WESTMINSTER.'

Did Lord Minto not read the Roman Gazette? Did he not report it home? Did no other diplomatic agent report it? These are serious, we think, very serious questions, to which we are surprised that Lord Minto's recent explanation in the House of Lords should have afforded no answer.

But though Lord John Russell may read neither the Roman Gazette, the Dublin Gazette, the Quarterly Review, nor the Times newspaper, had he not heard from his colleagues in the other House the complaints made by Lord Redesdale and Lord Stanley on the 8th of August, 1848, of not merely the assumption but the *recognition* of those illegal ecclesiastical dignities in the Colonies? and finally, if he was blind to all these warnings, was he also deaf to a similar complaint made in his own presence in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Inglis on the 8th December, 1849? Or is his *indignation* of that slow-match nature that it kept smouldering in his breast till blown up to so sudden and so fierce a blaze by the tardy breath of the Bishop of Durham?

It may appear somewhat ungrateful in us not to be satisfied with an explosion of *indignation*, which we had been ourselves endeavouring to excite—but so it is; a soberer and steadier resentment would have pleased us better. His Lordship, inspired no doubt by the then recent theatricals of Woburn and Windsor, volunteered to enact the part of *Bully Bottom*, and imitated but too well the intermittent energy of the character.

Bottom.

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Bottom. Let *me* play the lion—I will roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make THE DUKE say, *Let him roar again—let him roar again.*

Peter Quince. If you should do so too terribly, you would fright the ladies; they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

Bottom. I grant you, friend, that if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I *will roar you as gentle as any sucking dove; I will roar you an it were a nightingale.*

We, for our own parts, were very glad that *the Duke* allowed him to roar again; but not on the condition of the *British* Lion's being reduced to *roar an it were a sucking dove!*

But, to treat the matter more gravely—*quanquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*—his very panegyrist, even while appealing *ad misericordiam* on the score of former services, can say no more for him than that—

'no sinister view whatever either prompted the unfortunate letter or pointed its yet more unfortunate language.'—p. 4.

We know not whether his Lordship was prompted by *sinister* or by *dextrous* views, but we do see in his conduct in this matter the combined characteristics of rashness and weakness. He—first minister—by his station entitled, if he had so pleased, to maintain a certain official reserve as to his intentions—and bound, if he did break through that reserve, to do so with a measured and even a cautious style of expression—he, we say, sounded a hasty alarm, and 'rushed headlong into print,' in terms more violent and offensive than we think the warmest opponent of Popery amongst our Conservative statesmen would have thought it either good taste or good policy to do. We have heard, though we can hardly credit the report, that Lord John Russell, in publishing this 'unfortunate' letter, bore in mind a certain letter from Edinburgh in the latter end of 1845, and remembering the effect produced upon the Government of that day by the then leader of the Opposition, was apprehensive that the same system of tactics, though in a far different cause, and with a far more genuine support on the part of the *English people*, might be pursued by the only rival whom he had cause to fear. We are confident that, if such were his speculations, he greatly miscalculated both the character and the policy of Lord Stanley: yet such is the only plausible explanation which we have heard of the motives which led to the hasty publication of that most unstatesmanlike and blustering manifesto. We have since seen him endeavouring to escape out of his bluster; and though we cannot foresee into what degree of tenuity his measure—already absurdly disproportionate—may be at last reduced, we are satisfied that his 'indig-

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nation' against the 'insolent and insidious aggression of Rome' will turn out to be, as far as depends on him, a tale—

— full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

This, we confess, we expected from the first. We knew his utter dependence on his Roman Catholic supporters; and we saw, moreover, that, while appearing to inflame, he was endeavouring to misguide the Protestant feeling. In short, we doubted the sincerity of his indiscretion, and were preconvinced that his practical remedy would be found to be no remedy at all; that it would be illusory for the protection of the Protestant Constitution; while, on the other hand, we knew that any interference, however slight, however ineffective, would be considered by the Roman Catholics as an unpardonable insult.

Yet—without taking into calculation any far-sighted and comprehensive exercise of statesmanship—there was a course which we think the minister might have adopted, not more, perhaps even less, offensive to the Roman Catholics, more satisfactory to the Protestants, and more natural and rational in the judgment of all moderate men; we mean the plain common sense of looking to the immediate cause of the disease for the easiest *immediate* remedy. What had happened to disturb openly the legal protection which for near three centuries our Protestant Constitution had enjoyed? This only:—that, in the session of 1844, Lord Beaumont,* a Roman Catholic peer, brought in a bill to repeal a great number of Acts, which contained, it was said, some wholly useless vestiges of the penal code. The noble Lord urged that repeal on the sole and distinct ground that the danger against which those Acts were directed had long since *passed away*, and that their provisions were *obsolete*:—

'The time has been, I admit, when similar alarms were neither uncommon nor *ill founded*—when the machinations of Jesuits and the general want of loyalty in the Catholics of England made such laws not only excusable, *but advisable*. The intrigues of Rome had *then* their ramifications in this country. But that *state of things has gone by —those times are long past*.'—*Hansard*, 22nd July, 1844.

Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst concurred in the principle of this repeal, but advised (as there was not time for the due consideration of so many various items) that the Bill should be divided, one half to be then passed, and the other to be reserved for another session, he himself undertaking, *on the part of Sir Robert Peel's Government*,† the whole operation. So it was arranged—and the

* In our former Number we had inadvertently attributed the introduction of this measure to Mr. Anstey; but the fact was as now stated.

† This, we suppose, explains, what seems otherwise so unaccountable, why Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham should oppose (apparently) *any* legislative resistance to

the first Bill was carried through both Houses with unexampled rapidity in the few last days of a tedious session (22nd July—7th August) without discussion, and in spite of a protest from the Bishop of London against such hasty and multifarious legislation. Sir Robert Peel undertook the conduct of the Bill through the House of Commons, and recommended it in these terms:—

'The Acts which this Bill proposed to repeal were, in fact, *mere dead letters*, encumbering and, he must say, from the spirit which pervaded them, disgracing the statute-book; but they had *no practical operation* so far as the Roman Catholic subjects of the Crown were concerned.'—*Hans.*, 5th August, 1844.

In 1845 Lord Lyndhurst referred the second Bill—the complement of Lord Beaumont's original proposition—to the Criminal Law Commission; and on their report introduced it in 1846, on the same grounds as its predecessor, of the *obsoleteness and inutility* of the Acts to be repealed.

Lord Camoys, a Roman Catholic Peer, expressed the gratitude of the Roman Catholic body to the Noble and Learned Lord for this proposal

'to repeal a number of Acts, and portions of Acts, because they were *obsolete* and contrary to the spirit of the age.'—*Hans.*, 30th April, 1846.

Amongst the Acts so to be repealed, we need for our present purpose only specify that of the 13th of Elizabeth, against the introduction and promulgation of Papal Bulls. This, however, did not pass without observation. Lord Brougham's sagacity suspected that they were going too fast and too far—and after stating the '*audacious aggressions*' which Rome had formerly attempted against the sovereignty of these realms, and against which those Acts had been specially directed, he went on to say that

'he agreed that, looking at the case *now*, the penalties enacted for bringing over bulls and rescripts from the Pope were absurdly severe, but he was not prepared to go the length of the enactment which swept away all the penalties, and allowed the throwing open the ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland to all the edicts, all the rescripts, and all the communications in matters ecclesiastical, which might at any time be issued by the Vatican.

'The Pope, be it recollected, was the only potentate that put forward so *monstrous a pretence*, for the Bishop of Rome did not confine his alleged jurisdiction to his own territory, but claimed it all over the world. . . . This being the case, how *could this or any other well-*

to the recent aggression. And yet we should have rather thought that, having thus involuntarily, or at least undesignedly, contributed to the mischief, they should be the more forward to supply a remedy. Such, at least, seems to be the feeling of Lord Stanley and Mr. Goulburn—and, we are satisfied, of Lord Lyndhurst himself—who were of the same Cabinet, and no doubt were all three consenting to the repeal under the notion that the *danger* was *obsolete*.

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governed

governed state allow that foreign potentate, without let or hindrance, to send over bulls or rescripts?'

And after urging these topics with great force he concluded, that he admitted that there were difficulties in dealing with the case—that the penalties of *præmunire* and *treason* were too severe for such a case;

'but he entertained *grave doubts whether he could consent to remove all punishment for receiving rescripts from the Bishop of Rome.*'—*Ibid.*, p. 1267.

So long as the Government of Great Britain continues to have no regular treaty with Rome, the absurdity of its allowing unfettered entrance of the edicts of that power seems so clear, that we should have wondered if any legal statesman had hesitated to adopt Lord Brougham's views, so strongly yet temperately expressed. Lord Lyndhurst did not; he acquiesced in these views, and accepted an amendment moved in a very able speech by the Bishop of Exeter, that left the prohibitory *laws* in force, but repealed the obsolete *penalties*—thus preserving the *principle* of the Act of Elizabeth, but leaving the breach of it, if any such unexpected event should occur, to the operation of the common law against the doing of what continued to be forbidden by an Act of Parliament.

Now it is evident from all this that the repeal was proposed by its advocates on the ground that the laws were obsolete, and was only acceded to by the House on the supposition that there was *no danger* of the revival of the practices and pretensions against which the penalties had been directed—not sufficiently considering that a law might from its very efficacy appear to be inoperative, and that it was not the *law* that had become obsolete, but the *offence*. But lo! the obsolete offence has been most unexpectedly revived, and, though the law continues to be the same, the means of punishing any violation of it have turned out to be, if not doubtful, at least dilatory, difficult, and insufficient.

It was stated by Lord Stanley, in his speech on the late Ministerial crisis, and not attempted to be denied, that while the penalty was taken away, the offence was still left *treason*—so that a prisoner indicted under it for a *misdemeanour* might have pleaded successfully that the law made his offence (if anything) treason, and that, consequently, he could not be indicted for the minor offence.

What then, we ask, was the obvious *immediate* remedy? Nothing more or less than to revive and enforce the 13th of Elizabeth, by substituting in the room of the 'extravagant penalties of præmunire and high treason,' the specific punishments of fine, imprisonment, transportation, or banishment. The repeal had been passed under either misstatement or misapprehension.

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hension. Its basis has turned out to be fallacious; the allegation that the danger was visionary is manifestly untrue. It seems also doubtful whether the common law penalty can be effectively applied; what therefore would be the natural course but to repair the involuntary error and supply the unforeseen defect? We have no wish—quite the reverse—to see any portion of those Acts disturbed beyond what may be necessary to counteract the '*insolent*' advantage which the Pope has taken of our improvident legislation.

Something of the same process ought also to be adopted with regard to the other Act, mentioned in our former Number, which, under the colour of a private bill for establishing a cemetery near Dublin, had surreptitiously conferred territorial and illegal titles on certain Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland. All the substantial clauses of this bill should be preserved, but the titles, which had been surreptitiously juggled into it, should be annulled.

These two restorations of the original intention of the legislature would have been no more than an act of duty on the part of the Government, and would have afforded no just causes of complaint to the Roman Catholics, who would then be in exactly the same position that they were left in by the Emancipation Act, and in which they had continued during a long interval, while Mr. O'Connell was their Parliamentary leader, and their friends, the Whigs, the Government of the country. There would have been, then, no ground for any complaint of persecution, or even of intolerance, still less of innovation. It would merely be a restoration to the *status quo ante errorem*. This would have been and would still be the plainest course; and seeing the immense majority that has affirmed the *principle* of resistance, we cannot doubt that such a measure would have been decidedly carried.

But this Papal Aggression, grave as it is intrinsically, seems to us not less so in some of its collateral results. The first consequence of Lord John Russell's trimming conduct in this affair was his defeat on Mr. Locke King's proposition for a new revolution in the parliamentary constituency. His Lordship's Irish supporters—the most important because the most united as well as the most favoured and *petted* class of the ministerial phalanx—took *that* and promised to take *every other* opportunity of decisive hostility, while his own vague announcement of some measure on the same principle alarmed most of his independent, and some even of his official followers—all reluctant to be exhibited to their liberal or radical constituents as opposing to-day a popular principle which their leader avowed that he himself might adopt to-morrow. It was when Lord John saw the unpropitious aspect

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of the debate, that he had recourse to the desperate expedient of re-editing the promise, made a few sessions ago, of a further extension of the franchise. That promise, evidently at *that* time very reluctant, was made to rally a few more votes against Mr. Hume's specific and, to the minister, very inconvenient proposal. His recent repetition of the same shift appeared to be, as we have been informed by those who were present, a sudden burst of temper, prompted partly by the hope of rallying back a few of his own deserters, but chiefly by exasperation against the Conservatives, who did not seem inclined to be made the dupes of this *Peachum-and-Lockit* quarrel between the minister and his dissatisfied followers. It was also with equal probability surmised that he anticipated what so soon came to pass—the necessity of resignation—and thought it politic to sow, whilst still in office, the seeds of another reform agitation, to be ripened and harvested in his future Opposition:—

Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas, et *quærere, conscius, arma.*

How far any or all of these motives prompted Lord John, or whether he has an innate wish that popular election should be not merely a predominant, but the *sole* foundation of government in this country, we cannot venture to decide; all we can say is, that if, after twenty years' experience of the reformed House of Commons, Lord John Russell can persuade himself that any enlargement of the popular franchise is compatible with the stability of *any* administration, or with the due power and authority of the aristocratical and monarchical branches of the government, we should think worse of his understanding than we have ventured ever to do of his measures. It is of popular power that it may be said more than of any other human craving, that—

'Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on'—

and Lord John's announced intention seems to us no better than the homœopathic insanity that should attempt to calm intoxication by brandy, or extinguish fire by throwing on more combustibles.

Lord John Russell cannot deny that the Reform Bill shook the foundations of the old British constitution, for he himself has called it a 'Revolution;' and it was as such that the great body of the Conservatives opposed it. The Duke of Wellington asked, prophetically, how, with such a Parliament as the new Reform Bill must produce, *the royal government was to be carried on?* The result has been slowly justifying those fears; and though property has continued to have sufficient weight in the constituencies to prevent so rapid a change as was at first expected, every successive session has paid an additional tribute to the democratic

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principle. The present session will, if the present Ministry lasts, be no exception. We cannot foretell what measures it may attempt, and still less what it may perfect; but we can already see that, partly through its weakness, partly through its Radical tendencies, it has already given, what we must be allowed to call the *Revolutionary* party, considerable advantages. The impracticable and ridiculous budget was so, not because Lord John and Sir Charles Wood could not—and would not if they had been strong enough—have made a better, but only because Ministers were too weak to resist the pressure of particular classes of their supporters. As always happens in such a struggle, they ended by displeasing everybody; and without pretending to guess what their amended budget will be, if they live to present one, we think we may safely predict that it will be founded, not on the principle of bringing the greatest produce to the Exchequer with the least pressure on the people, but of bringing, with the least trouble to the Secretary of the Treasury, the greatest number of loose votes into the ministerial lobby.

In the same spirit Lord John Russell gave early notice of his intention to reproduce his Jew Bill, a measure which, however objectionable in itself, is particularly so at this moment, as being a significant tribute to the system of sacrificing the principles, or we may at least be allowed to say the traditions, of the Constitution, not merely to party, but to personal and even to electioneering purposes, and to the general principle of disturbing whatever is established.

Having thus involved the country in complicated difficulties, and sown the seeds of future faction and still greater mischief, the ministers thought they had found a favourable opportunity for avowing, what they must have seen at least since the Irish reception of Lord John Russell's letter, that they could not command a majority or conduct the government. They resigned; an event which we, and we believe the majority of the community, sincerely regretted—not that any one had, or could have, any doubt that, constituted as the ministry was, and embarrassed with the unmanageable measures it had proposed, it was incapable of conducting the government; but nobody was sanguine enough to expect that until these measures were in some way disposed of, any solid and efficient ministry would be found to take so bad a bargain off their hands; and it was hoped that when condemned, as it were, to *six months' imprisonment with hard labour*, they might be disposed to get rid of the bad company and amend the evil ways which had brought them '*into trouble.*' At all events, it was rationally thought that, as their difficulties were created not by their political opponents, but by themselves and their followers, *they* were the fittest persons to be charged with the duty

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duty of reconstructing and organizing such a majority in the House of Commons as should promise her Majesty and the country something like a government.

There were, we think, but two courses which could have afforded Lord John Russell any chance of success. Submission to Cardinal Wiseman, accession to Mr. Locke King, with some modification of the budget to satisfy Sir James Graham, and the surrender of some more of 'the trappings of monarchy' to Messrs. Cobden and Bright, would have reunited for a time the ministerial majority of the last two or three years. On the other hand, a firm resolution to vindicate—as the Minister of the Crown ought to do—the constitution in Church and State, and to endeavour to counteract the encroachments of democracy, would have ensured such a degree of concurrence from the Conservatives as—with the natural influence of office—the personal attachments and habits of the old Whig party, and the conservative feeling still lurking in the hearts of the old Whig aristocracy—might also have constituted a majority sufficient for the ordinary exercise of the Government. We do not, at this moment, inquire how far such a degree of co-operation might have been acceptable to the Conservative body—we merely allude to it as being one of the only two courses by which Lord John could have given anything like stability to his Government.

He has, however, adopted neither. His *unrecalled* menace of an extension of the franchise, and his announced mutilation of his anti-Papal measure, disentitle him to any real confidence or even countenance from the Conservative Protestants; while his resolute and able speeches, both on the introduction and on the second reading of the Bill, must, we suppose, render his reconciliation to the Roman Catholic party almost, if not absolutely, hopeless. We do not presume to blame Lord John Russell's attempt to find, if he can, a seat between two stools—we only warn him and the country that he will not be able to achieve that proverbial impossibility. He is, we think, in a hopeless dilemma, and will be lost in the vain attempt of reconciling contradictory duties—of being at once the leader of a movement and agitation Party, and the head of a Government—the essence of all government being restraint and resistance. The Minister of the Crown can never long remain the leader of the mob; and if he does his duty by one, he must forfeit his popularity with the other.

Our noble Premier is therefore in a false, precarious, and eventually untenable, position; and when his friendly pamphleteer complains of the injustice, the ingratitude, the blindness, with which the Liberal party are now treating '*Lord John Russell*,' he overlooks the distinctive peculiarity of the case, namely, that the claims which he puts forth for Lord John as a popular leader, are the very reverse of the duties of a Minister of the Crown.

 Errors,'

'Errors,' says this apologist, 'Lord John has committed—and grave ones. His famous declaration of *finality* was one; his *Durham letter*, at least the expressions it was couched in, was another.'—p. 4.

Now we, on the contrary, think that these two measures were in principle (we say nothing of the form) such as became a Minister of the Crown, and which, as far as Lord John should have acted up to them, would have entitled him to the confidence of the country. Yet these are the measures for which his advocate feels it necessary to apologise, even to the extent of pleading that he has since renounced the *first*, and is ready to compound the *latter:* and, after a long catalogue of all the factious motions and all the disorganising measures which have marked Lord John Russell's long political career, he asks the Liberal party whether they are *now* so lost to gratitude for past, and so blind to the hope of future, services, as to discard so old, so useful, and so *promising* a leader. We should be sincerely sorry to see the Conservative party reduced to the necessity of displacing even the shadow of a Government, on anything less than a great constitutional question. But if the arguments put forth by his panegyrist be really those on which his Lordship would justify his continuance in power, we have no hesitation in saying that they would altogether change our feeling, and justify—which we have never before thought—every mode of accelerating his downfall. If, in contradiction to the plea of his advocate, Lord John should show himself awakened to his duty to the Queen, to the Monarchy, to the Church, and in short to the Constitution, no personal or even party motives should, we humbly think, induce any Conservative to contribute to the embarrassments of his Government. On the contrary, he ought to be, wherever it were conscientiously possible, supported and strengthened.

But we fear to indulge any such expectation. The Government, intrinsically the weakest in personal talent, political weight, and public estimation that ever was before tolerated in England, is now utterly overwhelmed by a complication of difficulties from which we confess that we see no possible extrication for them, and no satisfactory prospect for the country.

We do not doubt nor underrate the confidence of the country in Lord Stanley's courage and capacity, or the strength of the great party that he leads—much the strongest of all the parties in the State. But we confess our satisfaction that they did not, on the recent crisis, incur the premature responsibility of finding a solution for difficulties which had not yet fully developed themselves—which they had no share in creating—and which, from a variety of collateral causes, must have been still more embarrassing to them than to their predecessors. Was it for Lord Stanley to guide the agitation excited by Lord John Russell's letter, or

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to

to allay the dissatisfaction created by his bill, Lord Stanley doubly disapproving of both—of the one as too strong, and of the latter as too weak? Was it for him to undertake to balance Mr. Locke King's proposed measure of parliamentary reform with Lord John Russell's promised one, of which all that Lord Stanley could know was, that it would probably reunite the minority that had adhered to Lord John with the majority that had turned him out? Was it for him to take in hand a budget, with which the best he could do would be to throw it into the fire, and thereby additionally dissatisfy many large classes, which—odious as the budget generally was—had especial and speculative interests in several of its items? These (to say nothing of minor matters) are questions which, in fairness to themselves and in justice to the public weal, those who have raised them should be allowed —nay, obliged—to work out to at least a parliamentary solution—and on which the several parties in the House of Commons must take their respective lines and exhibit their respective forces before any permanent scheme for a new administration can be formed. We, and we believe every thinking man, can anticipate the result; but that is not enough: the inability of the existing machine and its managers to do their work must be practically and patently exhibited. It was to Lord John Russell and his friends that the Duke of Wellington originally addressed the provident and pithy question, *How the Queen's Government is to be carried on:* and to *them* the undivided responsibility of solving that enigma should be left as long as they have any hope *or chance* of being able to accomplish it. When *they* shall have tried their experiment through all its possibilities, and arrived, as nobody doubts they must arrive, at a *caput mortuum*, it will then become — not the voluntary, not the desirable nor desired, but—the enforced and obligatory duty of other parties to endeavour to find a Government for the country.

We need hardly say that we are fully aware of the difficulty and even peril of that task; we are prepared to see another proof of the different effects of a Tory opposition and a Whig opposition on the too easily agitated surface of public opinion. We expect to find what is now represented as a halcyon sea of general prosperity become suddenly angry and agitated, without any other cause than there being a Conservative pilot at the helm. We must be prepared for this superficial storm produced by the combination of every class of disappointment, discontent, and disaffection, which will supply in activity and violence their real inferiority in weight—nay, even in numbers. We are aware of all this. It is the old opposition game; but, though it may now-a-days appear additionally formidable from the bolder spirit of the revolutionary party, it will on the other hand

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be

be overbalanced and mitigated by the admission of all that the country must have a government, and by the proof that we are confident experience of the next few months will give, that there is no other than a Conservative Government *possible*, or, to speak plainly, no alternative between a strong Conservative Government and—a *Republic*. We conscientiously believe that the crisis of the *Monarchy*, long approaching, cannot be far distant, and we trust that this danger (which every day will, we predict, render more and more urgent) may rally to the Conservative—that is the Constitutional cause, two important classes in Parliament and the country not yet included in the Conservative forces: first, a class not so numerous as it used to be, but still considerable and highly respectable—those who support a Government because it is and while it is a Government, and who abandon it only when it abandons itself: and secondly, those Whigs of the old school, whose party having died, as it were, by its own hands, have now another party to choose, and whose *principles* have in former times always been, the maintenance of the Constitution in Church and State as settled at the Revolution—principles which the Bedfords and the Devonshires, the Fitzwilliams and the Spencers, and the rest of the great Whig aristocracy, have always professed as the guide of their political conduct. A common danger should ally us in a common defence of our common principles, and the greatness of the peril may become again, as it did upon the lifting of Burke's trumpet half a century ago, our best preservative.

It is not for us to conjecture the combination of men or the detail of measures which may arise out of the impending crisis, but some great points are sufficiently obvious. After, we do not pretend to guess what, struggles, it seems certain that the Queen will find that her only solid resource must again be Lord Stanley—Lord Stanley—not as a matter of ordinary expedience and preference, but as an inevitable necessity imposed equally on her Majesty and his Lordship, if her Majesty is to have a Government; and it is clear from his Lordship's recent explanation in the House of Lords that he will not—indeed, how in the supposed circumstances could he?—decline the high and honourable responsibility.

As to measures, we comprise them in one word—the Constitution—the Protestant Constitution in *Church* and *State*. If that Constitution is to be set at defiance by a Papal bull, what is to prevent Pius IX. from attempting to deal with Queen Victoria as Pius IV. did with Queen Elizabeth? We therefore repeat that the supremacy of the united Protestant Church of England and Ireland — which distinctly involves the constitutional succession to the Imperial Crown—should be effectually guarded against the aggression of the Bishop of Rome—a danger which has become

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possible

possible only through the weak and credulous delusion that it was impossible.

In more immediately domestic concerns we again say that our watchword is the Constitution, and we repeat with Lord John Russell, *No more Revolutions!* The Constitution looks to property, and especially that the most stable form of property, *land*, as affording the soundest, and, indeed, only safe, basis of representation and government. We talk habitually of this *land* of England—of the laws of the *land*—the judges of the *land*. This is not a mere colloquial parlance; it is the expression of the *principle* older than, and consecrated by, *Magna Charta*. The *land* has been in all times the real foundation of all wealth, order, government, stability. For many years past we have been gradually sacrificing the principle of *property*, and especially *territorial property*, to *numbers*; we have already, as we have said in an earlier part of this article, gone to lengths difficult to reconcile with the balance of the Constitution—but any Government that hopes to preserve the Monarchy and the House of Lords from the supremacy of one purely democratical assembly, must stand or fall by its resistance to any further extension, through the elective franchise, of the democratic and (if we may be allowed the expression) anti-territorial influence in the House of Commons. It is a curious contrast, and ought to be a serious lesson, that in republican France the Assembly sprung from universal suffrage should have found it necessary for the suppression of anarchy to disfranchise fully one-third of the constituency, while in monarchical England we see the first Minister throwing out ambiguous proposals for the indefinite increase of a power which he himself finds already too great to be managed.

The last point which we need notice is the principle of *protection* to all classes of national industry. We need not repeat our devotion to that principle, nor the arguments by which we have so often and so strenuously supported it. It is, however, more of a practical question, more a matter, as it were, of *account*, than those we have been discussing, and one in which the constituencies themselves are more immediately concerned, and, of course, more competent judges. We pause to see what the result of a future election may be on this point. Our general thesis is, that *every branch* of home industry is entitled to protection against the disadvantages which our debt and taxation impose on us in contrast to foreign competitors; and as long as revenue is to be raised on articles of consumption, we prefer its being raised on foreign produce—that is, out of foreign pockets—rather than our own—in short, we are for what may rather be called *countervailing* than *protective* duties.—We wish for such a balance as may render *trade really and not nominally free*—

free — for instance, to bring *Dantzic* wheat to Mark Lane under some approximation to the burdens that *Uxbridge* wheat is charged with. But as to this important branch of the Protection question, we must remind our readers that *we* have never defended agricultural protection on any other grounds than that it tended to secure what was necessary to the existence of a people—not merely cheap bread—but a *constant supply* at a *reasonable* and, as nearly as the vicissitudes of seasons will allow, an *equable* price. We wish to encourage our home agriculture, not only because that encourages all other industries, but that it may save us from a dependency for our daily bread on foreign and precarious resources—that it, in fact, ensures the greatest and most certain *average cheapness*—in bad seasons as well as good—in war as in peace—such cheapness, in short, as shall be compatible with the certainty of supply. We have no doubt that, whenever times of trial come, experience will be found to justify these opinions—that we shall at last feel the rebound and the detriment of being the only country in the world sacrificing its internal interests to those of foreigners—in fact, *protecting* everybody but ourselves—and that the memory of the *Anti-Corn-Law League* will be in quite as little favour with the great body of the people as that of Mr. O'Connell's Catholic Associations, or any other of those many once formidable and now forgotten agitations which for a time seemed 'to fright the Isle from its propriety.'

We confidently believe that the concurrence of the public mind in what is delusively—and by a most bold begging of the whole question—called *Free-trade* was exceedingly exaggerated; but, however that may be, it cannot be denied that the Protectionist principle has been of late making considerable advances, and we are equally confident that the better the various questions—for *corn*, though the most important, is but one of many—connected with it come to be understood, the more general will become the feeling in favour of our native industry. But this we say is a question which, though a Government may and ought to bring it before the people, the people themselves must answer at the next general election, which cannot be now far distant. The result of that general election will be the most momentous perhaps that was ever so decided. In the state of parties and factions, and the struggle of principles, not only in England, but in the whole European world, we can hardly doubt that the real and ultimate question will be between *Monarchy* and *Republic;* and upon that issue we hope that it would be treason to common sense as well as to the Constitution to doubt of the result.

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